own Euphrosyne!" was responded in the dusk, followed by a sound which proved that the lips of the speaker could do more than talk, and which sent Euphrosyne back half a dozen steps totally confounded, trembling from head to foot, and redder than the very roses that clustered over her.

"I shall never forgive you for this, Carlo," said she, when her breath came again. "You have never dared to presume on my patience before."

"Never!" said Carlo; "never, my sweet! It is my first offense, and should be forgiven; it may be my last, and must be forgiven."

"Your last, Carlo! Heavens, I hope not! What do you mean?"

Carlo laughed. "Well, Euphrosyne, that little speech of yours luckily falls into an ear that can remember nothing but that you are the loveliest child of nature. But what would you say, my bride soon to be, if I were going to take leave of you for awhile?"

"Go, if you will, sir; I acquit you of all promise. But," and the smile died away, "perhaps you are going to be married to some one else? I ask the question through mere curiosity. You Italians are in love with everybody for a week, and then on Sunday marry some old woman or stranger, for her money."

"I may be going to wed one whom I have often seen," said the Italian. Euphrosyne's flashing eyes were fastened on his countenance as if she heard with them.

"My bride is to some eyes the loveliest of all that are to be seen upon the earth," said Carlo. Euphrosyne started from the hand that clasped her.

"Yet I think her, at this moment, the most hideous of all possible beings," continued Carlo. Euphrosyne relentlessly suffered her little taper fingers to twine with those of the hand still held toward her.

"Yet she is the most faithful creature that man ever trusted with his heart," said Carlo. "Torture me no more with this raillery, but go," sighed his agitated hearer.

"She ought to excite no emulation of yours," replied the Italian, "for she is the wife of every husband that she can seize."

"Is she rich?"

"Immeasurably!"

"And young, fond, delicate, wise?" wept Euphrosyne. "There, go, Carlo, and be happy."

"She is all those: young, for she is the creature of a moment; fond, for where she has once attached herself none can dissolve the tie; delicate, for the slighest flowers that bloom and breathe on her bosom are not more an emblem of fragility; and wise, for all that mankind knows becomes perpetually hers."

Euphrosyne clasped her hands on her forehead, that felt like a furnace, and blindly walked up stairs.

"One word more," whispered the Italian, detaining her by the robe. "This possible bride of mine is old, heartless, rude."

"What am I to understand by all this? It is cruel of you to perplex me, Carlo. But you will marry her, after all?" said the young Greek, pausing on the stair.

"In two days I will marry either you or her. To-morrow night I must see this being whom I thoroughly hate," said Carlo, with a languid smile. "But come, my love, if we must part, let us part as friends. Never while I retain my senses—never while I have an eye that can feel the charms of matchless beauty, or a heart that can beat with passion for virtue, tenderness, and truth, can I willingly lead any other bride to the altar than my own Euphrosyne."

The words sank into her soul. She tottered forward into his arms. The lover silently raised up that exquisite countenance, and sadly gazed upon it in the last gleam of the sunshine, as if in its fainting colors were going out the sunshine of his life. No words were spoken. Euphrosyne's tears fell large and quick from her eyelashes. Her red lips quivered.

"Farewell, my beloved," at length sighed the Italian. He pressed a kiss on her white forehead, and with one wild and long embrace turned away. Both felt as if the spirit had departed from them at the moment.