

He would not be serious about Lord Rainford; he made her share in the good-natured slight with which husband and wife always talk over the sorrows of unlucky pretendants. He professed to find something much more admirable in Kimball's quiet acceptance of the loss he had incurred through Helen. That, he said, was fine, for Kimball was supported by no sentimental considerations, and had no money to back his delicacy. He looked Kimball up, and made friends with him; and a man that could do nothing to advance his own fortunes had the cheerful audacity to suppose that he might promote another's. He wrote to Washington and tried to get Kimball appointed assistant-keeper of one of the light-houses on Cape Ann; but pending the appointment of a gentleman who had "worked" for the newly elected congressman, Kimball found a place as night-watchman in a large clothing-house, where he distinguished himself when off duty one day by quelling a panic among the sewing-girls at an alarm of fire and getting them safely out of the building. The newspaper *éclat* following this affair seemed to have silently wrought upon the imagination of a publicspirited gentleman who about that time was maturing his plans for the establishment of our well-known Everton Institute of Industrial Arts for Young Ladies. The Institute was opened on a small scale in the residence of Mr. Everton at Beacon Steps which he devoted to it during his life, and at his death it was removed to the new building at West Newton; but from the first, Kimball was put in charge as janitor, and still holds his place from the trustees.

He came rather apologetically to announce his appointment to the Fentons.

"I don't seem to feel," he said, "as if it was quite the thing to go in there without saying 'By your leave' to you, Mrs. Fenton. I haint forgot the first time I was in the house; and I don't suppose I ever passed it without lookin' up at them steps and thinkin' of you, just how you