

added presently, "He must have gone back to buy them because I said that the poor wretch who painted them was to be pitied!"

Marian had now been at home more than six months and her Anglo-mania had in some degree abated. She no longer expected to establish an hereditary aristocracy and a state church among us, whatever she secretly wished to do. She had grown resigned to the anomalies of our civilization in some degree. She had rediscovered certain traits of it that compared favourably even with those of England; but she cherished a conviction that an English noble was the finest gentleman in the world; that her own husband was still finer was a mystery of faith, easily tenable, though not susceptible of exegesis.

She now preserved the silence of one whose point has been sufficiently made for her, and left Helen to recognise it. Helen was not reluctant to do so. "Yes, Marian," she said, fervently, "considering what had just happened, that was very magnanimous in him. It was exquisite!"

"Oh, it was merely what he owed to himself as a gentleman," said Marian, with well-concealed triumph.

It seemed to be a day of trial for Helen. A gaunt shabby man, coming down the pavement toward them, lifted his hand half-way to his hat at sight of her, and then as if seeing himself unrecognized, dropped it to his side again and slunk by. Helen turned and stopped him. "Mr. Kimball! Is that you?"

"Yes, what there is left," answered Kimball, with a ghost of his old quizzical smile, and the spectre of his municipal, office-holding patronage of manner, as he took Helen's extended hand.

"Why—why—what's the matter?"

"Well, I've been sick for a spell back. Just got to knocking around again," said Kimball, evasively. "You don't look over and above well yourself, Miss Harkness."

"No, no, I'm *not* well. But I'm better now. Are you —" She stopped, with her eyes upon his conspicuous