

SEE LOST HIM.

BY COLLECTOR PATTON.
"Is it by collecting that we should be detained so," said Mabel Arran, pettishly.

"Never mind, dear," said her sister Effie, soothingly, "we shall soon be there!"
"I don't know what you call soon," fretted Mabel. "We shall not get there until seven o'clock in the morning, and just fancy how jugged out and jaded we shall both look after traveling all night, with our eyes as dim as if they had been boiled and complexion like an old rag!"

"See that your lips in very genuine annoyance, as she stood looking out at the white drifts of snow which lay like a mantle of royal ermine on field and valley.

Mabel and Effie Arran, although twins, were not at all alike. The former, tall and handsome, had features like a Cleopatra, and soft, languid eyes of the best blue, while her magnificent flaxen hair surrounded her oval face like a frame-work of gold.

"Are you sure you will be warm enough, Mabel dear?" she asked anxiously. "Do take my shawl, I shall be quite comfortable with the worsted sacque."

"No, I shall not take it," was the laconic reply. "Do you suppose I am going to make a perfect mummy of myself? I look ridiculous enough already in this odious mink dress. Oh, dear, dear! I wish I were rich. I just wait until I have married Mr. St. Albans."

"Effie's cheek crimsoned, as she tied a green sash round her waist, and she looked at her sister with a look of reproach. "Mabel," she said, softly, "do you really care for Mr. St. Albans?"

"Not for him specially, although he is handsome and agreeable enough for any girl—but I do care for his four hundred thousand dollars, and his country seat, and his horse in town. You shall live with me, Effie, and take care of that horrid little girl he talks about; how I do wish he hadn't been a widower, with the incumbrance of a child!"

"What do you think of those people who all get out, as they have room enough to breathe in now?"
The clear, radiant brightness of the December morning was glistening over the snow-peaked landscapes, and the stage whirled up to the door of Green Court, a substantial old brick mansion, where a merry party of visitors were assembled to make the holiday pass as blithely as might be!

"Alice Green, a pretty young blonde, ran out to welcome them.
"Welcome to you never were coming," she cried, smothering them with hospitable kisses. "The fire is blazing royally in your bedroom. You'll just have time to get off your things and get rested by the lunch time. I'm so sorry we have breakfasted, but you shall have coffee and omelette in your own room!"

Mabel was not sorry at all, for she rather preferred to rest and recruit a little before meeting the other guests.
"Is Mr. St. Albans here?" she asked, as Alice helped her to remove her wrappings in the cheerful apartment which was to be that of the sisters.

"Oh, yes; but he only arrived this morning, as well as yourselves, was detained!"
Mabel and Effie both looked very pretty when they came down to luncheon, some four or five hours afterward—the former in pale, blue cashmere, with blue ribbons at her throat, which gave her hair and skin even more than their natural brightness, and Effie, in a quiet little black silk, with the old-fashioned garnet ornaments which had belonged to their dead mother.

"The room was quite full as they entered it; but forsooth in the group around the fire-place Mabel's triumphant eyes recognized Mr. St. Albans, and she was obliged to preface her greeting with a little cough, and a little blush, and a little gasp, as she answered some remark of Miss Green in the door-way."

"Effie!" it cried, "Effie!"
And to her surprise, Effie found herself confronted with her little acquaintance of the night before.
"Little Minnie has an excellent memory for her friends," said Mr. St. Albans, approaching her with a smile. "May I venture to thank you, Miss Arran, for the kindness you showed her last night?"

"Effie blushed scarlet with embarrassment.
"Was she your child, Mr. St. Albans?" he nodded smilingly. "Our carriage broke down at Green's Glen, and we were obliged to take the night stage on to Truslow, where I had telegraphed for another carriage to meet us. I had no idea that you were here, and I was very glad to see you."

"I was very kind of Alice Green to ask us," said Effie, soberly.
"O, yes, I dare say," nodded Mabel, "and I shall have to invite her to St. Albans when I am mistress there. Nobody shall say I am at all ungrateful. Here comes the stage now, horrid, odious, lumbering old thing, and crowded full, as I live, how disagreeable!"

"I heard you telling him last week how fond you were of children?"
"O, I!" laughed Mabel, shrugging her shoulders. "That was golly! I fancy myself, Effie, that I really did make some impression upon him, else he would never have accepted that invitation from Green Court, because we were to spend Christmas there."

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