JOHN: A LOVE STORY.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

and have been recognized. It seemed to her as if the beating of her heart must have been heard through all the house, and brought everybody to see what such a noise meant; but it was not so. In her proper person, and with her pretty face open to the light, Kate Crediton was as courageous as any girl could be, and had to styling a good deal not watched and checked as she was, and running away she was all over about terror she trembled when the railway porter came to her door about the train; her voice was scarcely audible when she got her ticket; she shrank away into the furthest corner and hid herself for the few hours the moments that she had to wait. And no wonder she expected the coming of Count and her and feelings conflicting with which she contemplated all the varieties of the journey which she had undertaken. To get out of the carriage by herself at Ingersoll, to stand across the crowded rail, was, for a little startling black figure in the twilight, to take another ticket and have her luggage put on to another train, and to look forward to the long walk in the dark the country road the strange and unknown and suspicious looks of everybody who should meet her. Her own opinion was that two of these times over she had only did right and to tell the truth, she was not far wrong. The weather had grown milder, but he shivered in her excitement, and it was dark, and kept with emotional abscess. Twilight in the pale sky. How was she to [illegible] And what people in such an hour to meet with at the end? And her father, what would he say? All the things which she had thought of in the quiet hours of the night, and in the hurry and excitement of the railway journey, and in the long walk in the dark, and in the dreary waiting in the [illegible] Kate's resolution had entirely given way, and she was quite prepared to accept itself but the courage of a coward is but little; she was a coward, and her heart failed her at the last moment.

"Mamma," said Kate, when the train was gone, "I don't like to go home. I don't like to see father. I don't like to see anybody. I don't like to go home. I don't like to see anybody. I don't like to go home. I don't like to see anybody. I don't like to go home