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By LUCY H. HOOPER.

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Is there such a thing as love at first sight? think Harry Danvers would have answered the question in the affirmative had any one asked it of him a few weeks later. For when, or now, or at what moment the image of sweet Florence Hurst had stolen into his heart he could never have told, since it reigned there supreme and unquestioned from the moment that he first looked into her large, soft eyes, and listened to the music of her gentle voice. That first interview, and the drive in Mrs. Westervliet's barouche that followed, sufficed to drive away the shymess and timidity of the young girl; and by the time that they had gone through two sets of the Lancers (then at the height of its popularity) at the Fillmore hop, and had whirled through a galop to the delicious strains of the "Poliuto Galop," Florence was chatting as merrily to her new acquaintance as though they were old friends. Mr. Hurst was a wealthy southern planter, and his pretty young daughter was his only child. This trip to Newport was her first experience of society, and she was charmed and dethe by the new world thus unfolded to her gaze, while Harry Danvers was only too happy to act as her guide among the varying scenes of that unknown region. Mrs. Westervliet offered to act as Florence's chaperone, and Mr. Hurst, ever more inclined for a rubber at whist or a discussion with some leading politician than to such novel and uncongenial scenes as hops and fetes, willingly resigned her to the guardianship of his cld friend, the scheming New York matron. What need is there to tell the story of those

summer days at Newport as they fled past, wearing for Florence Hurst and Harry Danvers their gayest guise, and gliding away on their brightest and most noiseless pinions? They were young, they loved each other, and they were happy. Is not the whole history told in those brief words! Ah, life is lovely to the youngt We are like poor moths snared in some subtle spider's web, and knowing naught of the monster that waits to make us his prey. How gently the summer breezes sigh around us; how bright is the sun, how sweet the flowers; how soft is the silken cord that holds us suspended in its shining coils! But some day the grim spider, whose name is Pain, or Care, or Sorrow, rushes forth and seizes upon us, and it is only then, while the poisoned fangs are in our hearts and our life blood is ebbing drop by drop away, that we learn the true secret of our existence and the meaning of the silvery threads that wrap us round-threads that we may not break, and that only chain us that we may suffer and endure without the possibility of escape.

But glad and unthinking as youthful lovers ever are, Florence Hurst and Harry Danvers trod gayly along the flowery paths of these sunny days, nor asked themselves whither they were wandering, nor how soon this bright existence would end. And yet the sweet secret of their mutual attachment was unwhispered and unrevealed, but they were constantly together, and the consciousness of mutual affection lent a charm to their intercourse and an added brightness to every pleasure and fete. And Newport was then, as now, the very paradise of summer joys. The drives were delightful, though the beautiful Sea road as yet was not, and Coddington Point was a terra incognita for dainty vehicles and prancing steeds. There were hops and fetes and balls, and one night there were tableaux vivants at the Bellevue -tableaux wherein Florence figured as a guardian angel, and afterward came shyly down in her white robes divested of their glittering wings, to sit between Mrs. Westervliet and Harry, and to admire the remain-

ing scenes. "Mr. Danvers," she whispered softly, as a group of Dante and Beatrice, a reproduction, or rather a caricature of Ary Scheffer's weil known painting, was disclosed.

"What is it, Miss Florence?" "Was not Beatrice a disembodied spirit

when Dante met her!" "Yes, I believe she was."

"Do you think that the angels wore hoops in heaven in those days?" And her mirthful glance directed Harry to observe the distended garments of the poet's seraphic love, the widespread folds of which betrayed too clearly the sustaining influence of a duplex elliptic.

A few evenings later, a splendid ball was given by the owner of one of the elegant villas which, though then few and far be tween, had already begun to dispute the supremacy in gavety and fashion with the large hotels. It was a cool, clear evening; September had come to lend freshness and sparkle to the days and chilling breezes to the nights; but unheeding the latter, Harry Danvers and Florence Hurst wandered beneath the trees in the spacious grounds, and exchanged in whispers their tender confidences and all the sweet secrets of their mutual love. That night Harry had a vowed his love, and Florence had listened with drooping head and blushing cheek, and such faint, murmured words as are dearer to the hearts of lovers than all the eloquence of a Webster or an Everett.

They had been strolling slowly to and fro, bent on their mutual avowals and revelations, for some time, The lighted windows of the house glowed invitingly; the strains of Helmsmuller's ochestra playing "Marianita" and the "Poliuto" galops (who plays them more, I wonder?) fipated on the breeze; and gay groups flitted about the shrubbery or posed in graceful attitudes on the piaza; but they heeded none of these. Sometimes, too. a merry pair would pass them with a whispered comment on "that desperate fartation," but the laughing eyes were unseen by them, and the whispers were unheard. At last a sharper breeze than usual swept over

them, and Florence shivered slightly. "You are cold, dearest," said Harry tenderly, as he paused to draw the cashmere opera cloak closer around the slender form beside him. "I must not risk the loss of my treasure now that I have just won it." "Ah, Harry, all this time we have never

thought of my father." "Your father-what of him, dear one?" "He may refuse his consent-he may ob-

ject. I know he has formed a plan for my marriage." "He cannot object; he cannot fail to con-

sent," And Harry, secure in the consciousness of good birth, a good character, and a modest estate, smiled securely.

"If he should"-"What then, dearest?"

