

eyes looking straight into hers; she could see them now, but what was that—

"Maud! Maud! can't you hear me Maud," her mother was saying, "why really! I believe the child was fast asleep, and Mr. Merton waiting outside for you too."

Miss Maud looked up slowly, and then as she heard the soft strains of the music and began to realize her surroundings. "Why it's you mamma" she said sweetly, and continuing with a light, little laugh, "I really believe I must have been dreaming, but come, you are ready," and joining her mother, together they stepped through the curtained archway into the ball-room.



Mr. Merton.

No sooner had Miss Maud appeared in the room than Mr. Merton and his long line of distinguished ancestors presented himself or rather themselves, and relieved Miss Maud's mamma of her delightful charge. I mention Mr. Merton's ancestors, as they came over in the Mayflower, and were really one of the very first families, even before that merely local event took place. Then besides, one always felt that it wasn't really Mr. Merton who did it, whatever it was, but that in

some strange though real way it was his ancestors who were at the back of it all, which was a very fortunate thing indeed upon many an occasion, as of course the ancestors had long ago passed into rest, or otherwise, and consequently could not in any way be held responsible.

It was late in the evening when Mr. Merton took Maud out to supper.

The orchestra had just begun to play a schottish, and as he glanced carelessly over his card he came to a halt.

"By jove Maud!" he exclaimed, "I really forgot all about it don't you know, but I've got this dance with Mrs. Western-married lady you know, and she'd never forgive me. Too bad! too bad! but I'll have to do it. But say now it

won't matter a little bit, because there's room here, and I'll just leave you with Travers and Miss White, and Travers will keep the other place for me. Won't you now Travers, like a good fellow?"

"Only too delighted I'm sure Merton, if we gain the pleasure of Miss Ashley's presence by doing so," he replied, with a bow to Miss Maud which that young lady acknowledged gracefully as she seated herself.

"Back in a moment Maud," said Mr. Merton, and disappeared through the ever-greens.

"Well now Miss Ashley," said Mr. Travers, when he had finished giving her order to the waiter, "this is good fortune indeed. You see I was obliged to come late, and it was only by the merest chance that I found Miss White disengaged for supper, and now by another fortunate coincidence you are with us to make it merrier still. Perhaps its the trip I took with Merton that has brought luck with it. Good company you know always does that they say."

"Oh yes the trip," exclaimed Maud, "do you know I haven't been able to get one word out of Mr. Merton about it; of course though, you only arrived home to-day, but then, why he's had time to-night to tell me some of it, and I haven't heard a single word except that there was an adventure of some kind or other, and I'm just dying to hear what it was. I presume," with a laugh, "that you purchased innumerable gold mines between you, and brought them all back with you; but the adventure! its the adventure that I'm dying to hear about, and I'm sure Miss White is, aren't you Agnes?"

"Oh yes indeed I am Mr. Travers, I assure you, but then," with a smile, "when you men go away on a tour of inspection you usually don't care to talk very much about it when you come home, isn't that so Maud?"

"Now! now! Miss White," said Travers, shaking his head in protest, and joining in the laugh which followed, "we men are not half so bad as you girls would make us out. In any case you have my positive assurance both on my own behalf, and that of Mr. Merton that there is absolutely nothing to conceal in this instance, but I can tell you one thing, we did have a rather exciting experience. I never went through anything like it before, thank Heaven, and devoutly hope never will again."

"Why really Mr. Travers! I am just