

out her hand, on which glowed, luminous and resplendent, a large sapphire set with diamonds.

"Had you not better return to her."

"Yes, Ray. I suppose I had. I really do not care to eat any more, and I dare say Cassia and you like best to be alone, so good-night;" and she left the room, laughing, and kissing the tips of her fingers.

"Little traitor!" said Raymund; "you are of no further use to her, Cassia. What are you going to do among us?"

"Make you all happy, if I can, Ray; going at least to love you, and do my duty to every one."

The next day was full of small trials. She was naturally neat and careful, and the spoiling of her pretty furniture was a pain and a trouble to her. How heartily she did wish she had come to her home when it had been freshly garnished and made ready for her, especially so when she perceived Raymund's chagrin and disappointment.

John came very early in the morning to welcome her home, and to bring her mother's love and blessing; and John had not been many minutes in the house before Gloria found it out. She had, doubtless, been expecting him, for she wore her prettiest pink morning dress; and when he went away she loitered down the avenue with him, and it was a long hour ere she loitered back again.

In the afternoon Cassia had another visitor. She was very busy dusting and arranging the ornaments of her parlour, when Souda entered with madam's card. The formality took her by surprise, and she looked at it with a moment's uncertainty, feeling the while all the scorn on the large black face watching her slightest movement or expression. She hesitated, because she was in a dress suitable for her employment, and she was wondering if she ought to change it.

"Will young missis receive the madam? Madam does not wait for any one."

The tone was almost defiant, the inflection that of dislike. Cassia answered, hurriedly, "I will receive madam."

"At once?"

"Certainly."

Then Souda left the room, and Cassia employed the short interval in removing her apron, and correcting, as carefully as the pause permitted, some disarrangements in her simple toilet. She was thus employed when the door was swung wide, and Souda said:

"Madam Briffault enters."

Cassia looked up with amazement at her visitor. She was dressed in pale lavender coloured silk, elaborately trimmed with white Spanish lace. Her shawl and cap were of the same lace. Large pearls hung from her ears and clasped her throat and