

the lady and the little girl walked up and down enjoying the bracing air ; and, strange to say, the lady held over her shoulder a white parasol, * lined with green, and the little girl had a large palm-leaf fan.

It was evidently the lady who had spoken, and her voice was very like his mother's, only smaller. She raised her head and looked up to where the silver dollar had been, the place filled by Paul's blue eye at present, and said, anxiously, as she gathered her little girl closer, "The sun has gone, dear, there is a cloud up there that might rain," and she pointed with her parasol right up at Paul's eye.

Oh, how Paul did laugh. There was no danger of that cloud raining then. He laughed as hard now as he had cried before. Indeed, he laughed until he rolled over and over, and as he paid ne attention to the direction that he