

upholsterry et by little girls, an', besides, it's makin' your mouth all red—an', second-bi-ace, the cars isn't the time to sleep—leastwise, not so early in the mornin'. Miss Claire, child, don't look so scared! You ain't committin' no crime goin' along with us, an' *he*'ll never suspicion anyhow. He's prob'ly on the boundin' biller by this time, an' Mr. Blennerhasset he don't know you from a hole in the ground. Besides, whose business is it, anyway? You ain't goin' as *his* guest, as I told you before. You're *my* boarder, same's you've always been, an' it's not *his* concern if you board down here or up there. . . .

"Say, ain't these flowers just grand? The box looks kinder like a young coffin, but never mind that. . . .

"A body would think all that fruit an' stuff was enough of a send-off, but Lor—*Mr.* Ronald, he don't do things by halves, does he? It wouldn't seem so surprisin' now, if he'd 'a' knew you was comin' along an' all this (*Mr.* Blennerhasset himself helpin' look after us, an' see us off—as if I was a little tender flower that didn't know a railroad ticket from a trunk-check), I say, it wouldn't seem so surprisin' if he'd 'a' knew *you* was comin' along. I'd think it was on your account. What they calls *delicate attentions*. The sorter thing a ger'l'man does when he's got his eye on a young lady for his wife, an'