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SISTERS THREE.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Two days later a happy party were disporting themselves on the lawn at Cloudsdale. Rex and Edna Frere had driven over to spend the afternoon with their friends, and just as Mary placed the tea tray on the wicker table, the postman came marching up the drive,

and delivered the only thing which was necessary to complete the happiness of the party—a letter from Lettice!

"She has written so little lately, and her letters have been so unlike herself, that I have been quite uneasy," said Hilary, turning the envelope round and round, and feeling its proportions with undisguised pleasure. "I'll give you

each a cup of tea, and then I'll read it out, while you listen in comfort."

The three years which had passed since we saw her last had dealt very kindly with Hilary. The consequential air had given place to an expression of quiet serenity which was by no means unbecoming. Her complexion was pink and white as of yore, and as she



"LETTICE IS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED!"

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