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THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

BY MRS. INNES-BROWN

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED

The very morning after the above conversation had taken place, when Beatrice came down to breakfast, a letter bearing the Dublin postmark lay upon her plate.

"From Marie!" cried the delighted girl, pressing the neat little superscription impulsively to her lips as all the love for her old playmate and companion rushed to her heart. "Oh, what a feast I shall have presently reading it!" She slipped it carefully into her pocket, reserving it as one of a letter from you, until at last, tired of waiting I sat down to have a little chat with you instead.

"Bracken Park, July 28, 19—

"My darling Bertie,—Day by day I have eagerly watched for the fulfillment of your promise, in the form of a letter from you, until at last, tired of waiting I sat down to have a little chat with you instead.

"Dear Bertie, I have shed many a bitter tear in it already, and sigh for a sight of our old convent home; but somehow I began to fear that perhaps I was wrong of me to do so, and during the last week have endeavored to find more occupation for my idle hands and brain.

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flowers, and bracken grew in rich profusion. Marie's eyes roamed dreamily over the grassy hill which rose in front of her; she listened unmoved to the caw of the old rooks as they sat upon the tall elm-trees and eyed each other with grave countenances; she watched the swallows as they followed the hand of the river, and saw them dip their light bodies into the water as they skimmed along its bright surface.

"Marie! Marie! I want you." Quickly she rose and dried her eyes. A new strength seemed to fill her soul as she did so, for the thought of Lady Abbess's words came to her memory: "Take care the home fireside is so bright and cheerful, that your brother, attracted by its genial warmth and glow, will not care to seek for pleasure from other sources."

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it was not long ere the little lady was able to sit up. We called her old as the lay white and still upon the couch; but now that the colour was returning to her face, she looked years younger, and to guess her exact age would have been a difficult problem.

"I am better now, dear children," she said smiling kindly; "but, Marie, how white you look, child!" "Faith," remarked Peter drily, "a sip of that same brandy would do Miss Mary no harm at all, at all; she got a bit of a start, she did."

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OLD TUNES

Looking up from her letter, Mrs. Allerdycie said to her daughter, "Margaret, you remember Caroline May—the girl who looked after Aunt Hattie's little Bobby last summer."

"Margaret nodded. "What about her?" "Aunt Hattie writes that Caroline's coming to the conservatory here. It seems she's been saving up all those little odd sums she made baby tending and in other ways. Aunt Hattie says she sure to look her up."

"Margaret said fretfully. "Why, I scarcely knew her! She'll find her own friends—of course I'll do what I can; but I do hope she won't—"

"Won't what?" asked Mrs. Allerdycie. "Well, I expect me to rush her among the girls, and all that. "I fancy she won't have much time for rushing, and all that," said Margaret's mother. "My impression is, she means work; but that needn't interfere with her making a few pleasant acquaintances."

"When does she come?" Margaret asked resignedly. "That's just what I'm looking for—yes, here it is, along one edge: "Caroline leaves for the conservatory on Tuesday. I'm glad there's a change of things for her just at first."

"Tuesday—then she's here now." "Yes, as usual Aunt Hattie's posted her letter late. Why don't you go this afternoon, Margaret?" "And I think it would be nice if you brought her home to dinner."

"This afternoon Milly and I were going to practice our duet." "All the better—take Milly along. Two friends are better than one." Margaret sighed. "Well, I will," she declared. "I'll go and get it over."

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