

stantial plebeian turrets and towers of the most modern and ornamental description, according to the modern idea of ornamental in houses. Then the windows, against which the hail beat so incessantly, were neither small nor of grotesque form, nor mullioned nor latticed, as they certainly should have been, seeing that they looked out on such a stately avenue, but like every thing else, the long plate-glass panes expressed modernism and money, with not a vestige of romance, with nothing to delight those who think there is no virtue in that which is not old.

"Oh dear!" I hear some one saying; "what is the good of keeping us out in the storm discoursing thus prosily on windows? We expected light and warmth and pleasure, but instead of that we stand perishing in outer darkness," remembering

"It is truth the poet sings,  
A sorrow's crown of sorrow  
Is remembering happier things."

I hold it best to keep the good things till the last. Ah! in life there must be pain as well as pleasure. Take my advice and get through with all the pain first, if possible, and even then don't rush madly at the pleasure, but rather creep to it slowly.

That is what I did on the night in question. I had been out in the cold so long that before going into the life and joy, I crept up the icy steps, slid along the veranda, peeped in one of the windows there has been so much talk about, and glanced at all the things and people behind them. As for the things, I am not going to waste time on a description of them, for the collection of modern necessities and unnecessaries were simply such as any one would expect to see inside of a house possessing the exterior I have tried to give you an idea of. Only one, or rather two things, I must stop to say a word for. The fires! Whenever I look at a fire, I am inclined to quarrel with the fates because I was not born a Roman maiden, a vestal virgin, with the privilege of watching "the fires that last for aye." And these fires, two of them in open grates, mostly wood, with a dash of coal to make them burn well, were such grand ones! They created hundreds of dancing shadows on the marble mantels and on the white walls, and threw a ruddy light across the faces of those whom I was intensely interested in the moment I caught sight of them, so interested that I hastily donned the mantle of invisibility and ubiquity, so necessary to an elderly person who wields the pen. I entered in, all unknown,