

ocean saying that Harry had lost a brother who had been studying in Rome. They all pursue the journey southward together, spending a couple of days in Philadelphia with the Laviliens, enjoying the society of their old friend Dorothy, who has become a staid matron with a *petite* M. Lavilien, who bids fair to rule the house. The long train moves into Beaufort, and one is waiting. The mother sits at home, but fond and loving is her embrace as she holds to her heart the one who has crossed the ocean to meet them. She accepts them both in all good faith; they find a warm place in the mother's heart. Nothing can ever take the place of the one who is gone. A void never to be filled is left in the home circle. No line can measure the depths of a mother's love. Grandchildren may play around her hearth-stone and climb around her chair, they only remind her of the clinging fingers, crossed so silently in that far away foreign land, where wreathed in immortelles the gentle breezes whisper above the sacred mound. One little incident is worthy of notice. A few friends drop in a day or two after their arrival, and stay until the cool of the evening. Of the party is a young girl fast verging towards womanhood, who has always as a child been a great friend and playmate of the brothers. As playful as a kitten and twice as lively, she had always declared she liked Harold best, could she only tell which was Harold, which had always raised a laugh at her way of putting it, for of course she meant that when she had him by himself and knew it to be he, she liked him immensely. Mrs. Montgomery, leaning towards her, asks: "Amy, have you ever seen their pictures which they had painted on their twenty-first birthday for me?"