

TECUMSETH HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GIPSEY'S GOVERNESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

One clear, beautiful night in May, Miss Gamble was going her rounds, when she encountered a white-clad figure in the dark hall.

"Please, Miss Gamble," said a pleading voice.

The teacher held her tiny lamp aloft, and the faint light fell full on Kitten's eager face.

"Kitten, Kitten, child," she cried, "go to your bed at once. You will lose your mark, and catch cold running round in your bare feet."

"Just this once, Miss Gamble; I won't catch cold. I just want to look at the stars with Miranda; she would not without permission."

"Miranda is a good girl, Kitten; it was wrong to tempt her."

"I wanted to so very much," went on Kitten, with a little sob in her voice. "It does not seem so hard about Violet then. Oh, Miss Gamble, won't you? I will wrap a big blanket around me."

The quiver in her darling's voice, the two nut-brown hands that clasped her entreatingly, won on the lonely woman who had neither father, mother, brother, or sister, and into whose affections Kitten had wound herself by her never-varying kindness and respectful deference.

"Well, dear, a little while. This is Friday, so you may have half-an-hour's grace; but, remember, little one, I cannot grant this often. Good night, child."

"Good night, Miss Gamble, and heaps of thanks."

The weary teacher bent a moment to feel the clasp of the clinging arms, the warm kisses of the quivering lips, then Kitten stole into Miranda's room.

"I've got permission, Andie. I'll take one of your blankets, and you get on your wrapper, and we will have a good old talk."

Soon the two friends were sitting on the old black box by the window. Kitten nestled her curly, brown head on Miranda's ample shoulder, and began:

"There now, isn't this nice? It's just the night I like; the sky is so blue and clear. There are lots of Violet's 'forget-me-not's' out to-night. You know, Andie, she used to call them 'the forget-me-nots of the angels,' and now she is up there herself."

"Poor little dear, certain she is," said Miranda, softly stroking the tossed head with her large hand; "she is one if there ever was one. Little Vilet, I wonder now what she is doing there?"

"Singing, I suppose," exclaimed Kitten; "that is what they do in heaven. I would get tired of it after a while; wouldn't you, Andie?" But Miranda looked reverentially away to the "infinite meadows," and replied earnestly:

"Kitten, you know I ain't got much larning as yet, but I do know we won't ever get tired there."

"How do you know, Andie?"

"Just this: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.'"