

Valezie; OR, HALF A TRUTH.

BY "THE DOCTOR."

A vast bank of fog, laid down thick and soft on the right and left, as the fog rolled on, sweeping upward and outward as a sea that would cover the whole earth...

"Do you live in Donnington?" he asked, and she answered him with a smile. "I live at Welford, nearly four miles behind us. I was walking to Donnington when the storm came on."

"What was your name?" he asked. "I will take you to my General's wife, Mrs. Fanshawe, she will be in her element, taking care of a storm-drenched young lady."

"How are you a soldier's daughter?" asked the other, with an expression that the girl might have felt as flattering but she was not moved a step.

"I am a Major Herbert's daughter," she said. "Herbert Edmund Herbert?" "The girl's eyes flashed."

"Yes, personally, but every soldier knows his name, and honor it." What a look the words were him from those beautiful grey eyes it made his heart beat faster.

"Why, he said, 'how could you be so afraid of going to Mrs. Fanshawe? You have a claim on her—on any soldier or soldier's wife.'"

"Would she feel like that?" asked Valerie, wistfully. "Ay, she does feel so."

"If you don't mind waiting there, I will be back in a few minutes. I have a message for you."

"What was it?" she asked. "I will be back in a few minutes. I have a message for you."

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