

a great sigh of relief. Then he asked me in a still more doleful voice if I would allow him to keep that wretched thing, the chignon, you know. He said he would like some small token —

"Small token!" cried Maud, "a whole chignon! O dear! Georgie, do you think he intends having it put in a locket?"

"I don't know what he intends. I only know that I feel very, very sad and sorry for him, and did n't dream of refusing. I would n't look him in the face, but sat there looking as silly as possible. So at last he rose to go; I rose too, and felt so very nervous that I could n't even raise my eyes."

"O Georgie, Georgie, how very, very silly you were, poor darling!"

"I know I was, Maudie, and I knew it at the time, but how could I help it?"

"Well, dear?"

"Well, then, you know —"

Mrs. Lovell hesitated.

"What?"

"Why, we stood in that way for some time, and I wondered what he was doing, but did n't dare to look up, and then at last he took my hand and said, 'Good by,' in a shockingly hoarse voice. His hand was like ice, and my hand trembled excessively from excitement, and then, too, I felt dreadfully sorry for him, so I said, 'Good by,' and then, Maudie, he, the poor fellow, stooped down — and put his arms round me — and kissed me."

"He what!" cried Maud.

"O, you need n't be so awfully indignant, Maudie, I say it calmly, he kissed me, on my forehead; but I don't feel quite so calm now, when I think of that hot tear of his that fell on my cheek."

Mrs. Lovell sighed.

Maud looked earnestly at her, and both sat in silence for some time.

## II.

### THE MISDIRECTED LETTERS.

"You see, Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, after a prolonged silence, "I am really

in earnest about going to Paris, and I'll tell you exactly why. It's all Mr. Grimes. I have refused him, and he went away heart-broken, and all that; but I have a dreadful presentiment that he will be back again, bringing that horrible chignon with him, and making fresh protestations. I like him very well, as I have explained, but I don't want to marry him, of course, or any other person. The trouble is, however, that I have no confidence in myself. I am so shockingly weak; and I'm terribly afraid that he will come again and persuade me to do something very, very silly. Why, Maudie dear, when I think of what I have just escaped, I really tremble. I'm sure if he had only been a little more urgent, I really don't know what would have become of me. And then, think of the name, — Grimes! Mrs. Grimes! Why, it really sends a cold shudder through me. Really, Maudie darling, I'm afraid to stay here any longer than I can help. He will be here again, and I shall have to see him. Of course I will manage so as not to see him alone again, but I cannot always have you with me, and he will be sure to find me some day. And then think of my fate! O yes, I must go, and I shall go immediately. I have made up my mind to leave by the very next steamer. Really I shall never feel safe till I have the ocean between me and Mr. Grimes."

"I think, on the whole, Georgie dear, that it would be a very good plan. You expect me to go with you?"

"Of course, darling; did n't I say so at the very first?"

"Yes," said Maud, slowly, and in the tone of one speaking to herself. "Yes, it is better so, better for both of us, the best thing now —"

She sighed heavily.

At this Mrs. Lovell looked earnestly at her sister and seemed struck by something in her appearance.

"Why, Maudie! what's the matter with you?" she exclaimed.

"With me? O, nothing," said Maud.

"But you're shockingly pale, and you've been crying; and I've been so