

"You are no such thing, my lady, and I must see Sir Alan on the subject. You need cheerful society, and you must have it."

"But I dislike evening and dinner parties exceedingly. It is quite a trial to me to preside at one. I dread that Sir Alan should see how incapable I am of amusing his guests, and lately he has been good enough to excuse me from appearing at table, and let his sister do the honors instead."

"A great mistake on Sir Alan's part," replied Dr. Jolliffe impatiently, "but I was not alluding to parties at all. What you require is a cheerful companion to remain with you all day, and to share your walks or drives. Now, what would you say to having some nice, bright, warm-hearted girl to run after you wherever you went, to read aloud to you, or play and sing perhaps, and make herself generally useful."

Lady Chichester's pale cheeks actually flushed.

"I should like it very much, I think, doctor, but I know of no young people. I have no nieces, or cousins with whom I am intimate, or—or—" with a deep sigh, "children."

"I know that, but everything can be got in this world with money, and there are plenty of young ladies who would only be too thankful to come to a home like this! I wish *I* was a young lady, Lady Chichester, *I* would jump at the offer! Glebe Royal is a little paradise."

"That is just what I used to say when I first came to it," replied Lady Chichester with another sigh, "and to think it must pass away to strangers! No