

about me in the county, which nothing but my appearing in public would contradict. She said she knew how hard it was for me, but that she knew, too, that I would try to make the effort for their sakes. *For their sakes!*"—in a heart-wrung voice—"was not it the least I could do, *for their sakes?* I got up; my legs felt as if they did not belong to me. She dressed me herself—darling mammy!—and she tied on my veil, and—put some rouge on my cheeks! Think of mammy rouging anyone! If you remember, we had had some charades while you were with us, and had bought some rouge for them. And then she took me down to father, and we went—he and I."

Her breath has grown shorter, and her narrative more disjointed; but she perseveres. Is not she near the end?

"We went—and we walked about—among the short-horns—and the prize poultry—and the tents—father and I—and we met a great many people whom we knew—the whole county was there—but we were too late. Our Rector had been before us with them—and not one of them would speak to me! Not one of them would have anything to say to me! And then we went home. Oh, poor father!"

She has covered her face with her transparent hands. The emotion that she would not permit herself for herself has mastered her at the recollection of that father's abasement and agony.

"He was quite right—it was quite natural that he should not allow me to live at home, after that. He said I must not blight the children's lives—must not stand in the light of the others. So I was sent away to live with some old friends of mammy's—two kind old ladies—with whom she had been at school; and they were very good to me, and I lived with them until, as Miriam and Rose were married, father thought I could not do anyone any more harm, and he let me come home again. There! that is all!"