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MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth?

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FAITH AND ENTHUSIASM

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued) "Mine goes without saying," says Olsey, in a resigned tone. "The whole country knows it by heart by this time. After all, there is a sort of comfort in everything, even in one's misfortune."

"If it is the gown you wore the other night at the 'Bellevue,' you look very sweet in it," says Clarissa, looking very sweet herself as she utters this comforting speech.

"You are an angel, you know," says Olsey, with a merry little laugh. "You see everybody through rose-colored spectacles."

"Never mind; people always meet," says Clarissa, consolingly. "Yes—at Philippi," returns the irrepressible, and with a faint grimace, she vanishes.

"Neither have I. The gown I speak of was bought for a musical party. It was given to me by my dear mother."

"I did," confesses Miss Broughton, with a blush. "I enjoyed myself more than I can say. I do not think I ever enjoyed myself so much in all my life."

"Who was he?" asks Clarissa, interested at once. "A tall thin dark man, in the Guards—the Goldstreams or the Grenadiers, I quite forget which."

"Oh, no. Of course he cared nothing. When I left, Mr. Kennedy and Sir John, and Aunt Elizabeth's maid, walked home with me."

"The 5th has arrived. The day has dawned, lived, grown to its full size, and then sunk, as we all must, into the arms of Death."

"I would give a rose to any one who was kind to me—if they asked for it. Did you ever see Mr. Kennedy again?"

"Let him be," says Clarissa, impatiently, as yet she has not forgiven him that speech (so much mistaken) at the concert.

"The rooms are looking lovely; fair faces smile, and soft eyes gleam; and figures, round and sweet as Venus's own, sway with the music and mingle with the throng."

"I shall be nearer to her, if you entreat me in that fashion. Who is she?"

"Well, she is only a governess," begins Clarissa, beating about the bush; she is quite determined, nevertheless, that George shall not be neglected or left out in the cold at this her first ball.

"You need not be afraid of my governess," says Olsey, earnestly; "she will not trouble you about Murray or his Grammar."

"But not for this dance. I am engaged—I am, I give you my word—to the prettiest girl in the room—the prettiest child, I should say."

"You can dance with your child, of course; but at least let me introduce you to my friend."

Branscombe is at first surprised, then puzzled, then fascinated. Almost any other woman of his acquaintance would have accepted his remark as a challenge.

"There is one name on that card I can't bear," says Miss Broughton, with her eyes fixed upon a flower she holds. Her dark lashes have fallen upon her cheeks, and she looks like twin shadows.

"There once was a John Barleycorn," says Mr. Bellow, thoughtfully. Clarissa has been claimed by Horace Branscombe, and has disappeared.

"I am so sorry I can't write; yet nevertheless I am John Barleycorn, and this dance belongs to me."

"Why, so it does," says George, recognizing him in a naive manner, and placing her hand upon his arm. She performs this last act slowly and with hesitation, as though not entirely sure of his identity.

"Do you mean that?" says Dorian, hopefully, if curiously. "Am I to understand you mean to keep this particular ball forever in mind?"

"You may, indeed." "But why?"—with much animation, and an ever-increasing show of hope.

"Because it is my first," says Miss Broughton, confidentially, with a little quick-drawn sigh of utter content, and a soft, if rather too general, smile.

"I think 'the man over there,' has much the best of it," says Dorian. "I wish I was the leader of that band. Is there any chance that your partners of this evening, will be remembered by you?"

"Well, I suppose I shan't quite forget you," says George, seriously, after a moment's careful reflection.

"I'll take jolly good care you don't," says Mr. Branscombe, rather losing his head, because of her intense calmness, and speaking with more emphasis than as a rule belongs to him.

"And I live just three miles from that—Here he pauses as though afraid to make his intention too plain.

"At last, isn't it?" asks George, sweetly. "Yes?" Clarissa showed me the entrance-gate to it, last week. It looks pretty."

"Some day will you come up and see it?" asks he, with more earnestness than he acknowledges even to himself; "and with a happy thought, 'bring the children. It will be a nice walk for them.'"

"I'll ask Mrs. Redmond. But I know we can. She never refuses me anything," says this most unorthodox governess.

"Do you care to know?" "I do, indeed." "Then it is because to-night I met you for the first time."

