

take part in the household affairs and that she herself had opposed the suggestion. She had gained a character for domesticity, and she did not wish to have her supremacy shared.

"I dare say there is no actual incompatibility," she admitted gently; "but Magdalen is so wrapped up in her work for papa that we never think of occupying her mind with matters which I am quite willing to see after myself. Why should she be bothered? She is not the girl to marry, unless indeed"—Nora laughed gaily—"she could find a man that was all intellect and had no bodily needs to be ministered to."

Poor Will! Magdalen joined them in the garden later on, but for his own sake he held aloof from her. The girl was greatly hurt, as of old she had been his special friend. Too shy to complain however, she shrank into herself, and with a pang of regret, saw Will fall into the way of the world—treat her, namely, with distant respect, and Nora with familiar friendliness. He had not been at Foster's many days before his name was coupled with Nora's by all the match-makers in the neighborhood. The good people were much mistaken. Will might walk, ride, or play tennis with Nora, or even constitute himself her cavalier and escort on every possible occasion, but secretly his heart went out toward Magdalen. Yet how, after Nora's words, could he dream of betraying his devotion? How could he, a man whose only attainments were those of physical strength and agility, hope to please a girl thrown both by training and natural bent in the midst of purely intellectual interests? Sadly he told himself that she was not for him. And Magdalen as sadly told herself that somehow she had forfeited Will's friendship, by which, had he only known it, she had set great store. He seemed to her the perfection of a gentleman, and perhaps his want of learning was the thing she liked best about him; so cordially did she hold her own blueness in abhorrence. Thus were the two kept apart by a phantom barrier raised between them by Nora, who, without caring for Will herself, resented his preference for Magdalen. She was under no misapprehension as to his feelings, and yet a petty jealousy debarred her from doing what lay in her power toward bringing about a better understanding between him and her sister.

Will's last day arrived. A large tennis party was to take place at Foster's

in the afternoon, as a sort of farewell entertainment for him, and he did his best to throw off the despondency which oppressed him.

"Will you play to-night, Magdalen?" he asked, very hesitatingly in the morning.

Magdalen shook her head.

"No," she said shyly, "I don't play tennis."

"Of course not," laughed Nora. "Will, what an extraordinary idea! As if you didn't know Magdalen was above tennis."

"It is not that," said Magdalen, coloring; "but that tennis is above me. I tried it again and again at Wellesley, but it was never any good. I only spoil every set I play in."

"Oh, well, you can't play or you won't," said Nora, impatiently; "it's all the same."

Nora's sudden ill temper seemed very uncalled for, but she was irritated by the disappointment on Will's face. Presently, however, her equanimity was restored, and she said, putting her hand to the young man who had turned to her, "I will be your partner, and you, Magdalen, need not play, but shall talk to the people—that is, if papa can spare us his walking dictionary of old antiquities."

Another allusion to her blueness! Magdalen gave her sister an appealing look and turned away. Will fell into a brown study. During the afternoon he played a good deal with Nora as his partner, and the two proved an invincible couple. As Nora was fully occupied with the game, Magdalen was called for once to do her share in receiving and talking to the guests. They were more than ever impressed with her intense blueness, for the poor girl had the heartache, and found it strangely hard to look bright and smiling. Many were the remarks made to her about Will and Nora, who certainly played admirably together. In the middle of one exciting set, a young married lady, who was sitting next to Magdalen, whispered confidentially, "Those two are made for one another, aren't they? Depend upon it they will be partners in earnest before Mr. Fairburn leaves."

Magdalen went a little pale as she answered evasively. "Every one likes to have Nora for a partner."

"Yes, yes, I know; but not in the sense I mean. What a loss she will be to us all! Now tell me do you think