

of the twain severely. "Because if you are it is very wicked of you."

Thus taken to task Mr. Jonas Everard looked more amazed than ever—as if the first discharge of the weapons of the worthy whose name he had taken in vain had been followed by another of superlative force.

"No, I wasn't swearing," he said feebly. "But who are you?"

"The man told you—we are the Misses Hetherington," replied Miss Hetherington, gravely. "And we have come to stay with you."

"Have you?" responded Mr. Everard.

"Yes," continued Miss Hetherington, seriously, not allowing him time to interpose another question. "And I'm glad you're our guardian, and we can call you 'Guardy,' like the little girls and young ladies do in books, for Jonas is such an ugly name; and if you were our uncle we would have to say Uncle Jonas, and there couldn't be an uglier name than Jonas, could there?"

"I don't know that there could," assented Mr. Everard, in the most subdued manner. "But I didn't name myself," dejectedly, as if for the first time in his life it occurred to him that it was a great mistake that he had not done so.

"Oh, no; of course not. You're not to blame for it. It was your papa's and mamma's fault," said Miss Hetherington condescendingly. Then, pulling forward her sister, "This is Daisy. I'm Rose."

"Yes?" said Jonas Everard, dismally, the grievance of his name still apparently over-clouding his mind. "You have very nice names. Are you Owen Hetherington's children?"

"We're your children now, mammy says."

"I ain't his child!" broke out Miss Daisy, decisively, at this juncture. "I won't be his child. He is too old and cross, and he don't kiss us like papa does."

At this outburst Mr. Everard looked wildly about his study, as if with a vague idea of escaping from these critical infants. But Miss Rose Hetherington took the matter much more calmly.

"Yes, you are," she said, authoritatively and reprovingly, to the rebellious Daisy. "Papa's dead, and we're his legacies to Mr. Everard. He is to be our 'guardy.' And he is just papa's age, for papa told me so. Besides, it's not polite to talk about how old people are."

"Then I suppose it's very impolite for me to ask your respective ages?" inquired Jonas, meekly.

Rose looked dubious about the point of manners involved, but answered promptly: "I'm 8 years and 10 months, and Daisy is 6 years and a half."

"And how did you get here? You didn't come from Connecticut alone, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. Mammy brought us. She's out in the hall."

Jonas Everard had begun to revive from

the first shock of the Misses Hetherington's appearance, but now he was reduced to a state bordering on imbecility.

"And your mother is to live with me, too?" he gasped.

"O dear!" sighed Rose, exasperated at his stupidity; "our mother died when Daisy was a baby. Mammy is our nurse. Of course she is going to live with you. She won't have got us here a day sooner than Mr. Felton's letter said but we had to stay at a big hotel in New York while a lady got our black clothes for us and these cloaks. They're nice, ain't they?"

Poor Jonas knew very little about the merits of young ladies, clothing, but quite willing to trust to Rose's superior judgment, assented to the niceness.

"And did you say a letter had been sent me—about you?" he inquired, casting a glance of relief at Daisy, who was stealing out into the hall.

"Yes," nodded Rose; "Mr. Felton, papa's lawyer, wrote you a letter the day papa died."

"It did not come," remarked Jonas Everard, with something like a groan, as he thought how he might have averted this awful catastrophe which had befallen him had he been warned in time. "If you will tell your nurse to come here I will ring for Mrs. Wilson."

"Who is Mrs. Wilson?" asked Rose, as she moved toward the door.

"My housekeeper. She will—will—take care of you."

"Oh, mammy will take care of us, only we want a new nursery, you know, and to get our playthings unpacked," explained Rose. "This looks as if it might be quite a nice house to run about in," she added, patronizingly, as she disappeared.

Thomas had done his full duty in the matter of informing all his fellow-members of the household concerning the new arrivals, and Mrs. Wilson, as well as her subordinates, the cook and the kitchen maid, was in a high state of excitement by the time Mr. Everard's bell rang its imperative summons to his study. Like Thomas, however, she did her best to maintain her usual dignity, though she was scarcely prepared for the remarkable scene which was occurring in the library when she arrived there.

Jonas Everard sat on the edge of his great chair, before his study table, regarding the two children in silent misery—Daisy in her nurse's arms, crying and kicking; Rose essaying to act as mentor and comforter.

"There, now, honey, do be still," coaxed the old woman, dropping tears of woe and moist kisses all over her darling's face. "It knows its mammy loves it, sure enough."

But the fact that its mammy loved it did not console the weeping Miss Hetherington, who only sobbed the louder and writhed the more vigorously.