"After all, my reason is better than yours," she says, in her sweet, pouting voice. "Come, let us dance; we are only 'wasting time.'"

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that still lie heavily upon her cheeks, and then moves a little away from him, so as to elude his touch.

"I came to see them dancing," she says, at length, with difficulty. "I thought it would be a pretty sight; and—oh, I have been so so pleased."

"In an open window, directly opposite to where they are standing, two figures can be seen sitting very close together; each other's head and the form of the dancers; the faintest outlines of the hands float out in the moonlight air. But the two in the window seem lost to all but the fact of their own existence, and that they are together."

"You have seen enough of this ball, Ruth," says Branscombe, very gently. "Go home now."

"Yes; enough—too much," says the girl, starting into life again. She draws her breath quickly, painfully; her brow contracts. As though unable to resist the movement she again lays her hand upon her heart, and holds it there, as though in anguish.

"What is it?" asks Dorian. "Are you in pain? How white you are!"

"I am tired. I have a pain here," pressing her hand still more closely against her forehead. "This morning I felt well and strong—and now—now—My mother died of heart-disease; perhaps I shall die of it too. I think so; I hope so!"

"You are talking very great nonsense," says Dorian, roughly, though in his soul shocked to the last degree by the girl's manner, which is full of reckless misery. "No body sees any amusement in dying. Come, let me see you home."

"Oh, no! Please do not come, Mr. Branscombe," entreats she, earnestly that he feels she has a meaning in her words. "I have the key of the small gate, and can run home in five minutes once I pass that."

"Then at least I shall see you safely as far as the gate," says Branscombe, who is tender and gentle in his manner to all women.

"Silently they walk through the damp night grass, neither speaking, until, coming to a curve in the way, she breaks silence.

"How beautiful Miss Peyton looks to-night!" she says, in a tone impossible to translate.

"Very," says Dorian, unkindly, yet with very kindly intent. "But then she is always one of the most beautiful women I know."

"Is she—very much admired?"—this she rather timidly.

"One can understand that at once," says Dorian, quietly. "Both her face and figure are perfect." As he says this, quite calmly, his heart bleeds for the girl beside him.

"Who has been dancing most with?" Eagerly, almost painfully; this question is put. The utter simplicity of it touches Dorian to his heart's core.

"With my brother, of course. She—she would not care to dance very much with any one else now, on account of her engagement."

"Her engagement?" "Yes. She is to be married to my brother some time next year."

He hates himself bitterly as he says this; but something within him compels him to the cruel deed, if only through pity for the girl who walks beside him.

They are now within the shade of trees, and he cannot see her face; though in very truth, if he could have seen it at this moment, he would not have looked at it. No word escapes her; she walks on steadily, though actually made strong by the receiving of the blow.

Dorian would gladly believe that her silence means indifference; but to-night has forced a truth upon him that for months he has determined not to believe. Her tears, her agitation, the agony that shone in her eyes as she fixed them upon Horace's form in the window, have betrayed only too surely the secret she would so gladly hide.

She makes no further attempt at conversation, and when they come to the little iron gate that leads on to the road, would have passed through, and gone on her homeward way mechanically, without bidding him even good-night, as if (which is indeed the case) she has forgotten the very fact of his near presence.

But he cannot let her go without a word. "Good-night," he says, very kindly, his tone warmer because of his pity for her. "Take care of yourself. Are you sure you do not fear going alone?"

"Yes." Her voice is low, and sounds strange, even in her own ears.

"Wrap your shawl more closely round you. The night is cold: Is the pain in your side better?"

"Yes"—almost regretfully.

"That is right. Well, good-by. I shall stand here until I see you have safely turned the corner; then I shall know you are out of all danger." He has been holding her hand somewhat anxiously all this time, not quite liking the strained expression in her face. Now he presses it, and then drops it gently.

"Good-night," returns she slowly, and then turns away from him, never remembering to thank him for his kindness—hardly, indeed conscious of having spoken the farewell word.

Her brain seems on fire; her body cold as death. Oh, to be in her own room, free from all watching eyes, where she can fling herself upon the ground, and moan and cry aloud against her fate, with only the friendly darkness to overhear her! She hurries rapidly onward, and soon the corner hides her from sight.

(Continued on Third Page.)