

"I'm afraid not, papa ; but come with us and I'll so gladly shew him to you,—that is, if he is in the hall at closing time, as is generally the case."

"What is he like, Hattie?"

"Why, like that picture, father."

"That may be, my daughter ; but you cannot always judge from a photograph."

"Well, what do you want to know?" asked Hattie, good naturedly.

"What a goose you are," said the old maid ; "why not go on and describe him. Say he has beautiful hair and so forth!"

"Very true, Aunt Fanny," coolly replied Hattie ; "you can do it better than I. Brother Rose has beautiful, dark, golden-red hair, that's a fact. Pray go on."

"I'll not do it," snapped Miss Wood ; "for you will just take my words in earnest. You can describe him yourself."

"I scarcely know how," replied Hattie gravely. "Brother Rose has deep blue eyes which seem to look right through you, I believe he can read your very thoughts!"

"Indeed!" said Miss Wood, "then, I'll sit a