

continued the lame girl, inquiringly. "It appears so," I replied. "Have you been introduced yet?" she asked, pausing in her sewing. "No, I don't care to get acquainted with her," I answered. "Oh! I would love to, just to tell her how pretty she is, but Amoret took me nearly close to her and then I got frightened and ran back to my corner and lost the chance," and she actually sighed. "I don't think that you need tell her how pretty she is, she knows it too well already," I said, spitefully. "I don't think it, she seems innocent as an angel," replied she, in a reverent manner. "Well, I don't want to see angels if they are like her," (and I don't believe that they brush their hair with ivory brushes,) I murmured to myself. Out loud, I asked, "Is she musical?" "Oh!" exclaimed the lame girl, clasping her hands, "You should hear her sing. Oh! I shut my eyes and felt as I were floating, you know. I never heard such a voice, there is no one in the choir that can sing like her."

I could not help smiling at the comparison, when I thought of the gallant little band of assorted voices, that met once every week, and shouted themselves into a state of readiness for the Sabbath service, each particular voice on that said Sabbath struggling bravely for the supremacy. "It was not very likely that she sang in their style," I thought to myself, and then I wondered how the people were to amuse themselves that evening. I wondered greatly if we should dance and have merry games, such as we used to on former occasions. The prospect of enjoyment for the larger portion of the company was small. While I wondered, the door of the room opened and a young man came in, the like of whom I had never seen in life, but recognized at a glance as own brother to a young man that I had the picture of in a fashion-book at home. He was tall and slight, with oh! such fine clothes, such a lovely tie, and lavender kid gloves on hands. "What next!" I thought, and my glance left him and wandered towards my countrymen in general, and Cousin George in particular. What guys he made them appear by the contrast, with their colored shirts and white collars and suits of three different kinds of cloth. Here was comfort, if *she* the obnoxious made guys of us, *he* the obnoxious made guys of them.

I now watched the scene with interest, the lavender kids advanced to the exclusive group and saluted it heartily, wringing Cousin George's red hands with his delicate ones, and then—I