

but the look of recognition quickly came into them, followed as suddenly by one of anxiety. "Do the children need me?" she asked, with alarm.

"Oh no, but there's a young man down stairs as impatient to see you as I've seen any one this many a day."

"Who is it?"

"Well, he's kind of stern like, and I didn't ask him his name; but he's going to take you right away as soon as we can get his breakfast. He says your mother has sent for you."

"It must be my brother Paul," Mildred said, as she proceeded hurriedly with her toilet, while she shivered with the cold.

"Brothers as a rule don't seem so impatient to see their sisters, and so masterful about them; but I guess you are a queer family anyway," Martha Brand said dryly, while she rendered what assistance was in her power. "I'd have made a fire before I called you; but that young man was in such a hurry to see for himself that you were alive and well, I hadn't the heart to keep him waiting. He's very good-looking, but I'm not surprised at that, for good looks run in some families the same as consumption."