

The Friend of Temperance.

A Family Newspaper--The Official Organ of the Order of "The Friends of Temperance."

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1872.

NO. 8.

Friend of Temperance.

PUBLISHED BY
R. H. WHITAKER,
RALEIGH, N. C.

TERMS:
One year in advance, \$2.00
Six months, \$1.25
Three months, \$0.75
CLUBS:
Five copies for \$10.00
Ten copies for \$18.00
Twenty copies for \$32.00

Poetry.

Stars and Flowers.

When I had led her lord astray,
And can had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Died with one another.

For when the cunning tempter's art,
And touch the race its duty,
By sleeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be, at least, a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening
drawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame no crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached
shells
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers--
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown
The lips of lying lovers.

They try to shut their saddened eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they sink forever.

Original Story.

Memory Bells.

BY SILVIA.
Author of "Mother's Wine," &c., &c.

"But you are, Kate, and there is no
use denying it. It pains me to see it,
for I love you, Kate."

"You are capable of very sudden
passions."

"Not so sudden after all, for I loved
you while yet you were a small girl."

"You have a strange way of showing
your love, I must say."

"Forget and forgive the past, Kate.
I loved you even then, while I tensed
and fretted you most. You appeared
to care so much for May and avoided
me constantly, that stung to mad-
ness my dislike I took all those
modes of teasing as a retaliation."

"That is a poor excuse for your
cruelty, Mr. Franklin. If that is your
usual mode of treating those you hon-
or by your love, it is to be hoped, you
will make the number fewer than it
now promises to be."

"I have loved only you, Kate. If I
have told others that I did, it is be-
cause they showed by word and action
that they expected me to do so, and
I try not to disappoint expectations."

"What have I said and done to em-
bolden you to insult me by your pro-
fessions of love?"

"I mean no insult to you. I am
shere now, at least, I want to settle
a life, for I think the sooner a young
man is married and settled, the sooner
he withdraws himself from many tempta-
tions, which, too long indulged in,
becomes the habits of a life time. I
wish you to marry me, Kate, and that
immediately. I have not lived the life
I ought. I am wicked. But there is
good in me. I feel that once in our
own home your love brightening my
days, I can conquer the vices of my
youth and live a useful life. I do not
believe you love me, but I hope to win
your love. If you would only believe
in me, Kate."

"It is utterly useless to say any
more about it. I do not believe a word
you say, and if I did, I do not wish to
marry now. I presume you have not
heard that I will go to college
for ladies in a few months."

"I have not heard that. What is
the use of any more schooling? See
how Cordelia and Eugenie spend their
time in vain pleasure. Their boarding
school experiences does not seem to
have done them much good. I would
prefer to take you before the world has
time to spoil you. Now you would
make such a home as this has ever
been, after awhile the vanities of soci-
ety will have driven the instruction of
your mother entirely away, and you
will sink into a vain and fashionable
woman like all the rest. I am in earn-
est, and to prove that I am, I will go

immediately to your father, if I have
your permission."
"Did you love Emma?"
"Never."
"And yet you professed unchanging
love for her?"
"It was an idle jest."
"It has been a fearfully earnest one
to her."
"That is not my fault. She flatter-
ed me with her eyes, made love to
me with her smile and soft, tender
ways."
"You are as merciless as you are
intrinsically. Emma never sought by word
or deed to win your love. She is
modest and retiring by nature and her
education has been one of cultivation
and refinement. You sought her as-
siduously, I remember it well. Your
actions, in a thousand nameless ways
spoke to her of a love deep and true,
ere your false lips dared whisper to
her pure and innocent heart senti-
ments of a love which can be so soon
forgotten by you. It is her misfortune
that she trusted you, as loving woman
only can trust the object of her death-
less affection!"

"Did she tell you these things. Is
this the fruit of her modesty and gen-
tle pride to make her unrequited love
the subject of a neighborhood gossip?"
"I have known it from the first. I
heard your words of love, in those low
and tender tones which you can as-
sume at will. I witnessed your betrol-
ment kiss. I know all your perfidy,
John Franklin."

