

was something of a denial to lay them aside in order to gratify a boy's foolish whim.

They went in at the front door, Donald looking around him with a mixture of admiration and awe that Angela did not notice. The house looked very plain and old-fashioned to her, but to Donald it was a revelation of beauty, for he had nothing in his experience with which to compare it, save his own humble home or neighboring cottages, equally simple in adornment and architecture. They went through the dimly lighted parlor, a large room whose walls were covered with pictures, and brackets on which were ranged bronze statuary, old Worcester and Wedgewood ware, that had come across the sea two generations ago, with Parian and other exquisite vases and busts that in some mysterious way touched the lad's poetic nature. He forgot his errand as he stood gazing about wistfully, Angela, meanwhile, watching him curiously.

"Do you like old things?" she asked at last.

"Are these old?"

"Yes; nearly everything here is very old; my grandmamma had them when she was married, and some of them were old when she got them.

I like new things; these make me melancholy."

"I would liked to, have had a grandmother