

"That's never your brother," she said in one of her stage-whispers as they stood together in the store-room, — a remark easily heard in the adjoining kitchen. "I never saw a brother looking at his own sister like that young man watches you. They keep those looks for other folk's sisters. We'll never see you back here, I guess. When'll the wedding be?"

Mildred emerged from the store-room in time to see a very amused look on Douglass's face.

"Your friend has anticipated a question I am very anxious to have answered. You must tell her our wedding will take place in a few days. I want to take you somewhere to find the roses you have lost here. A year spent among the picture-galleries of Europe will be none too long a vacation for you."

"It would not be if one's years were not so pitifully few; but time is too precious for loiterings, no matter how pleasant they may be," Mildred said, as she deftly moulded the biscuit that had weighed so heavily on Martha Brand's spirits. "But it will be one of the greatest pleasures of my life," she added, after a moment's reflection, "to go with you to Europe and enjoy the best things the old world has to give!"