"You witnessed these things! you,
of all women in the world!" He got
up and strode back and forth in the
porch, and his small hand was pressed
to his forehead, and the costly jewels
upon his finger glistened in the wav-
ering beams of the struggling moon-
light. He may have been in earnest,
but I did not believe him. He was a
good actor and I believed him acting
a part now. A week ago I should
have laughed merrily, but Miss Prudy
had closed the fount of mirth to me,
and I looked upon him only in pa-
tient weariness.

"Spare yourself the exertion of such
a display of feeling, I pray you, Mr.
Franklin! I am simply an unsophistic-
ated country girl and am incapable
of appreciating theatrical performance
and it is all necessarily lost upon me."

"Kate, how am I to prove my sin-
cerity, for I am in earnest?"
"Do not attempt it. It is impos-
sible. I do not love you. I never
will. I have never admired you and
it is utterly impossible that I should.
You have many manly graces which
speak to the heart of woman, but
never to mine. Let this suffice."

"Your heart is closed to me, for
May's face is enshrined upon its altar,
and his hand holds the keys! He
stood in front of me and lifted him-
self defiantly, and his gleaming eye
seemed to burn me in the look of
deadly hate which fell upon me. "I
love you as I have never loved another,
and hate him with a hate which
shall find its revenge. I am wicked,
cruel and unrelenting, but you could
hold me to your own will--for I love
you! I am a gambler and dram drink-
er, not a drunkard, but you could save
me from the sure ruin, which I know
will be mine--for I love you! Remem-
ber when the hour of my destruction
draws nigh, that you have sent me to
it."

"Please drop the subject, it is be-
coming quite uninteresting to us both.
Of course you do not believe a word
you are saying any more than I do."

"You will know how earnest I am,
some of these days. You scorn my
love now, and May shall scorn yours.
He will believe you false to him and
fickle as the changing winds. Miss
Prudy hates me, as she does every one
who does not bow and cringe to her
as a superior being, and she does not
love you any more; and she is already
associating our names in a way which
will reflect no credit on your truth
with May. She first reported your en-
gagement with May. How she dis-
covered it I do not know. I did not
believe it at first, until your blushing
face and faltering voice when twitted
about him, told me what your tongue
has never uttered. She will be a ready
and blind tool in my hands, and he
will return with doubts of your con-
stancy only to be too readily convinced.
You are pale now and shivering with
fear, for you know there is truth in
what I say. There is grief, and trial
for each of us in this vain world, and
yours is yet to come!"

"And yet you say you love me."
"Not so little as to stand with fold-
ed arms and see you bless the home
of my rival, while my heart is aching
for you. The future is before us. You
are young and I can wait."

"Emma loves you, Mr. Franklin.
You won her love and have deserted
her. Return and beseech her forgive-
ness--perhaps she will forgive you.
She is good and gentle, far more wor-

thy of love than my wild, wayward and
undisciplined self."
"If care, trial and grief will tame
wild nature and discipline an untried
heart, you will be tame enough, when
I seek your hand again. I pity you,
Kate, but you will have it so!"
He took his seat and the silence of
troubled thought fell upon us, to be
broken by a scream so wild and un-
earthly as to send the blood curdling
to my heart. He sprang to his feet
and Roland started from his slumbers,
while my parents hastened into the
front of the house. We stood looking
out upon night to hear the scream re-
peated and die away upon the breath
of the rising wind.

Ah, Memory Bells thy notes are
wild, and weird and holds my heart
spell-bound in the uproar of silence of
this midnight hour! And I stand once
more in that far distant home and wait
in breathless silence for the reality of
the scream which filled my heart with
terror then. Thy notes are not all
pleasant, for from the sad experiences
of life, you bring back scenes which
cannot be forgotten.

CHAPTER XIII.
With the third repetition of that
wild, heart piercing scream a white
robed form appeared, fleeing along the
public road, which ran in front
of our house. It panted at the gate
and raised the latch.

The gate swung upon its hinges
and a scream more wild and weird
than before echoed upon the awful
stillness of the hour, while that phan-
tom like form sped onward towards
our door, its arms beating the air and
its long hair floating upon the wind.
My father walked down the steps with
an eager desire to give assistance if
sought and my mother waited in
breathless silence, while, filled with a
superstitious terror which tried in
vain to control, I clung to Roland's
arm. It glided into my father's out-
stretched arms, and one moment a
white face glistened in the moonbeams
and then sank upon his bosom.

