them to become acquainted with Miss Emerson, was Captain Cordella Darcy. The captain was undoubtedly a brave soldier, and a good officer, but extremely unpopular among his brother officers. However, little of this was known outside of military circles, and his handsome face, tall and graceful figure, and gentlemanly manners, made him a favorite with the ladies. The effect of first acquaintance with him was exactly contrary to that with his younger brother. With Jack the liking improved with acquaintance, but with Cordella, first impressions were always the best. In fact, the difference between the brothers was marked in more respects than this one. To be plain, Captain Cordella Darcy was a worldly, selfish man, living for himself and for his own pleasure, and unscrupulous as to how he acquired that pleasure. From the moment he set his handsome eyes on May Emerson he laid siege to her heart.

He became the father's warmest friend; both father and daughter were the recipients of innumerable kindnesses on his part, and in every way possible he sought Miss Emerson's favor. He discovered that she had a fondness for riding,—the best horse in his set was placed at her disposal. He learned her liking for relics and curios, and he emptied his pockets in emptying the curiosity shops for miles around of their treasures. Her favorite flowers were ever on the table, and Mr. Emerson was overwhelmed with business courtesies.

Then fortune favored him. Mr. Emerson's recovery of his health was only a temporary one. The hard climate began to tell upon him. His business became a secondary consideration, and finally he was unable to leave his room. Poor May's cup of misery was pretty nearly filled to overflowing. Then did the captain avail himself of his opportunity. He fairly compelled the girl's love, by his untiring devotion to both her sick father and to herself. He procured the best of nurses, and personally watched Mr. Emerson's business interests. He was so thoroughly good, and kind, and all-considerate, that May learned to look upon him with very tender eyes indeed. And so when the end came, as it did sooner than any one had expected, and Captain Darcy offered the lonely and friendless girl his love and protection, she accepted, both because it was the only way out of her difficult position and because she loved and trusted him.

They were married very quietly, there being only one witness besides the clergyman himself. For reasons which Captain Darcy assigned to his regimental connections and duties, and which May believed implicitly, the union was kept a secret. May continued to live in the house rented by her father, with their one faithful servant. She occupied herself in painting and study, as did dozens of others around her—tourists and residents,—in order, as Darcy suggested, that no one might suspect the truth before they were in a position to have it known.

If Captain Darcy's fellow-officers were rendered at all suspicious by their comrade's frequent visits to the house in town, they remembered his intimacy with Miss Emerson's father, and either thought nothing of it, or wisely kept their thoughts to themselves. There is an unwritten code among their class of men, in which regimental honor and pride admits of no idle impeachments among themselves.

For a little while May was happy,—but it was only for a little while. Darcy's manner underwent a change. It was by a very slow process, but there was a change, nevertheless, and his wife was quick to see it. It seemed to her that he grew tired of her. His kind and gentle attitude toward her gradually disappeared, and in its place there settled an irritable indifference. He stayed away for days at a stretch, and was even surly on occasions. At last the poor woman awoke to the truth; he no longer loved her. The misery which the thought brought with it was the greatest of all that she had borne that year. She pursued just the policy calculated to make matters worse, if possible. She carried her