

but nobody loves Twonnet—poor, wild, foolish, empty-headed Twonnet. Nobody loves me but you, old dolly.”

And all this in the teeth and eyes of the fact that Dan Barlow, the newly-arrived young lawyer, had walked home with her from church the Sunday evening before, and that more than one other would have offered her company at any time if there had not been a sly twinkle in her eyes that made them afraid of Twonnet's ridicule. But she cried in this inconsistent fashion, and declared that nobody loved her. And five minutes after she would be dashing about the house, broom in hand, singing in a wild, reckless, cat-bird-like cheerfulness :

“ Every lassie has her laddie
Ne'er a ane hae I.”

But beneath all this mirth and banter of the girl, Whittaker knew now that there lay the deep seriousness of the woman. How deep and serious her nature might be he could not tell. Conscience, shrewdness, courage—these he had seen. What else was there? At any rate he knew that Twonnet was expecting something of him. The vivacious, incomprehensible Swiss prattler had become a monitor to the grave minister, all the more efficient that she said no more than enough. So it came to pass that the soul of the man awoke, and said to itself: “ Whittaker, you are bad. You are thinking and dreaming about another man's wife and what might have been. This is a good way to be worthless or wicked. You must get to work.”

And after a good lecture to himself he said to Twonnet :

“ I am going to start a school.”

“ That's good ; I will go. But I am a dull scholar. I hate arithmetic, and all my teachers hate me.”

That was all the response he got.

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