"God of mercy! what awful thing
is this?" My father cried as he turned
with his helpless burden to the door.
"It is Emma Bell, Mary. She has
fainted. Get a light and lead the way
to your room, Kate. Help me up
the steps, if you please, John."

"I will help you, father," said Ro-
land springing forward, he waded John
back and lifted Emma from my father's
feeble arm and bore her into the
house and as he laid her upon my pil-
low he flashed a look which spoke,
more of indignation than of pity in
my face, and hissed through his closed
teeth.

"If he had touched her, Kate, I
would have struck him down."
"Roland!"
"Let him dare to speak of love to
you again, and he will find that your
brother knows how to chastise his
insolence."

"Roland!"
"I heard every word, Kate. I pre-
tended to be asleep at first from a
desire of mischievous frolic, and then
my position became awkward, and I
must either betray myself or listen.
He has done this cruel thing!"

He stood aside to let my mother
administer the restoratives she had
brought in her hand. And as he gazed
upon that pallid face so death-like
in its stillness, a tender pity came to
his midnight eyes and lingered in
sympathetic lines about his lips, and
I could not note how strong a resem-
blance he bore our mother--this high
spirited youth who was yet a lamb in
gentleness.

At last the closed lids of the faint-
ing girl opened, and they roved from
face to face in that dull vacancy which
declares a wandering mind. She put
her hand feebly to her head, and her
lips uttered in a painful monotonous--
"They pursue me with a pitiless
hate, as if with hearts glowing over
the sufferings of the desolate! And
my brain is on fire, and my heart is
turned to ice!"

"She must have a physician." My
mother spoke to my father and he
came to the bedside and took hold of
Emma's wrist.

"She has no fever now. Send for
a physician, Roland, and go yourself
with the sad intelligence to Mrs.
Bell."

I followed Roland to the door, and
while he waited for his horse, I stood
beside him, and looked up in his
youthful face, which, though two years
my junior towered above me.

"What is it, Katie? What would
you have me do?"

"Do nothing rash, my brother."
"Her older brothers are away. I
will protect her as I know they would
protect you under changed circum-
stances. And if I can do nothing more
I can avenge her."

Alas! Roland, don't you see that
this is a case which must be endured
in silence, and the deeper the silence

the better! If he had slain her, the
law would have found a punishment
but for a broken heart or a dethroned
intellect there is no redress. Oh it
makes my heart ache to think of this
most ruinous calamity, but I know I
must not even whisper the burden of
its woe upon the passing breeze, lest
malicious ears hear and work added
evil for her. We can do nought but
wait."

"I have not learned to wait,
Katie."

"You must learn it now! Do not
give the added pain of publicity, in
this affair, to the life of poor, suffering
Emma."

"I will not do anything on the im-
pulse of heated passion."

"I can ask no more of you, my
brother. If you let the heat of your ju-
dgment wear away I can trust your pas-
sion."

He mounted his horse and rode out
into the night. I stood in the back
piazza looking after his receding
form, till I could no longer see the
dim outline of horse and rider, nor
hear the echo of the iron hoof upon
the hard ground. The heavy black
clouds which skirted the horizon
in the early evening, were drawing
their sombre shadows high over the
zenith and the struggling moon gave
only a misty light.

"Kate."
The voice was strangely husky, and
unfamiliar. I turned only to look
upon John, his hat and riding gloves
in his hand. He came to my side and
I felt his gaze upon me, but I felt so
much horror and indignation for his
rashly treatment of Emma, that I could
not look at him. I waited for him
to speak, but, after the pronunciation
of my name, he seemed to have lost
his voice. After struggling he said
huskily:

"It is not all my fault. Oh, I would
give anything could I undo the past!
Alas, how unavailing are regrets! It
is better to do right at the start, for a
wrong once committed cannot be un-
done nor forgotten. It is my nature,
which indulgence has strengthened, to
be selfish. I judge the world by my
own standard and call it a selfish
world. But there is good even in me,
but you alone hold the key to all that
is noble in my heart. I did not an-
swer him a word and after another
pause longer than before, in which he
seemed to be strangely stirred by emo-
tions he continued in a subdued tone:
"When she awakes to consciousness
please ask an interview for me."

