

mind, nor did she trouble him again until the dreaded Monday came, and the hands of his watch pointed to two.

'One hour more,' he said to himself, just as the roll of wheels and cloud of dust announced the arrival of some one.

'Can it be Sorrel and the square waggon?' Dr. Holbrook thought. But far different from Grandfather Clyde's turnout was the stylish carriage and the spirited bays which the coloured coachman stopped in front of the white cottage in the same yard with the office, the house where Dr. Holbrook boarded, and where, if he married while in Devonshire, he would most likely bring his wife.

'Guy Remington, the very chap of all others whom I'd rather see, and, as I live, there's Agnes, and Jessie. Who knew she was in these parts?' was the doctor's mental examination, as, running his fingers through his hair and making a feint of pulling up the corners of his rather limp collar, he hurried to the carriage, from which a dashing-looking lady of thirty, or thereabouts, was alighting.

'Why, Agnes—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Remington—when did you come?' he asked, offering his hand to the lady, who, coquettishly shaking back from her pretty, dollish face a profusion of light brown curls, gave him the tips of her lavender kids, while she told him she had come to Aikenside the Saturday before; and hearing from Guy that the lady with whom he had boarded was an old friend of hers, she had driven over to call, and brought Jessie with her. 'Here, Jessie, speak to the doctor. He was poor dear papa's friend,' and something which was intended as a sigh of regret for 'poor, dear papa,' escaped Agnes Remington's lips as she pushed a little curly-haired girl toward Dr. Holbrook.

Mrs. Connor, the lady of the house, had seen them by this time, and came running down the walk to meet her distinguished visitor, wondering a little to what she was indebted for this call from one who, since her marriage with the aristocratic Dr. Remington, had somewhat ignored her former acquaintances. Agnes was delighted to see her, and as Guy declined entering the cottage just then, the two friends disappeared within the door, while the doctor and Guy repaired to the office, the latter sitting down in the chair intended for Madeline Clyde. This reminded the doctor of his perplexity, and also brought the comforting thought that Guy, who had never failed him yet, could surely offer some suggestions. But he would not speak of it just now, he had other matters to talk about; and so, jamming his pen-knife into a pine table covered with

similar jams, he said, 'Agnes, it seems, has come to Aikenside, notwithstanding she declared she never would, when she found that the whole of the Remington property belonged to your mother, and not your father.'

'Oh, yes. She recovered from her pique as soon as I settled a handsome little income on Jessie, and, in fact, on her too, until she is foolish enough to marry again, when it will cease, of course, as I do not feel it my duty to support any man's wife, unless it be my own,' was Guy Remington's reply; whereupon the pen-knife went again into the table, and this time with so much force that the point was broken off; but the doctor did not mind it, and with the jagged end continued to make jagged marks, while he said: 'She'll hardly marry again, though she may. She's young—not over twenty-six—'

'Thirty, if the family Bible does not lie,' said Guy; 'but she'd never forgive me if she knew I told you that. So let it pass that she's twenty-eight. She certainly is not more than two years your senior, a mere nothing, if you wish to make her Mrs. Holbrook; and Guy's dark eyes scanned curiously the doctor's face, as if seeking there for the secret of his proud young step-mother's anxiety to visit plain Mrs. Connor the moment she heard that Dr. Holbrook was her boarder. But the doctor only laughed merrily at the idea of his being father to Guy, who was his college chum and long-tried friend.

Agnes Remington, who was reclining languidly in Mrs. Connor's easy-chair, and overwhelming her former friend with descriptions of the gay parties she had attended in Boston, and the fine sights she saw in Europe, whither her gray-haired husband had taken her for a wedding tour—would not have felt particularly flattered, could she have seen that smile, or heard how easily, from talking of her, Dr. Holbrook turned to Madeline Clyde, whom he expected every moment. There was a merry laugh on Guy's part, as he listened to the doctor's story; and when it was finished, he said: 'Why, I see nothing so very distasteful in examining a pretty girl, and puzzling her, to see her blush. I half wish I were in your place. I should enjoy the novelty of the thing.'

'Oh, take it, then; take my place, Guy,' the doctor exclaimed, eagerly. 'She does not know me from Adam. She never saw me in her life. Here are books, all you will need. You went to a district school a whole week that summer when you were staying in the country, with your grandmother. You surely have some idea what