

perhaps it might have some effect on George. I dare say plenty of girls thus donning a pretty toilet in anticipation of meeting a recreant beau, may have hoped that it would "bring their lover back to them," and I am sure I wish them more success for the future, and in the past, than I had. "Made out of shrouds! made out of shrouds!" seemed to sound in my ears as I went to Brownriggs, but I did not feel sad, only sort of amused at the droll idea. It was a ghastly fact looking at it in one light, and I know very well that not one girl in a hundred would have touched such a robe; yet I wore it to the party, and as Amoret Croppley told me, I never looked better in my life. Yes, I looked well, but after I reached the Judge's paraffine-lit mansion a presentiment came over me that it did not signify a bit how I looked. I went into the spare bedroom and took off my sun-hat and shawl, and threw them hastily on a chair. I did not linger long in regarding my toilet, but in that short time I comprehended that here the widow reposed and reigned supreme, for even my wild untutored eyes saw tokens of city tastes in various little accessories to the dressing-table. Large jewel-cases, brushes of every kind, a box of the most feathery caps of woe, hair-puffs and wonderfully crooked hair-pins, besides cut-glass bottles filled with washes and delicate perfumes. Innovations on the simplicity of the rustic toilet, but where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise, and yet might not these things have helped to steal from me the affections of Cousin George? I sighed as I glanced at them, then just for spite smoothed back my hair with an ivory-handled brush—how smooth it made it, just like satin. I began to wish for just such a brush, when Amoret came for me, looking delicate and pretty in a pale blue dress. I wondered greatly where she got it, but did not like to ask. I knew there was no stuff like that in Rivermouth. She put her hand through my arm and with a whispered "You'll see how lovely she is," I was led into the parlour. It was filled, but not uncomfortably, by the friends of the Croppleys. I recognized the pink muslin with the green fern leaves at once, and inside of it about one dozen of the inhabitants; also a half-dozen of last year's pieces, some new, some old; then there was a most astonishing display of stuff with a green ground and purple egg-plums scattered thereon; lastly, four of the white Swiss, but thank fortune trimmed with green and blue ribbon,—not one person in scarlet and white but myself.