

to betray in her face the doubts she felt as to the ultimate payment of those bills they daily asked payment of; and they, taking fright and smarting from past experience, concluded to stop supplies until some cash should be forthcoming.

To make matters worse for Natalie, she had, a few ^{days} ago, in the street cars, heard Dr Bruno denounced in no measured terms by two business-like men sitting opposite her. Their words had struck her with mortal fear; with an overwhelming certainty that they were ruined, left utterly penniless. As a girl at his school she had taken an unaccountable dislike to the kind Doctor, a dislike Mrs Wyngate had frequently scolded her for. With a palpitating heart she had answered the bell this forenoon, and returned to the parlour trembling.

"The butcher is at the door, mamma."

"Oh! Tell him to send up a small leg of lamb, with mint, some green peas, and some onions."

"But, mamma, he has come with this bill, and he says he can send no more meat until it is paid."

"Well then. Ah, let me see, how much is it? Fifteen dollars and sixty cents. Oh, well, tell him I'll call and settle in a few days. I must write to Dr Bruno about these shares. He puts me off, and puts me off, but I *must* have money now."

"And here is the baker, too; they both came together. The baker is very angry, and is standing in the kitchen waiting for his money."

"The insolence of those tradespeople! They are positively insufferable. Go this instant, Natalie, and tell them they will both be paid in a few days."

Natalie stood, hesitating; the slow blood mounting to