

about my marriage after I am gone. It is a delicate matter a mother does not care to talk of to her young daughter, and I don't know quite how she will take it."

It did not seem to affect her very much. She came to me after her mother was gone, looking serene and undisturbed.

"Didn't you think mother looking well, Miss Grainger?—quite fetching, I think, now she has put off that hideous bonnet. She said you'd something to tell me; what is it?"

There was no use beating about the bush with this young person, so I merely stated the fact as briefly as possible.

"Married again, is she? Well, I suppose it's nobody's business but hers, and perhaps mine. I hope it's somebody who will do his duty by me. Do you happen to know who it is?"

"Yes, Colonel Nugent, a very old friend of your mother's."

"Never heard of him. I suppose he didn't visit us in poor papa's time. Well, when is it going to take place, and what's to become of me?—that's what I want to know."

"About the end of the season, I believe, and you