"What new villainy is now thought
of, Mr. Franklin?"

"I wish to ask her forgiveness."

"Indeed, you put yourself to a vast
deal of trouble, for a few words which
you will not value."

"Kate! You seem purposely to mis-
understand me. I wish to make all
the reparation in my power for the
suffering which I have unwittingly
caused."

"You acted with your eyes open,
sir. And it was a cowardly deed
which a truly brave and generous man
would scorn to do."

"My remorse is keen and cuts me to
the heart. I cannot bear to look into
her pallid face and her wild eyes.
Nurse her back to life and health,
Kate, and she shall be the mistress of
my home and the crowning blessing of
my life."

"She may trust you again, for she
has loved you only too well."

She is gentle and forgiving, and the
moonlight walks of the past and the
low whispering of eternal love on the
moonlit porch of that palatial home
are sacred memories, to her, to be
cherished while life lasts and go even
beyond the grave.

"My horse is waiting. I dare not
wait the coming of Mrs. Bell. I must
not meet her calm, steady, soul-read-
ing eyes, for the world. Tell her all
my remorse. I know you hate me,
and yet for the love you bear that gen-
tle girl you do my errand."

"I am not so certain of that. I will
talk with my mother and will do as
she advises. I have my doubts of
your sincerity even now, for you are
as fickle and giddy as the butterfly
which courts the sweetness of every
pretty flower. But when poor Emma
returns to consciousness, I will send
to you. I will do so much, for your
repentance may be deeper than I think
and I could not wrong you."

"Thank you. I have no right to ask
any more. You shall see how deep
my remorse and how sincere my de-
sire to make atonement for the folly of
the past."

"She may die--"
"Do not speak of such a possibility.
She must live!" He walked slowly
to the full length of the piazza and
back to my side, and his head drooped
as if with care; and for the first time
I believed he felt the keenest regret
for his flirtation, which he would fain
excuse as a youthful folly. He mount-
ed his horse and waving me an adieu,
was soon lost in the gathering dark-
ness in which the flying clouds were

threatening to robe the earth.
I went to Emma's bedside and bent over
her, and she looked at me with wild,
feverish eyes and whispered in a low
monotonous--
"I would not care what they say
if he was true, but he is not. He is
false, false, and he is dearer to me
than life! Give me something to
drink, won't you?" I raised her head
and placed a glass of water to her lips,
she drained it eagerly, and as I laid
her back she exclaimed vehemently--
"Give me something strong that will
drive the burning of my brain--not
water, but the fiery fluid of perdition,
in which I have already steeped my
soul. There is relief in that, give it to
me."

"There is death, not relief in
it."

"Death would be a relief."
"Go to sleep, darling."
"Darling, darling! He called me
that, and he is false! Darling--
those evil ones who steal the forms and
faces of the children of light!"

"Shall I sing to you, Emma?"
"Yes, sing and it will be the song of
an angel, for I know you. You are
the guardian angel of my life, who
would have saved me from the machi-
nations of the evil one, and I would not
listen to you."

"I sang to her a low familiar tune
and for awhile it seemed to quiet her,
but she did not close her restless wan-
dering eyes. While I yet sang to her,
I heard Roland's voice at the outer
door. My mother crept from her po-
sition beside the bed and went out to
meet Mrs. Bell. And my heart stood
still in sympathetic grief as the door
opened and my mother entered, follow-
ed by Mrs. Bell; and I hushed my
singing and moved away that the pal-
id, and weary faced mother might
take my place. She was calm, out-
wardly, and her voice was steady, and
beyond her pallid face there was no
outward index of the crushing misery
which I know lay upon her heart. She
went to the bedside and would have
laid her hand upon Emma's brow, but
Emma raised up quickly and a suc-
cession of unearthly shrieks issued
from her purple lips. She struggled
to get out of bed and Roland held her
by main strength. In vain did Mrs.
Bell call to her by the endearing names
which soothed her in childhood, she
would not be quiet, till the poor, heart-
aching mother went out the room.
And then she fell back upon her pillow
exhausted by excitement, and said in
a low, grieved tone:

"It is the face of justice, which ever
pursues me. Don't let it come back
again to bid me to judgement. I have
been weak to resist temptation and
have fallen in the snare of the wicked
one, but I am not all bad. There are
other girls as weak as I am, and
yet their wealth covers their names
with garments white as snow."

