

and remained there for some time. I thought that he had given me up in despair, and was meditating flight, when he returned with his arms filled with the lovely Swiss. He laid it in triumph on the counter, and then looked at me with an eye full of exultation and satisfaction. "There, Miss Belle!" he cried in rapture, "There it is, and I can tell you I would not do it for another girl in the place." A fine row I had to make I can tell you before she'd give it up. "Some of the frills were hemmed," she said—but I took it from her. I told her "You'd set your heart on it." "Set her heart on it indeed," says she, "And I'd like to know what I'm to make the half-dozen shrouds out of? I guess the folks has set their hearts on being decently laid-out, and what am I to do?" "Make 'em out of cotton," says I, catching up the muslin, "and here it is Miss, but it's tore in lengths and frills, sure enough," and he gazed dolefully on the pieces. "A fit dress," I thought bitterly, "for me to wear,—a proper dress to bury my lost love in, and in which to lay out my dead hopes."

"Don't fret about it," Mr. Baize, "I will manage to make it up somehow, for I am determined to wear white, and now I want some scarlet ribbon."

I bought the ribbon, and Mr. Baize made a parcel of the shroud lengths, and with this inspiring package under my arm I walked calmly home.

The person whom the shopkeeper robbed of her goods, was his sister, an old maid, who did nearly all the undertaking business in the village.

"What sort of a dress did you buy dear?" said my aunt when I reached home. "White muslin," I answered faintly. "Eh! plain white, well it's simple and pretty enough, but," glancing at my downcast face, "you look tired out Belle, had you a warm walk?" "Yes, aunt, very warm;" and then I went up stairs and planned that frock, and next evening when I was dressed in it I did not appear so very countryfied after all. I trimmed it with frills and crimped the frills with a patent flat-iron, that a travelling agent made Auntie buy, and the knots of scarlet ribbon that looped the skirt and decorated the waist, relieved the grey-white of the material. Auntie and Papa, poor prejudiced people, assured me that I looked lovely,—of course I allowed a wide margin for their love-blinded eyes, and even then I thought that I was much improved by a becoming dress, and I somehow thought that