"I think I should die." The answer came, low and thrilling in its intense earnestness, and Harry, too much moved to speak, could only press the delicate arm within his own close against his

"We will not think of such a contingency," he said at last. "Let us be happy, dear our,

nor take trouble"-A cry from Florence interrupted him. "Look-loo!" she cried, "look at the heavens! What can that strange light be?" Harry looked up and around him. They had emerged from the shadow of the trees and stood on an open lawn facing the north. Low down on the northern berizon glowed

an arch of vivid radiance such as the sun leaves behind it in the twilight hours of cloudless summer evenings. From this bright arch there swept upward to the zenith long flickering flames and spires of diamond white light, relieved against the background of a veil of rose hued light that covered the entire heavens, and through which sparkled the stars with undimmed-nay, seemingly with redoubled luster. The great aurora of 1859

was above and around them. "How beautiful, yet how strange!" murmured Florence after a moment of unstricken contemplation. "What is it, Harry! what is the cause of this singular appear-

borealis, dearest, nothing more," said Harry.
"It is one of extraordinary extent and splendor for the season and climate, I should

They stood in silence, gazing upon the strange glories that illumined the midnight sky. The rosy radiance overhead glowed with deeper fires, and the snow pale spires of wavering flame floated and quivered and darted away, only to reappear in new and more wondrous splendor.

"There is something terrible to me in its very beauty," whispered Florence, clinging closer as she spoke to Harry's arm. "Did not the wise men in ancient days imagine that such appearances portended wars and conflagrations and fearful disasters of all kindsf' Harry smiled superior in all the conscious

ness of masculine wisdom. "Fortunately our Tavored land need rear no such portents, darling. We are secure from foreign foes, and for all domestic troubles the ballot box is our only weapon." "Do you remember the vision in 'Marmion, Harry

"But indistinct the pageant proud A fancy forms of midnight cloud, When flings the moon upon her shroud A wavering tinge of flame; It flits, expands and shifts till loud

The awful summons came." "Shall I continue the lines for you, Florence, and try to exorcise those merry dancers, as the Laplanders call them, up youderf-

"Thy fatal summons I deny, And thy infernal lord defy"-

"Harry, dear Harry! Pray stop-you make me unhappy. You should not mock at anything so wonderful."

"Then I will not, dearest. But, Florence. let me try to interpret this lovely vision aright for you. I see in it only an emblem, a prediction of our future happiness. See. over your future home in the north there bends that bright arch"-

"But Philadelphia lies ever so far south from here."

"Do not interrupt the scothsayer, irreverent young girl. Those white wavering forms overhead are the northern spirits that have come to welcome you, southern born flower as you are, to their native clime. And overhead, dear, look how the stars shine through that soft flush that overspreads the whole heavens. So shall all the brightness heaven vouchsafes to our future life shine transfigured to fairer, intenser luster through the rosy radiance of our mutual love."

His voice had lost its jesting tone, and he spoke with grave and tender earnestness. And they stood together beneath that beautiful and wondrous glory of the skies, silent because of the very fullness of their hearts, the very perfection of their happiness: For it is with feelings as with waters:

The shallows murmur, but the depths are dumb. Florence's forebodings of her father's displeasure and opposition proved more correct than did the confident hopefulness of her lover. When Harry sought Mr. Hurst the morning after the ball to lay before him his proposals for Florence's hand, he was received at first with a coldness that speedily culminated in a most decided negative to his demand.

"There must be an end to this," said Mr. Hurst curtly and decidedly. ence and you must meet no more. other views for my daughter, Mr. Danvers, and I trust to your honor as a gentleman for a total discontinuance of what will prove to

be a fruitless pursuit." The het blood rushed to Harry Danvers' brow. "Mr. Hurst," he said, trying to restrain his eagerness and his indignation, "your daughter loves me. You must pardon me if I refuse to consider this dismissal

as final." "My daughter will obey my commands, and they are, that you meet no more. Allow me to consider this interview as at an end, and to wish you a very good morning." "And yet, Mr. Hurst, permit me, if you

"Sir!" interrupted Mr. Hurst, turning upon him angrily, "my estates in Georgia and Virginia are both of vast extent, and I number my negroes by the thousand. Florence is my sole child and heiress, and do you think therefore that she is to be handed, like a copper or a picayune, to the first young

beggar that chooses to ask for her?" The indomitable will of the old man looked out from his steely eyes and was written on every line of his countenance. There was nothing more to be said. Harry bowed, and merely remarked as he withdrew:

"I have made no promise that I would not try to see Florence again, Mr. Hurst, and I refuse to make such a promise."

"I am perfectly capable of taking care of my daughter, Mr. Danvers. Good morning, That afternoon a pale, washed out looking,

but lady like person approached Harry as he was strolling moodily beneath Florence's windows and striving to get a glimpse of her, for she had not been allowed to leave her room all day. "I am Miss Hurst's governess," whispered

the stranger. "My name is Susan Clintshe may have spoken to you of me, Mr. Danvers. I have a note for you, sir." And she slipped a folded paper into his hand and hurried away as though afraid of being ob-

Harry retreated to his room, and there tore the precious missive eagerly open. It contained only these few lines:

"Papa is going to take me away from Newport to-night. We are going to our Virginian home-Gardenhurst. It is near Washington, and not far from Arlington, the Lees' place. Do try to come there, Harry. I want to see you once more."

"Once more! Oh, my darling, my darling, is there then no hope?" And Harry Danvers burst into a very passion of tears as he pressed the poor blotted little note to his lips. They were too weak, these two unhappy children, to struggle successfully against fate. What could Florence, poor fragile, timid child, do to oppose the iron will of her father? while her lover equally lacked power to break her chain. Yet still young Danvers hoped, with the unreasoning, blind trustfulness of youth, that something would happen to aid them and to unite them at last.

To be continued.

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