"Hush! Don't you here the hissing
of their serpent tongues? They are
the gossips who gloat over suffering
and who pursue the weak, not wicking
with relentless hate. They are as in-
dustrious in hunting up every fault or
folly of those living in their midst, as
is the carrion bird in seeking his prey."

They manufacture scandal, and gorge
themselves with every low, and mali-
cious slander of characters far above
them, with all that gluttonous avid-
ity which characterizes these hideous
birds while at their feasts. And Miss
Prudy stands at their head. See her
before them, her green, glittering eyes
looking exultingly by upon me. Let
me go away, go far away, where I can
no more be pierced by her evil eye,
nor hear again her deceitful, whining
voice!" Emma sprang up, as if to
die away, but Roland held her back
and said in a low, soothing voice,
which was yet firm and command-
ing--

"Don't get heated over it, Mal, I
beg of you. Of course you are not
yourself when in love, and I am will-
ing to make due allowance. But, from
what I have seen of the tender passion,
I reclaim from the bottom of my heart,
Good Lord deliver me!"

"You are a cynic, Mortimer, and it
will take one of the fair sex to convert
you. I will leave you and take a
stroll on the beach. I see Miss Ham-
ilton, I believe."

But he lingered beside his friend at
the hotel window, and the two gazed
at the young lady, as she stood be-
neath them, hugging and chatting
with a group of friends. Tremor's face
darkened as he looked.

"That Miss Desmond has struck up
an unaccountable friendship with Rose.
I dislike her excessively, and must
warn Miss Hamilton against her. I
shall allow of no such intimacy."

"What! dislike that tall, beautiful
creature, Mal? You speak rather
strongly. I thought you were in love
with her years ago. You were staying
at some out-of-the-way place, and wrote
me glowing letters about an innocent,
fresh little beauty you had found.
Wasn't the name Kathleen Desmond?"

shadows of the vine, and the dim out-
line of a human form grew upon my
accustomed sight, and I knew it was
Mrs. Bell, ere my father came out to
urge her to go in out of the night."

"This is as good as any place to me,
Mr. Eaton, since I am denied the priv-
ilege of nursing my sick child."

Her voice was calm and steady, but
there was a spasmodic clutching of
her hands together, which told of an
anguish to deep for words.

"She will be calmer after awhile."
"I hope so."

"There is no accounting for the vag-
aries of a sick brain."

"Ah, I have had cause enough to
know that, and also that the sick brain
turst most bitterly against the one
loved most in health. These trials have
been mine, ere now."

There was excruciating pain in her
low and steady tones, and she twisted
her fingers in unconscious nervousness,
but her face was lifted up, and there
was no drooping of her slender frame.
Her almost complete mastery of emo-
tion filled me with awe, and I won-
dered whence came the strength which
buoyed her up to silent endurance of
a grief so crushing to a fond mother's
heart.

"You have the heartfelt sympathy
of true friends, but that is little
towards lifting the burden of your
woe."

"God moves in mysterious ways,"
I bowed to His will, though my heart
would break with its sorrow but for
His strengthening hand. This is a
bitter cup, but He knows what is best
for me and for my poor afflicted child.
I have failed in my duty, somewhere
in respect to my child and this is the
penalty. I thought I was doing right,
but I should have guarded her with
sleepless vigilance."

"Blame not yourself, dear friend.
You have been an ever careful moth-
er, and could not have failed in duty
to her."

"God knows wherein the blame
lies."

It is long ago now, since I listened
to her low words of pain so filled with
trust in God, but through the lapse of
years come back each intonation of
her voice, and in fancy, I sit again in
breathless silence, looking into the
corner, where the dark shadows of the
honeysuckle vines fell upon Mrs. Bell's
motionless form.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Selected Story.

ONLY A FLIRTATION.

BY J. CURTIS VAUGHN.

"And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
A blinding mist came up and hid the land,
But never home came she."

