

Too Late.
In dust of roses in an antique jar,
With rare and sweet perfume
Of spicy odors Time can never mar.
I find a letter by a woman's hand,
No other words are written on the page,
Of this poor man's life so long unkind,
Wherein I read of all his low desires,
And all the sweetest of his tender loves.
A woman's name, a woman's tender touch,
A woman's gentle voice and soft caress—
Yours, my darling, whom I loved so much,
Forever by me and my heart would be,
All mine for me, but one unspoken prayer—
My faint lips might have uttered long ago—
All lost and surely this had been my fate,
Because I did not hope and could not know!
I hold the crumpled sheet that tells it all,
And, looking on your gracious loving words,
One dead sweet hour my dreaming thoughts
Recall.
Made glad by whispering leaves and song of birds,
And in a green and shady woodland place
I see the Spring's pale sunshine on your hair,
The matchless beauty of your face,
Beyond all other women's cold and fair.
Across a dreary gulf of tears and pain
You come, a radiant vision of the Past,
And all unchanged, unweary, still remain,
O love, as when you were my first and last!
Ah, had I told you in that hour, my sweet,
Of all the true deep love you could not guess,
—and I would wait, but with no cease, to meet,
I might have heard your soft and whispered
"Yes!"
But, fool and blind, I did not dare to speak;
No tender glance or word would I bestow,
Because my love had made my heart so weak
I wrote my prayer, and read the answer—now!
—and I wait, but with no cease, to meet,
In that dead time of bitter loss and shame,
And while I deemed my grief too hard to bear,
You watched and wondered, and I never knew
Some wayward chance, some pitiful mistake—
Why, could I have found a better fate?
Two hearts were ruined and two hearts might
Have been.
This letter lay among the roses here!
Oh, could I see you, could I see your face,
Then, looking on the bitter words, "Too late!"
And hardest taunt of all, "It might have
been!"

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

Evelyn sighed as she read the letter; it sounded a little cold to her. If she had been in Erle's place she would have wanted him to come at once. Was it not her right as his promised wife, to be beside him and to try to comfort him? How could she have the heart for these hollow gaieties, knowing that he was sad and troubled? If it had been left to her, she would not have kept the party, and she would have gone to church quickly with him, and then have returned to Belgrave house to nurse the invalid; but her aunt had seemed shocked at the notion, and Erle had never asked her to do so.
Evelyn was as much in love as ever, but her engagement had not satisfied her; every one told her what a perfect lover Erle was—so devoted, so generous. Indeed, he was perfection in her eyes, but still something was lacking. Outwardly she could not find fault with him, but at certain times when she feared that she did not make him happy; and yet, if she ever told him so, he would overwhelm her with kind affectionate speeches.
"Yes, he was fond of her; but why was he so changed and quiet when they were alone together? What had become of the frank sunny laugh, the merry laugh, the careless indifference that had always belonged to Erle? She never seemed to hear his laugh now; his light-hearted jokes, and queer twinkling speeches were all repressed. He was older, graver; and sometimes she fancied there was a careworn look on his face. He was always very indignant if she hinted at this—he always refused such accusations with his old eagerness; but nevertheless Evelyn could not shake a sense of distance, as though the real Erle were eluding her. The feeling was strong upon her when she read that letter; and the weeks of separation that followed were scarcely happy ones.
And still worse, their first meeting was utterly disappointing. He had come to the station to welcome them, and had seen after their luggage, and had questioned perfectly kind, but there had been no eager glow of welcome in his eyes. Lady Maltravers said he had been very busy, and Evelyn felt wretched. But it was the few minutes during which her aunt had left them together that disappointed her most; he had not taken the seat by her at once, but stood looking moodily into the fire; and though at her first words he had tried to rouse himself, but the effort was painfully evident. "He is not happy; there is something on his mind," thought the poor girl, watching him. "There is something that has come between us, and that he fears to tell me."
Just then he looked up, and their eyes met.
"I am afraid I am awfully stupid this evening, Eva," he said apologetically; "but I was up late with Uncle Rolf last night."
"Yes," she answered gently; "I know you have had a terrible time; how I longed to be with you and help you. I did not enjoy myself at all. Poor Mr. Huntington but as you told Aunt Adela, he is not really worse."
"No, he is just the same; perhaps a trifle more conscious and weaker; that is all."
"And there is no hope?"
"None; all the doctors agree in saying that. His health has been breaking for years, and the sudden shock was too much for him. No; I have not much hope; no change can happen but the worst."
"Poor Mrs. Trafford?"
"Ah, you would say so if you could see her; Erle's death has utterly broken her down; she is very low, and will not spare herself. We think Uncle Rolf knows her, and likes to have her near him; he always seems restless and uneasy if she leaves the room. But indeed the difficulty is to induce her to take regular rest."
"You are looking ill yourself, dear Erle," she returned, tenderly; but at that moment Lady Maltravers re-entered, and Erle looked at his watch.
"I must go now," he said hastily; and then Evelyn followed him out into the corridor; there she stood for some minutes, and then she went back to her room.
"Good-bye, Eva; take care of yourself," he said, kissing her; and then he went away, and Evelyn went back into the room with a heavy heart. He had been very kind, but he had not once said that he was glad to see her back; and again she told herself that something had come between them.
But there was no opportunity for coming to any understanding, for the shadows were closing round Belgrave House, and the Angel of Death was standing before the threshold.
Ah! the end was drawing near now. Mr. Huntington was dying. He had never recovered consciousness, or seemed to recover consciousness, or seemed to recognize the faces around him, not even his favorite Erle, or the daughter who he soothed him like an infant; and yet in a dim sort of a way he seemed conscious of her presence. He would wait for her if she left him, and his withered hands would grope upon the coverlet in a feeble, restless way, but never once did he articulate her name.
He was dying fast, they told Erle, when he had returned home to the sick-room; and he had gone up at once to the sick-room and had not left it again.
Mrs. Trafford was sitting by the bed as usual. She was rubbing the cold wrinkled hands, and speaking to him in a low voice; she turned her white, haggard face to Erle as he entered, and motioned him to be quiet, and then again her eyes were fixed on the face of the man, and she would only speak to her one word, if she could only make him understand that she forgave him now!
"I have sinned," he had said to her,

