ment to interfere with her duties at Mrs. Oakland's. To the invalid she was as attentive as ever. She would frequently dilate upon the beauties of Kenmere, its splendid old manor house, its vast grounds, and its patriarchial oaks; or give glimpses into the long line of famous ancestors of her future husband. Mrs. Oakland was even permitted to see some of his letters, which arrived with the most commendable regularity. It was in one of these that Mr. Vincent, with fine feeling, had expressed his desire to build, near Boston, a memorial chapel to his deceased mother, who was of American birth; and as it happened that young Mr. Latmer, an intimate friend of the Oaklands, had all the requirements for a successful ministry, with the trifling exception of a church and congregation, he eagerly offered to take in charge the construction of Mr. Vincent's proposed work, if only Mr. Oakland would secure the land. This, at considerable expense, Mr. Oakland consented to do.

The days must have passed rapidly for Miss Upham at this period of her existence. Her prospective alliance with a gentleman of such irreproachable connections as Mr. Vincent bestowed upon her a social position which otherwise it would have been difficult to attain. Callers expressed the greatest anxiety to meet "the young lady who was going to marry Mr. Vincent." Even Mrs. Frederick Van Rensaleur Vincent herself, whose least attention was equivalent to an entree into the houses of Boston's bluest-blooded aristocracy, had deigned to pronounce her "not uninteresting." As to Mr. Vincent, he was most properly devoted. The arrival of small packages containing the most delicate jewelry became a matter of recognized frequency, while the tenor of his letters, contained in uniformly pale blue envelopes, pointed (if Miss Upham's blushing assurance was to be credited) to but one desire,—that of a speedy marriage. It may have been this prospect of an early wedding, that lent a restrained appearance of excitement to her usually calm features. It would have been evident to a close observer that she was laboring under a slight nervousness.

It was towards the end of the winter that they finally agreed that the wedding should take place in June. In spite of the fact that Mrs. Oakland had expected the announcement, she was not prepared for it in the form it came. Mr. Vincent, it appeared, desired to so far depart from custom as to have the ceremony performed at Kenmere. It had been, he said, a tradition of the family, handed down from time immemorial, that whenever a Vincent was married it should be in his own home. This rule had never been departed from, and he begged Miss Upham to respect it. This his fiancee seemed nothing loth to do, and so effectually supported her lover's plea, that Mrs. Oakland finally consented to even accompany Miss Upham, with her entire family, at the cordial request of Mr. Vincent. Of course Mrs. Oakland insisted (for was not Miss Upham almost like a daughter to her) on furnishing her entire trousseau, and the goodly array of oak chests which were placed in the baggage car of the Shore Line Express one Thursday morning towards the end of May, proved conclusively that generosity must certainly be numbered among Mrs. Oakland's many good qualities. Passage had been secured on the Cunarder sailing the following Saturday from New York.

It was shortly before lunch on Friday morning, while Mrs. Oakland was sitting alone in her room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, that she was startled at hearing a sob, and she was still more surprised when, on looking up, she perceived Miss Upham standing in the doorway, clad in a complete suit of mourning of the most correct and fashionable pattern. In her hand was a crumpled telegram which she silently handed to Mrs. Oakland. It read as follows:

De Forest Vincent was thrown from his horse and instantly killed this morning.

Mrs. Maverick, Housekeeper.