

Kitty's Triumph.

"Mr. Bellair—Miss Lofton." "That introduction was the event of the evening. Every girl in the room knew just how Kitty Lofton looked at that moment—just how Mr. Bellair kindled and smiled, and, leaning back against a pillar near Kitty's chair, began to chat.

thoughtfully how full of pretty Kitty Lofton that latter part had been. The sparkling brunette face was very fascinating to him, the family respectability and his father wanted him to marry Arthur Bellair was exceedingly fond of his father. All that was creditable in him he said he owed to that good old man's quiet example—an unostentatious lover of flowers, and peace and good-will toward men.

said; "my carriage is waiting for you." With Mrs. Thayer on one arm and Kitty on the other, he lay the way, followed by Alf and Dr. Thayer, to an elegant and capacious carriage. While the party were waiting themselves, he absented himself for an instant, and in that time the gentle old man, so objectionable to Letty, approached, and was about to enter the vehicle.

"This is not a public carriage, sir!" exclaimed Miss Kitty, resentfully. "I am aware that it is not. It is my own," returned the old man, mildly, and turned to be presented at once by his son.

"My father, ladies!" said Arthur Bellair. But Mrs. Thayer had already clasped the hand of her old friend. Well, Kitty went to Three Elms. It was spacious and beautiful, the hospitable magnificence; put soon after their arrival, Arthur Bellair's warm manner turned to the most icy courtesy, as far as Kitty was concerned.

Evidently an early conference with his father informed him that the old gentleman was not prepossessed in her favor, and thus Kitty's triumph ended. In spite of what everybody had said—In spite of her most becoming toilet, desperately made between hope and despair—she never became Mrs. Arthur Bellair.

It had been such a delightful summer that I have accepted everybody's invitation to come again. I have solemnly promised to bring little Pinky Thayer a Christmas box; but before that, I shall see to it that Three Elms. Alf has promised to bring you out with the excursionists."

Kitty assented. "I want you to see Three Elms, and—my father," added Arthur Bellair, thoughtfully. "I shall be very happy," said Kitty, sweetly, but a little alarmed that Mr. Bellair had risen and taken his hat. Yes, it was certain that there was to be no offer, for her papa indiscreetly came in to say good-by; and there was Alf, who was to drive to the depot with the excursionists. Kitty bit her red lips till the blood came, but still smiled sweetly when Mr. Bellair shook both her jeweled hands and departed.

Twenty pairs of red lips pouted, twenty pairs of pretty shoulders turned away in a huff, for it was evident that Mr. Bellair meant to devote himself to Kitty Lofton during the remainder of the evening.

"I knew it would be so when Kitty came—I just knew it!" exclaimed May Morton. "Oh, well," laughed Lu Dabington, "if you knew it, what is the use of getting mad? You didn't expect to get Mr. Bellair, did you?"

"Of course not! Nobody need expect anything from Kitty's round. "Quite a triumph for Kit," remarked Lu, composedly, an hour later, as she saw Mr. Bellair, with that young lady's scarlet shawl over his arm, escorting her down the stairs. "He's going home with her. I wonder if she knows how rich he is, and what a splendid place Three Elms is!"

Of course she did. Lu discovered that immediately when she pounced upon Kitty, in the street, the next day. "Nobody but himself and father, and they are immensely rich, they say—perfectly affluent, you know, Kit!" Old Mr. Bellair is a floriculturist, and they have acres of green-houses! So he's accepted your father's invitation to take tea at your house to-night? Well, you're too awfully lucky, Kit. You're the only girl he's looked at more than a minute, and he's never taken anybody home. Been here three weeks, you know, visiting the Thayers, and strolls about like a King of Spades."

Kitty's black eyes sparkled under their curled lashes. Never was a proud girl more ambitious than Kitty Lofton. She exulted in the impression she had made on Mr. Bellair, and she meant to keep her own counsel.

"Oh, yes," she said; "papa knew old Mr. Bellair very well when they were boys. And, by-the-way, Brother Alf is going out with the excursion party. I think he will take me with him."

"Then you'll see Three Elms. How perfectly splendid!" Kitty shrugged her shawled shoulders with an air which meant everything or nothing, and turned away, flushed and radiant, exultation deep in her heart. She knew she was beautiful—could shine in society. She had never meant to marry in Orchardville.

Mr. Bellair stayed late at Doctor Lofton's that evening. He seemed to like Kitty's home, and Kitty's bewitching costumes, for he was there two successive evenings. To be sure the Thayers were there, also; but every one could see which way the tide was turning for Kitty Lofton.

In a week everybody in town was talking of her conquest—saying what an exceedingly nice match it would be for her—for Mr. Bellair was seen with her daily. She rode, drove and rowed with him, chaperoned by her mamma, of course; but no one believed Mrs. Lofton, delightful old lady that she was, to be the attraction. It was Kitty, and it would all certainly end in an engagement.

Kitty meant that it should, and her parents looked on and approved; but Alf Lofton observed incredulously, and remarked sagely: "Arthur Bellair is more of a catch than Kit thinks. You are not perfection, my dear sister. Look out he doesn't find it out."

Kitty curled her coral lips. "Thank you, my Lord Pessimism! We all know how complimentary brothers always are."

Miss Kitty, looking exceedingly pretty in her cream-colored cashmere morning wrapper and scarlet ribbons, turned thoughtfully to her practice again. The slim, jeweled fingers traversed the ivory keys of the piano deftly; but Kitty was secretly a little uneasy, and privately resolved to be very gentle and aristocratic, and keep her sharp little tongue between her teeth. A certain unflinching courtesy and moderation in Mr. Bellair had already impressed her, and she very much admired his "nice manners."

Perhaps the petted and spoiled girl felt that the young man's sweetness of temper and kindness to all about him was not mere outside polish; but she was not given to looking much below the surface, and did not even know how thoroughly a gentleman Arthur Bellair was.

Alf, who saw even more of him than she did, regretfully reviewed his sister's shortcomings, and very much doubted if her attraction for the handsome Chicagoan would end in marriage.

Mr. Bellair's six weeks' Eastern visit came to an end at last. He realized

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