

cent's disgrace spoken of, but I expect it will be always a living subject with a certain few."

"How sweet it is," Rosamond remarked softly; "she looks so much like her mother."

Her mistress looked at her, and then to the pictured face she held, and suddenly the uncomfortable overwhelming truth came to her proud heart. The features of her companion were precisely,—only of course larger in their maturity—as those of that other child of her husband's.

Great was the consternation of her mind, as she recognized it, and she knew, tremblingly knew that on Bartley Square lived that daughter, for whom so long her husband had been seeking, and for whom ere long the search was to be taken up again, and before her, as her paid companion, was the child of that daughter.

She grew pale to the very lips, but thanked a kind fate that had kept the woman she had once been so desirous of seeing, from her door, and which also had blinded her aged husband from so far ever tracing a resemblance to his family in her companion. When that day would come, all was lost to her, so to speak, and to her daughter, for she hated to think of divided affections and fortune, which her husband would have, did Millicent choose to appear before him again, and claim that which he was but longing to restore to her,—his love and at least part of her inheritance.

What, though a false name concealed their identity, and Millicent's daughter was apparently ignorant of the same, or the truth about her mother; would it always remain so? Something must be done by her, and that immediately.

Her companion did not notice the change in her face, and she waited calmly until the young girl had finished inspecting the picture, then putting it back on its place, and dropping the veil over the larger one of the mother, she said with an abruptness that for many days puzzled Rosamond, "We will go from here now. I am tired. The Doranes are coming to lunch. You may go to your rooms until then, Miss Raymond, and I shall take a rest."

Once in her own room, Mrs. Staunton

began to pace up and down the richly-carpeted floor, with feverish restlessness.

"I must think of some plan," she murmured. "No one must recognize what I have. My Beatrice's place will not be usurped. That ungrateful Millicent has succeeded in seeing her daughter planted here, perhaps she thought, to gain a foothold through it for herself, but she will not if I can help it." A few seconds after the "something" came to her. Cyrus Dorane seemed to be infatuated with her companion. She might, by skilful diplomacy, help on a marriage between them, and though the fashionable world might term it a misalliance, because they would know nothing of Miss Raymond's family connections, which must be certainly less than the Doranes'. She could keep to herself what she knew, and no one would know that Miss Raymond was not Miss Raymond. In the meantime, deciding to keep her companion, as much as possible from beneath her husband's eyes, lest he might find a resemblance in her, to the one for whom he had so long sighed. If she failed to arrange a marriage between the young girl and Cyrus Dorane, she could very easily free herself of the former, by letting her know that she had decided to have a companion no longer. It was a very shadowy plan, and it was a wonder her fertile brain could not have seen the obstacles that might occur to stop its performance, and the slight preventative it would have been to that which she so dreaded, namely, Millicent's return.

But she had one ray of comfort in her dilemma. The disowned heiress could not be so anxious to come back to her father and the old home, else why should she stay such a short distance away, and stand seeing her beautiful daughter in servitude to her dead mother's successor. Perhaps, after all, she had no intention of ever coming back, and knew nothing of her father's search that had been covering so many years for her. But still, she would not trust to that; she had her course marked out, and she must follow it.

The first thing she did, before her guests arrived, she summoned the house-keeper forthwith, demanding of the astonished Barret an account of the story that person had told her paid companion,