

seems too dreadful to be true." And with this Kitty kissed her cousin and they had a little cry together over the trust so done to death; and Kitty dried her eyes, and bade Fanny a brave good night, and went off to weep again, upon her pillow.

But before that, she called Fanny to her door, and with a smile breaking through the trouble of her face, she asked, "How do you suppose he got back? I never thought of it before."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Ellison with profound disgust, "I hope he had to *walk* back. But I'm afraid there were only too many chances for him to ride. I dare say he could get a calash at the hotel there."

Kitty had not spoken a word of reproach to Fanny for her part in promoting this hapless affair; and when the latter, returning to her own room, found the colonel there, she told him the story, and then began to discern that she was not without credit for Kitty's fortunate escape, as she called it.

"Yes," said the colonel, "under exactly similar circumstances she'll know just what to expect another time, if that's any comfort."

"It's a *great* comfort," retorted Mrs. Ellison; "you can't find out what the world is, too soon, I can tell you; and if I hadn't manœuvred a little to bring them together, Kitty might have gone off with some lingering fancy for him; and think what a misfortune that would have been!"