

It's All Very Fine

To argue that imitation is flattery, but it's the sort of flattery that the public are induced to take an imitation of



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In the Net.

"I was afraid that you wouldn't come," Valeria said, "and I couldn't have stayed here another night, I am so impatient."

Miss Pendleton was serious and pre-occupied, and had but little to say, except to excuse her delay. The few necessary preparations were made, the trunk was left to be sent for, and they went down to a cab that was waiting at the door. Valeria supporting herself partly on the banister, partly on Miss Pendleton's arm.

They drove through the street after street in silence. Two weeks to talk much in the house, Valeria was far too weak to make herself heard above the noise of the street, and her companion did not feel disposed to say anything. There were some familiar streets and others strange, and they seemed to go back and forth.

At length, when they had time to go from end to end of the city, Valeria said, "It seems to me that we are going in a very round-about way."

"Yes," Miss Pendleton replied impatiently. "The driver is taking the longest road he can, so as to make it cost more. They always do that."

At length the houses ceased abruptly. They drove up a rise between high walls, made a turn or two, and stopped at a high iron gate that barred their way. The gate was shut, but the porter waited inside.

And here a difficulty occurred. The porter would not admit them, not having received any orders to do so, and the vetturino refused to stay any longer without extra pay, which Miss Pendleton refused to give him.

There was a moment of perplexity; then the vetturino was dismissed, and Miss Pendleton begged Valeria to wait where she was while she should run to a house lower down for an order.

The cab disappeared, Miss Pendleton disappeared, and Valeria was left alone outside the gate with the porter looking on through the bars. The rain began to fall gently, the earth was wet, the air cold. It was past the middle of November, and had been in bed only three or four days before with fever and congestion of the lungs; and she could scarcely stand. Apparently, her health had been from first to last, but very little thought of.

A one side of the road there was a long chapel with closed blinds, and grass-grown stone steps leading up to it. Valeria seated herself on these steps, and waited. She began to grow afraid, not knowing where she was. She would surely be ill again if she stayed there much longer. And she could not sit up, either. She had already exerted herself too much that day, and she could scarcely keep herself from lying down on the cold, wet stones.

It was about fifteen minutes before Miss Pendleton appeared, accompanied by a young man in a black dress, and wearing a black veil over a white one. She was a sister of San Carlo, an order founded by San Carlo Borromeo to take care of the sick.

The two were running. They made some hasty excuses, the gate opened, and they entered. It was a beautiful gate, and the road it opened into ran between a wall and a high slope, and was bordered with trees and shrubs, and there were fountains, even now, and the banks were bright green. Vines hung over the gate, and wreathed a little bridge that crossed over it.

They did not follow the road. The nun took them up a steep path leading to the bridge, when they entered the continuation of a branch of the avenue from the gate. The rain was falling, and the way seemed long; but the sister held Valeria by the arm and helped her along.

At length they reached a house, and, passing under palm-branches that overshadowed the steps, entered a small garden enclosed in a wall. Opposite was the castle of St. Angelo, with the Tiber coming boldly forward a short distance, then turning aside out of sight. Behind the castle were fields, and beyond the fields a long

range of mountains, faintly rose now opposite the rainy sunset. They had not deceived her in saying that the place was beautiful. This is not your room," the sister said. "Yours is larger. It will be ready for you tomorrow."

Later, the sister came softly in again, and began setting the room in order again for the night. She closed the shutters, placed a little flask of violet-water on a stand beside the bed, and smoothed the pillows and cover.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

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There were long hours of quiet loneliness, but never any neglect. Now and then she raised herself in bed, and leaning forward, looked out at the castle, the river, the stretching fields, and the far-off mountains. Once she rose and went to the window to see that was beneath. There was a narrow courtyard and beyond that a steep-dropping succession of roofs, looking like a shell-strewn beach with the multitudinous tiny curves of their mossy-lichened tiles.

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Of Interest to Women.

The Shirt Waist.

"Never within the memory of man have the women been so well clothed, and economically as they are to-day. This change is due to the shirt waist."

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