

Rollo collected his senses for a moment, looked intently at his friend and replied in decided tones :

" Well yes, let us go."

And they went.

IV.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

It was after tea, and the two girls were alone in the cosy little parlor. A soft light fell from the central gasalier, a bright fire glowed in the grate, and the warm tints of the hangings infused an air of comfort into the whole apartment. Louise Tardif was seated before the piano, her fingers wandering aimlessly over the keys, while her mind was evidently far away. DeZouche and Shaw would like to have me tell whether this beautiful instrument was a Weber or a Decker, but they can't come it, as my story breathes peace, not war. Mabel Blaine lay half buried in the plush recesses of an arm-chair, listlessly turning the leaves of an album of engravings. The portraits given of them, by Laclede, in a preceding chapter, were not a bit flattered. They were both very pretty and the marked contrast between the types brought out the beauty of each to the highest degree.

They were both very pretty and the marked contrast between the types brought out the beauty of each to the highest degree. Louise wheeled half round on the stool, and Mabel looked up. It was clear that both had the same thought.

" It is getting late, " said one.