Picking up the poacher’s gun, he examined the loads, and then with a reassuring glance at Miss Dysart, he stepped off a few paces and fired both barrels into the air in quick succession. Dobbs started a little as he heard the signal, but his heavy face gave no sign of his feelings.

It was something of a picture that the little group formed as it stood there, waiting in silence for the answer,—the entrapped game-thief, now risen to his feet, standing a little apart from the others, with sullen face bent on the hat which he nervously twirled in his grimy hands; Darcy, standing nearest to him, the gun still in his hands, his eyes fixed sternly on the culprit—looked very handsome, Miss Dysart thought, as she watched him. No one broke the silence, but all waited expectantly, until the sound of approaching footsteps were heard. In a few moments two of the Chel-lingworth game-keepers appeared on the scene, and the unhappy Dobbs was handed over to their custody. Jack and Miss Dysart watched them out of sight. She was the first to speak.

“How can I ever thank you enough, Mr. Darcy, for what you have done for me? If you had not come he might have killed me; he—he,” shuddering, “threatened to do so.”

Darcy’s face paled, and he set his teeth hard. “The coward!” he exclaimed; “it is almost a pity I didn’t kill him!”

Miss Dysart lifted her hand in protest: “No, no! Don’t say such a wicked thing. I am very glad that you did not even hurt him badly; he—he,” shuddering, “threatened to do so.”

Darcy’s face paled, and he set his teeth hard. “The coward!” he exclaimed; “it is almost a pity I didn’t kill him!”

Of course you will come this evening, will you not?” This last rather anxiously.

Darcy noticed it, and his heart beat a trifle faster.

“I will try to make amends for my ungraciousness of this morning,” she continued, “by being very gracious to you this evening. Is not that very fair, Mr. Darcy? If you like, I”—here she looked at him shyly, and a soft color suffused her cheeks, and she hesitated a moment; then with a desperate effort she said it, and said it very prettily,—“I will play ‘Auf Wiedersehn for you.’

Darcy could scarcely believe his senses. He felt his heart going like a trip-hammer. He stopped and faced her, with his hand on her arm: “Lena,” he cried, “do you understand? Do you know what you are saying? Quick! tell me; tell me that you are not trifling with me?”

He did not have to wait for her answer. The look in those lovely eyes which she turned up to his, and the tears already gathering there, were enough. In an instant she was in his arms, and her face was hidden on his shoulder. He was very happy in that moment—supremely happy. Many and many a time in the dark, sad days that followed, when with aching heart he looked back upon that scene, he found it hard to think of it as other than a happy dream,—a dream, which he told himself, was too happy to have been true.

(To be continued).

**Sympathy.**

A Sophomore bold, and careless, and gay,
One afternoon of a winter’s day
Fixed himself up and went to the play;
It was Richard III., and a matinee.
The Sophomore sat in the front parquet,
All was serene as a day in May,
Until King Richard began to pray
“A horse! a horse!” in a pitiful way;
When the Sophomore sprang from his seat, they say,
And cried, the poor king’s fears to allay,
“T’ll get you a horse without delay;
I know how it is,—I have felt that way!”

—Brunonian.