

monious, and all the way up stairs Marie is laughing softly to herself.

"*Ma foi!*" she thinks, "but that is a grand old lady—a grandmamma to be proud of! A fine house, too—carpets like velvet, pictures, statuary, satin hangings, mirrors—everything one likes most! We were wise to come!"

Their rooms when they reach them adjoin each other, are spacious and tasteful. The French beds, tucked up all white and tight, look tempting. Here, too, are pretty pictures, lace draperies, mirrors, gilt vases, and fragrant flowers.

"Ah, this is charming, is it not, Petite?" cries Marie, in French, "and the grandmother is an empress, my faith! This is different from the Islington lodgings, and our one grimy bedroom in the three pair back! Did I not say it was well to come?"

"We were not interlopers at Islington," Reine responds, curtly. "The grimy lodgings were home. I cannot breathe in this house! I feel as though were in a prison!"

"You will outgrow all that," says the philosophical Marie. "Our aunt has brought you up badly, Petite! Here are the boxes. What shall we wear? Black, I suppose. I saw the eagle eye of grandmamma fixed on our poor gray serge, and it is an eagle eye—keen, sidelong, piercing! As we have one black dress each, we cannot easily be at a loss. That, at least, is a comfort!"

She laughs when she says it. Her sister looks at her almost enviously.

"Would anything put you out, Marie, I wonder?"

"Not a fine house, a dignified grandmamma in rep silk and Chantilly lace, and a speedy prospect of high tea at least. How will you ever get through the world where every trifle has power to make you miserable?"

"Not very well, I am afraid," Reine sighs. "Send away this woman, Marie; see how she stares; we do not want her."

With a few dulcet words, Catherine is dismissed, and descends to the kitchen to extol to the sky the beauty and sweetness of the tall young lady. The little one is too dark and foreign-like, Catherine sapiently opines; has no pretty looks to speak of, and isn't no way so pleasant-spoken as the pretty one.

They dress—Marie in a tolerably new black silk, Reine in a by no means new grenadine. But both dresses in make and fit show French skill and taste, and both dress their hair in the prevailing mode, which, by some rare chance, happens to be a becoming one.

"I shall not wear a scrap of color anywhere, says Marie, as she fastens a cravat of black lace at her white throat; "it will not do to shock grandmamma's prejudices the very first evening."

She does not need color. The black silk sets off the fair face, the lovely bright hair is brilliance sufficient. She needs neither ribbon, nor flower, nor jewel to enhance her beauty, and she knows it.

"I shall wear what I always wear," says Reine, and when the grenadine is on, takes from one of the bouquets two deep crimson roses, and fastens one in her breast, the other over her left ear, and lights herself effectively in a second.

The tea bell rings as she turns from the glass, and they go down stairs. Catherine awaits them in the lower hall, and ushers them into that particular apartment where Longworth was the other night received, and where Mrs. Windsor always takes tea. One brief comprehensive glance she gives them, and there is a slight compression of the lips as she sees the red roses. But she makes no comment; she points out their seats, and takes her place to preside. Marie glances complacently over the well-appointed tables; young ladies, as as a rule, are the farthest possible from epicures; Madlle. Landelle is an exception. Quantity she may not care for, quality she certainly does; first-rate dinners and perfect cookery she has not always been used to, but she knows both, and can appreciate both when she gets them.

Out of consideration for their exhausting day of travel, the table is abundantly and substantially spread, and at the head of her own table, Mrs. Windsor, even to her unwelcome granddaughters, is almost gracious. People said this lady had "charming manners," was a "perfect hostess," and they said right. Even the enemy who broke her bread and ate her salt became worthy of consideration for the time. But when the