

self on the ground of a headache, produced by the excitement of so much talking, left Edith in Mrs. Cadgett's charge.

They entered a comfortable room at the end of the passage; it was cozily furnished, and heavily stocked with Mrs. Cadgett's "belongings:" a photograph of which lady hung over the mantelpiece. She had not much more time to reflect, for Mrs. Cadgett became once more so demonstrative in her affection, that Edith, whose nose was still smarting, dreaded a second embrace. This, however, she managed to avoid by keeping a small round table between Mrs. Cadgett and herself. But from conversation and cross-questioning it was not so easy to escape. Edith soon perceived that her companion had some object in view, though what that object was, did not at once appear. Mrs. Cadgett did nothing openly or in a plain above-board manner. She would talk up to the subject and talk round it, but seldom said directly what she wanted. It was not her way. And it was soon plain that Mrs. Cadgett's present topic was the grievance of having to give up her sitting-room to Edith.

"She loved Edith so much that she would do anything for her; she did not mind for herself one bit; but her daughter, her precious Julia, was coming from Montreal where she had mixed in the most fashionable society. She was sure Edith would treat Julia as a sister." This sisterly treatment Mrs. Cadgett explained to mean that Edith would give up her room temporarily for dear Julia's use. "Only for a time, my dear. And then you will let me leave my little things here, will you not?" said Mrs. Cadgett. Edith thought it by far the easiest way to get out of the difficulty, by proposing to leave the room as it was, to Mrs. Cadgett, saying, that the one originally meant for her would, no doubt, do very well. This offer Mrs. Cadgett appeared to protest against, but, nevertheless, accepted, and when she had gained the point for which she had been speaking, left Edith to return to the drawing room in peace for a little space.

Left to herself, Edith could not but feel conscious of a strong repugnance to Mrs. Cadgett's society. She did not appear open, and Edith's character was essentially truthful.

This feeling was increased by a few words which passed between Mrs. Cadgett and Edward, and which Edith could not help overhearing.

Mrs. Cadgett was settling the affair about Edward's absence from school as she had promised Mrs. Ellis. Her means of effecting this was to persuade the boy to tell his father what she called "a harmless bit of a story" to the effect that he had been to school that afternoon.

"Tell him this, and nobody will be a bit, wiser and I'll write you an excuse to the Rector.

Now as it befel that two lady visitors were announced for Mrs. Cadgett, with whom they were speedily engaged in a commination of certain servant maids who had actually taken to wear real silk and false hair like their betters, Edith sought refuge in the garden. There was Edward walking moodily about, and chopping the heads of the poppies off with his stick like king Tarquin. "Edward, I am glad to meet you here, for I want to say something to you. You were good

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