"So, Mal, the fair Rose has sur-
rounded after a two months' siege, has
she, and you are the victor. Suppose
you are tired of congratulations and
all that sort of thing by this time, so
I'll not bore you by adding mine to
the list."

Mortimer Lee sat gazing rather
sympathizingly at his friend, Malcolm
Tremor, through the clouds of tobacco
smoke that obscured his vision, and
his handsome lips curled into a satir-
ical smile, as he said the words, for
he was an incorrigible bachelor, and
regarded matrimony as a folly not to
be indulged in by a man of his sense.

"You are wrong, Mortimer," an-
swered his companion, a flush man-
ifesting his dark face, "the more con-
gratulations in this case the better.
Rose Hamilton is far too fair and good
for such as I. You need not look
surprised at my unusual modesty; I
fully value my good looks and worldly
possessions. But, by jove, my boy,
I never knew what love was until I
met her."

"Don't get heated over it, Mal, I
beg of you. Of course you are not
yourself when in love, and I am will-
ing to make due allowance. But, from
what I have seen of the tender passion,
I reclaim from the bottom of my heart,
Good Lord deliver me!"

"You are a cynic, Mortimer, and it
will take one of the fair sex to convert
you. I will leave you and take a
stroll on the beach. I see Miss Ham-
ilton, I believe."

But he lingered beside his friend at
the hotel window, and the two gazed
at the young lady, as she stood be-
neath them, hugging and chatting
with a group of friends. Tremor's face
darkened as he looked.

"That Miss Desmond has struck up
an unaccountable friendship with Rose.
I dislike her excessively, and must
warn Miss Hamilton against her. I
shall allow of no such intimacy."

"What! dislike that tall, beautiful
creature, Mal? You speak rather
strongly. I thought you were in love
with her years ago. You were staying
at some out-of-the-way place, and wrote
me glowing letters about an innocent,
fresh little beauty you had found.
Wasn't the name Kathleen Desmond?"

"Oh!" answered the other with a
forced laugh; "that affair was only a
flirtation. She was lovely enough
then, I will confess, but to tell the
truth I hate her now, Mortimer. It
seems like a ghost of the past to meet
her here."

"Well, the dislike seems to be re-
ciprocated! I should as soon think of
playing with a panther, as flirting with
such a woman! It would be danger-
ous work."

The friends parted; but a vague
feeling of uneasiness was in Tremor's
heart as he walked away. He did not
join Rose, however, as he could not
bear to meet her companion.

Five years before in a little fishing
town, he had first seen Kathleen Des-
mond. She was then a tall, slight girl
of sixteen. Poor, beautiful and roman-
tic, it was no wonder that her
fresh young heart was easily won by a
careless man of the world such as Mal-
colm Tremor.

To her the moonlight walks on the
beach, the low whisperings of eternal
love on the little cottage porch by
Kathleen's home, were sacred memo-
ries to be cherished, while life lasted,
and carried even beyond the grave.

To him they served as amusements
to while away his idle hours, and he
remembered the affair in after years
as "only a flirtation."

He left Kathleen a trusting, unsophis-
ticated child; he met her again,
after five years' absence, and she had
grown into a haughty, imperious wo-
man. Miss Desmond was quite the
rage at Newport, but Malcolm had no
desire to renew his flirtation. The
sorrow and anger he had read in her
dark eyes upon their first meeting, had
shown him it would be dangerous,
and, to do him justice, he had no de-
sire to, for Rose Hamilton, with her
sweet, winning ways, had at last won
his heart, and with him, this love
would be the love of a life time.

Miss Desmond had appeared rather
suddenly at the hotel, just after the
announcement of Malcolm Tremor's
engagement. A fashionable aunt
chaperoned her, and Kathleen seemed
destined to become the belle of the
season.

In spite of Tremor's remonstrances,
Rose Hamilton's intimacy with Miss
Desmond increased. There was some-
thing remarkable in the strength of
the friendship this fair girl seemed to
have for her more strong-minded com-
panion. They were always together,
and Malcolm could find few opportu-
nities of meeting his fiancee alone.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of
relief that he learned from Rose's lips
that Kathleen and her aunt were to
leave that evening.

"And, oh, Malcolm! I shall be so
sorry," she went on, her dark eyes full
of tears, "but I forgot, you do not like
her."