

"In what way, uncle?" she asked, merely wanting to gain a moment for thought.

"In any way. In no way. Just say that there is nothing wrong, and that will be sufficient." She stood silent, not having a word to say to him. "You know what I mean, Marie. You intend to marry Adrian Urmand?"

"I suppose so," said Marie, in a low whisper.

"Look here, Marie: if there be any doubt about it we will part, and forever. You shall never look upon my face again. My honor is pledged—and yours." Then he hurried out of the room, down into the kitchen, and without staying there a moment went out into the yard, and walked through to the stables. His passion had been so strong and uncontrollable that he had been unable to remain with his niece and exact a promise from her.

George when he saw his father go through to the stables entered the house. He had already made up his mind that he would return at once to Colmar without waiting to have more angry words. Such words would serve him not at all. But he must if possible see Marie, and he must also tell his step-mother that he was about to depart. He found them both together, and at once, very abruptly, declared that he was to start immediately.

"You have quarreled with your father, George," said Madame Voss.

"I hope not. I hope that he has not quarreled with me. But it is better that I should go."

"What is it, George? I hope it is nothing serious?" Madame Voss as she said this looked at Marie, but Marie had turned her face away. George also looked at her, but could not see her countenance. He did not dare to ask her to give him an inter-

view alone; nor had he quite determined what he would say to her if they were together. "Marie," said Madame Voss, "do you know what this is about?"

"I wish I had died," said Marie, "before I had come into this house. I have made hatred and bitterness between those who should love each other better than all the world." Then Madame Voss was able to guess what had been the cause of the quarrel.

"Marie," said George, very slowly, "if you will only ask your own heart what you ought to do, and be true to what it tells you, there is no reason even yet that you should be sorry that you came to Granpere. But if you marry a man whom you do not love, you will sin against him, and against me, and against yourself, and against God." Then he took up his hat and went out.

In the court-yard he met his father.

"Where are you going now, George?" said his father.

"To Colmar. It is better that I should go at once. Good-by, father," and he offered his hand to his parent.

"Have you spoken to Marie?"

"My mother will tell you what I have said. I have spoken nothing in private."

"Have you said any thing about her marriage?"

"Yes. I have told her that she could not honestly marry the man she did not love."

"What right have you, Sir," said Michel, nearly choked with wrath, "to interfere in the affairs of my household? You had better go, and go at once. If you return again before they are married, I will tell the servants to put you off the place." George Voss made no answer, but having found his horse and his gig, drove himself off to Colmar.

## DORN RÖSCHEN, THE MYTH.

By ROSE TERRY.

LIE down to sleep, fair maiden!  
The spindle cold and clear  
Hath pierced thy beating bosom;  
The hour of fate is here.

The birds sleep from their singing,  
The roses from their bloom;  
The wild beasts in the forest  
Accept their silent doom.

The fountains in the garden  
Sparkle and leap no more;  
The bees forsake the blossom—  
Their busy toil is o'er.

The moths dream on the rafters,  
The revelers in the hall,  
And thorns of keenest crystal  
Grow thick above them all.

Sleep till the Prince of Passion,  
With burning eyes and mouth,  
His light feet shod with swiftness,  
Comes from the fateful South.

Soon as those fond lips kiss thee,  
Those sweet eyes flame on thine,  
The blood in thy veins shall quicken  
Like life-blood in the vine.

Thy veins shall stir with fever,  
Thy face with bloom grow bright,  
And the love-lips of thy lover  
Awake thee to delight.

The thorns shall melt like laughter,  
The sleep no more enthrall,  
The fountains flash in sunshine,  
And summer bless us all.

## A GOOD INVESTMENT.



## CHAPTER XXI.

THE neck of land lying between the Waccamaw River on the west and the ocean on the east is fringed on the side of the latter by a series of narrow sandy islands, which are hardly more than reefs flung up from the sea. Narrow lagoons, called "backwater," separate them from the mainland, and inlets from the sea into the backwater divide them from each other. Where the surface of these islands is not occupied by swamps and thickets it shows barren tracts of almost milk-white sand, dry and easily drifting into hills of considerable size, that shift almost daily, on which no herbage can grow, except now and then a few spears of coarse, worthless grass. Here and there among the hills are level spaces on which are seen small groups of palmetto bushes, with an occasional palmetto-tree or live-oak, and patches of coarse rushes or finer grass, equally valueless unless for basket-work.

The more desert portions are, for the very reason that they are desert, and therefore healthy, chosen for places of summer residence by planters of the Waccamaw. After the season of autumnal storms begins, however, such places are considerably more dangerous than the slopes of Vesuvius. Strong easterly gales, coinciding with high tides, sometimes cause the ocean to break entirely over an island, the great waves beating down the apparently strong rampart of hills, and converting into quicksand the

ground beneath the houses, which sink in it, or are overturned and flooded away. For this reason the buildings are substantial, but are also rude to a remarkable degree, considering the wealth of their occupants; and for the same reason they are usually stripped of their furniture at the end of every season, and left quite tenantless during the remainder of the year, though sometimes an old slave of solitary tastes is left in charge. There are no roads nor fences. Each structure is founded on wooden columns that go deep enough into the sand to penetrate the moist and permanent under-stratum, and rise high enough to be safe from ordinary drifts.

Some of the houses are painted, some are plastered, some have glass windows, and some have chimneys; but the case is exceptional where all these superfluities are united in one dwelling. Not so in that of the Johnston family; it had the windows and a chimney, but the inside was merely ceiled with unpainted and unvarnished cypress, and the outside only whitewashed.

Aunt Vesta, who during four years had been the only inhabitant and keeper of the place, was an anomalous being in this, that she was a negro and an old maid. And having lived sixty years in a world full of men without being induced to change her condition, or even modify it—as was commonly reported and believed—the chances were she would always continue to be unapproachable and irreproachable. She was the sister of Hector, and born, like him, within the limits of the "yard;" was proud of her birth, and had always been treated as a confidential member of the family. Before laws were made against teaching the blacks to read or write, Vesta had acquired for herself a tolerable education, and during two or three summers of travel in the Northern States with her mistress had obtained some tolerably wide views and pretty high notions. Though utterly black, she was very handsome. Her form was slender and erect. She spoke perfectly good English, and few ladies in the State could excel her in manner and deportment.

But Vesta was peculiar. She did not go to church, nor attend camp-meeting. Though given to reading, she was never known to look into a Bible or prayer-book. Nor could all Mrs. Johnston's persuasions induce her to do so, though she was careful and adroit in avoiding to explain her reasons. She never showed any dislike to her own race, yet seemed to hold herself superior to all the blacks about her; and they in turn seemed willing to admit her superiority, and seldom intruded upon her except when they came