

A crimson flush mounted to his very temples, as he returned, with his usual grace, the lady's somewhat stately bow—a flush not unobserved by the acute Cecilia, or by the sharper eyes of her sister Louisa, whose glance was bent in that direction.

“Why, Mr. Mortimer,” said Cecilia delightedly, you never told me you knew my teacher?”

“You never asked me,” was the smiling, though somewhat evasive reply.

“No, but I have talked about her enough, and you never joined me the least bit. Now tell me, don't you like her very much?”

Edward was spared a reply to this rather dangerous question, by Miss Ludgate, now thoroughly displeased, interposing.

“Really, Cecilia, we had better spend the remainder of the day in discussing that important personage, your Teacher. Mr. Mortimer, will you have the goodness to come to the Piano; I want to shew you the new music we were speaking about the other evening? I procured it yesterday.”

The request was immediately complied with, and in listening to the sweet and exquisitely executed music, it is to be hoped that Edward Mortimer lost all remembrance of the gentle form, and soft dark eyes, that for a moment had dazzled his vision.