

almost the only joy she had. There stood on the mantel-piece above her head a china shepherdess and a hideous grinning Chinese mandarin, which were her special friends. They were not as valuable as the rest of the collection, but their mistress loved them for themselves, not for their value in bank notes. This evening they all seemed especially dear to her, for she had been showing them to a young friend of hers, the son of her father's old partner, and his eager appreciation had encouraged her to speak of her mother and of her youth until now, as she sat alone, the dusky room seemed full of memories, the unforgotten ghosts of the past. The grate fire seemed to know all this, and so burned clearly and quietly, never roaring up the chimney as it often did, or driving clouds of smoke into the room as the wind came whistling down. Gradually under this cheering influence the shadowy ghosts which had invaded Miss Witterly's heart faded away, and as thoughts more relative to the present crowded upon her mind, the rocking-chair became more agitated and she fell into that habit common to solitary people of putting them into words.

"I have not done much good in my life," said Miss Witterly dreamily, "the opportunity never seems to have come. True, I make coverlids for the poor people, but that's not much when all the wardrobes up-stairs are so full of old clothes which piece so nicely. I knit stockings, too, but its only a pleasant occupation for my leisure