

much gratified by a friendly visit from Mrs. Dampier and a gift of a jewel in memory of the day when she was Good Samaritan to an unknown girl. Also Freda's kindness has reached with comfort and protection the old woman at the mews who used to work for the Misses Matheson and remembered Freda's father and mother.

If there was not exactly a friendship between Mrs. Dampier and Lady Roseveare, there was at least a tolerance; and there was something more than friendship between Freda and little Max, while Lord Roseveare was won at last out of his nervous shrinking from Dampier and Mrs. Dampier, both of whom had known Lady Roseveare in her chrysalis days.

"Poor Cyril!" Lady Roseveare said to Freda, "it was uncommonly hard luck on him his marrying me. He has the prejudices of the middle classes, with the Dissenter thrown in. But, after all, he's infatuated about me; and I mean to keep him so to the end. I'm really glad, Freda, that you came to your own—without my intervention. I was in an uncommonly tight corner after that burglar business, for I didn't want to give Lord Grandison away. You see, we'd made a bargain, and he'd kept his part of it. I wasn't exactly the friend he'd have chosen for Cecile; yet, it would take a worse woman than I am to hurt Cecile."

"I once thought you a very bad woman," said