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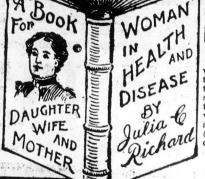


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I know. She was the daughter of a coachman—quite poor. One day a rich, childless woman took a fancy to her, and adopted her. She grew up under this lady's care. Now she is my age, and the question of marriage has arisen. Do you think I may counsel her to marry a man of her guardian's position, not her own?"

"That is a question for her," said Mr. Rivers. "Is she attractive, this friend of yours? Cultivated in mind, and refined?"

"Yes. Her two sisters are engaged. One to a groom; one to an officer's servant. Her brother is a carpenter."

"And the man who wishes to marry her is of good family"

"Of a very old family."

Mr. Rivers looked thoughtful.

"It is a problem," he said, "more serious than it appears. The relations complicate matters in these cases. Would she be willing to sever herself more or less from her family? herself more or less from her family? Probably she would, as her education

has been so unlike theirs."

-- "No," cried Pat, "she wouldn't be willing. She wants to see them often, to keep friends with them. Her mother she can never be severed from." "Has she told her lover the truth?"

"She has told him the truth. I am a little sorry for that poor girl!" "A little sorry!" said Mr. Rivers.
"I am desperately sorry. The benevo-lent woman who brought that child

up in a position to which she was not entitled did a most cruel thing."
"Surely," said Pat, "the position for which we are able to fit ourselves must also be the one to which we are entitled?"

Mr. Rivers shook his head. "As a matter of fairness," he said, it no doubt should be so. But we are speaking of things as they actually exist. The case is hard. In any event, this poor girl's suffering must be great. If they give each other up they will suffer. If they marry, they will suffer. But, in my judgment, to give each other up, while no coldness has arisen might be best."

has arisen, might be best." "Her mother is a very good woman," said Pat in a low voice, "as good as the Virgin Mary. But I suppose that makes no difference."

Mr. Rivers saw tears in her eyes, and imagined she felt sympathy for the friend whose lot was so piteously unlike her own.

"All natures are not equally sensitive," he said, "and there is a natural fitness in things which helps people to act rightly. Do not let your friend's sorrow darken your life too much.'

"Oh, she can bear things," exclaimed Pat, giving a little laugh.
"She must bear them. The world doesn't stop going round because we make mistakes and get into trouble. There's only one calamity I don't think she could bear. Suppose this man who loved her until he knew the truth, should turn against her now, and accuse her of deceit. But she was entangled in a network of other people's making, and could not get out. Will he remember this, and try not to reproach her?"

Mr. Rivers began suddenly to tremble. Pat's voice shook so much, and her eyes met his with such a

strange expression.

"You need have no fear," he answered. "When she tells him the story, he will honor her more than

he ever did before. And besides—"
"That's all I wanted to be sure of,"
said Pat. "Not another word,
please. Do you see how quickly the flowers you gathered for me have faded? Poor things! I will toss them into the grass, and let them hide their ugliness. Now I ought to apologize for telling a sad story. No, don't say another word. Let me go home. Please let me go home!"
After Mrs. Wentworth was in bed, she heard a tap at her door, and in

came Pat. "Mr. Rivers means to call to see me tomorrow," she said. "I can't stay to see him. I shall have gone to pay them a long visit at home.

"What shall I tell him?" asked Mrs. Wentworth, in great alarm. "Tell him," said Pat, "that I am evening: the girl for whom he felt desperately sorry."

"Oh, Veronica, what have you done?" cried Mrs. Wentworth. "You should have left it to me. And he will not give you up. When men are in love they laugh at obstacles such as these.'

"It is I who give him up," said Pat. "If he married me, being, as you say, 'in love,' regret would soon follow. He showed me his true mind. Oh, let me go quickly, and then the wretchedness will be sooner

Mr. Rivers had some terrible weeks to pass through after his interview with Mrs. Wentworth. He tried again and again to see Pat, but she held resolutely aloof.

"Wait a year," she said in one of her letters. "If at the end of that time you still wish to see me, I shall be found in my own home, among my own people."

Mrs. Newman cried for joy when

her long-lost daughter came back. They all had reason to be glad, for she continued to make their happiness greater by the loss of her own. Mrs. Wentworth insisted on paying for the rent of a small flat in Battersea, and Pat soon found work as a designer of patterns for wallpapers, lace and beautiful dresses. Her sisters married before the year was

"Why are you so restless tonight, Pat, my darling?" said Mrs. Newman

one evening.
"Am I restless?" asked Pat.
"Yes. I have never seen you like this before."

"I will get my violin," said Pat,
"and play. Somehow, this design I have begun seems a mistake. It won't work out properly."

She played for five minutes, and then walked up and down the room. How her ears strained to catch the sound of steps on the stairs!

"I don't expect him," she said to herself. "I know he won't remember it is a year tonight since the garden-party; a year since I saw his face. No, of course, I don't expect him to remember."

Just then a knock sounded at the

door, and her heart sprang.
"It is Ted," she said to herself, and went to open it, but on the little landing outside stood Mr. Rivers, and she knew all at once that she had never doubted he would come. The flat was so small, that two steps brought them into her work foom, where sketches were lying about and painting materials covered the table.

"I have come to ask your forgiveness," said Mr. Rivers, "and to tell you I cannot live without you. Isn't it time to be merciful and let me

When Mrs. Newman came in half an hour afterwards, timid, she met such a kind welcome that her fears vanished. Pat's father and brother liked Mr. Rivers from the first.

"You will be very happy," said her mother. "I see love in his face, and it isn't a face to change. You can come home whenever you please, he has promised me that, and when you are alone we shall come to you. But we shouldn't be happy in grand company, and we can't get used to grand ways. They belong to you, Pat, my darling, and I'm proud to think you will have your rights. Leave your old mother in the place where she was born."

"Oh, that's the hardest part," said Pat, clinging to her mother, as if she were still a child.

"It has to be," said Mrs. Newman, "and it should be. Don't cry, Pat.

Take the fate your angel sends you. Pat went to live in the manor, and looked such a beautiful lady that everyone who saw her admired Mr. Rivers' bride. She was wonderfully happy, but a little touch of sadness for many years lay in her heart. People who did not knew her used to wonder why she found it so easy it sympathize with those whom fortune had treated hardly.

Perhaps a touch of sadness lies at the root of all happiness, though only a few understand, as she did, the the girl whose story he heard this secret of turning it into a blessing.

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