

The Twenty-first of June.

entirely such a blinded young man, but it ended by compromising. The leaders thereof assured one another that Gordon Curtiss was very like his grandfather, the famous old Judge Curtiss, who had been so fond of his musty law books that it had been almost impossible to coax him away from them for a single evening. It had been said of him that he would live a bachelor all his days. Yet, at thirty-eight, tradition said that he had astonished every one by suddenly marrying a pretty girl of nineteen, who did not know a legal volume from the latest literary production, and had no interest in either.

"That is the way Charles Gordon will do," said the wise ones. "Here he is twenty-eight years old and with no thought of marrying, apparently. Some fine day he will bring home a butterfly who will run riot over his methodical life, and laugh hosts of his finespun theories to the winds. My grandmother used to tell of the wonderful change there was in the old judge after his marriage."

"Gordon Curtiss is more like his own sweet mother than he is like any grandfather among them," Mrs. Ellis, a family friend, would affirm. "He has inherited certain sturdy elements, no doubt, from both the old judges; but when he is sitting quietly without a thought that any one is observing him, there is a look in his eyes