

"I did, ma'am. They owned considerable property round about there, and when they wanted anything they would sell off a little, piece by piece. Just as they needed things they sold it, and by and by they came to me and my little account was paid off—honourable."

"All at once?" said the anxious woman, and Enderby nodded.

"What a state of things though!" remarked his wife. "I remember it quite distinctly. When they wanted to give a party they would sell off a piece of land, or when they needed a new carpet. 'Twould make me so nervous like."

"So it would me," said the milliner, "so it would me."

"Because you were not born to it. It's what you must expect from the gentry."

"Gentry? There's not many around here, but I recognize them when I meet them and the lady at the Manor House is one of them and I'm sorry for her, ma'am, in her disappointment and sickness."

"Who is that you are sorry for, Enderby?" said Mrs. Abercorn shrilly, having caught some of his remarks.

"And how do you come to be talking about gentry of all things! My good man, if you are alluding to Miss Clairville, let me tell you she got just what she deserved."

And directly a chorus arose, chiefly from the feminine voices present: "Just what she deserved. She got just what she deserved."

The state of affairs at Clairville was much as described; Pauline, during her long, dreary convalescence, gave no sign of temper or of suffering, but had apparently changed to a listless, weak, silent creature, occupied almost altogether with her own thoughts, by turns ignoring and passively tolerating her sister-in-law and the child. The latter grew brighter and stronger every day, and Dr. Renaud was of the opinion that she would live to womanhood and become physically fit in many ways, although retaining her deformity, and even achieve some professional