"but in the presence of the dead there should be peace"; but she had answered him with bitterness; and then he had fallen across the feet of his dead grandson, with his grey head stricken to the dust with late repentance. And yet he was her father! She stopped, and told me that you are so perfectly happy and satisfied?"
"I am very fond of you; what makes you talk like this, Eva," but his eyelids drooped wearily. How was he to meet those candid eyes and tell her that he was happy—surely that he was utterly miserable.
"Erle," she said in a low voice, and her face became very pale, "you do not look at me, and somehow your manner frightens me; you are fond of me, you say—a few months ago you asked me to be your wife; you asked her to kiss him; and as her lips touched his, she whispered as she thought of Maurice. "Father!"
The fast glazing eyes turned to her a moment and seemed to brighten into consciousness.
"He is looking at you—He knows you, Mr. Trafford,"
Ah, he knows her at last; what is it he is saying?
"Come home with your own Nea, father—with your own Nea; your only child, Nea; and as she bends over him to soothe him, the old man's head drops heavily on her shoulder. Mr. Huntington was dead.
CHAPTER XXXIX.
EVELYN'S REVENGE.

Lock deeper still. If thou canst feel Within thy inmost soul,
No, no! thou hast kept a portion back While I have staked a whole.
Let no false pity spare the blow. Let it in its directness tell me so,
Is there within thy heart a need That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that on some other hand Would vibrate, and that I cannot play?
Speak now, lest at some future day My whole life wither and decay.

Evelyn Selby stood at the window, one afternoon about three weeks after Mr. Huntington's death, looking out on the snowy gardens of the Square, where two rosy-faced lads were pelting each other with snowballs.
She was watching them, seemingly absorbed in their merry play; but every now and then her eyes glanced wistfully towards the entrance of the Square with the sober expectancy of one that has waited long, and in patient.
"I wish you would go to Fay, in a fit of enthusiasm, that Evelyn Selby was as good as she was beautiful; and it was true. Placed side by side with Fern Trafford, and deprived of all extraneous ornament of dress and fashion, most people would have owned that the young patrician bore the palm. Fern's sweet face would have suffered eclipse beside her rival's radiant beauty and graceful carriage; and yet a little of the bloom had been dimmed the last, and the brown eyes had lost their brightness.
As a well-known figure crossed the Square, she turned from the window with a sigh of relief. "At last," she murmured, as she sat down and made a pretence of busy-ing herself with some fancy-work; but it lay unheeded on the lap as Erle entered and sat down beside her.
"I am afraid I am very late this afternoon, Eva," he said, taking her hand. "Mrs. Trafford wanted to speak to me and so I went up to her room; we had so much business to settle. She has given me the great deal of trouble, but I think I shall have my way at last."
"You mean about the money?"
"Yes; I think she will be induced to let me settle a yearly sum for her maintenance, and I think I shall have my way at last."
"And she will not take the half?"
"No, not even a quarter; though I tell her that so much wealth will be a heavy burden to her. Eight hundred a year—that is all she will accept, and it is to be settled on her children. Eight hundred; it is a mere pittance."
"But she has her daughters who will live very comfortably on that; think how poor they have been; indeed, dear, I think you may be satisfied that I have done the right thing; and after all, your uncle wished you to have the money."
"Do not care about it," with a stifled sigh. "We shall be awfully rich, Eva; but I suppose women like that sort of thing. I shall be able to buy that diamond pendant now that you so admire."
"No, no; I do not want it; you give me too many presents. Tell me, Erle, does Miss Trafford come to see her mother, now she is ill?"
"Yes, of course; but I never see her."
He answered so quickly that Evelyn looked at him in surprise. "I have never spoken to her since Uncle Rolf's death. Her lawyers keep me so busy; and I never go into the sick-room unless I am specially invited."
"But poor Mrs. Trafford is better now."
"Yes; and Dr. Connor says that it will be better for her to be anywhere than at Belgrave House. We want to persuade her to go down to Hastings for the rest of the winter. When I see Miss Trafford, I mean to speak to her about it; but—"
"I have not heard of her for some time; mind all that now; you told me in your letter that you wanted to speak to me particularly. What is it, Eva?" looking at her very kindly.
"Yes; I have long wanted to speak to you; but I have not done so, because I could see that she was much agitated."
"Erle, you must not misunderstand me; I am finding no fault with you. You are always good to me—no one could be kinder; but you are not treating me with perfect frankness."
"Who do you mean?" he asked, astonished at this, for no suspicion of her meaning dawned upon him. "You have no fault to find with me. Surely want of frankness is a fault?"
"Yes; but I think it is only your thoughtfulness, but I think it is so anxious that everything should be made smooth and bright for me, that you do not give me your full confidence, Erle"—pressing closer to him, and looking up in his face with her clear, loving eyes. Do you think that I can love you so and not notice how changed you have been of late—how pale and careworn? though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross the Square with your head bent and such a sad look on your face; and yet, when we meet, you have nothing for me but pleasant words, and though my presence had dispelled the cloud, I do not think you would say to me, 'I do not think you are so much changed of late—how pale and careworn?' though you have tried to hide from me that you were unhappy."
He pulled his monstache nervously, but he could not answer her.
"How often I have watched for you," she continued, "when your poor uncle's illness has detained you, and have seen you cross