

come down with her, and was, of course obliged to meet the objectionable Mr. Dorane.

As soon as possible after lunch she escaped from the drawing room to her own room, and invited Mrs. Barret, whom she had met on the way up, to spend a while with her.

The housekeeper was a comfortable, middle-aged person of unusual intelligent address and refined manners, and she and Rosamond were fast friends.

"Are the visitors gone, Miss Raymond," she asked seating herself in the wicker rocker, and producing some knitting, for Barret's fingers were seldom idle.

"Not yet; Mrs. Staunton is taking them through the new conservatory," Rosamond replied, taking up a white comforter she was working for her mother. "What kind of a gentleman is that Mr. Dorane, Mrs. Barret?"

The question for a minute surprised the housekeeper, as she tried to think what interest the fair girl could have in any of the mistress' friends, especially when it was a gentleman.

"The same as all his class, Miss; neither good nor bad, I expect, and fond of a handsome face like your bonnie own. Please excuse me for telling you the truth—and his pa has lots of money, but I believe he's mighty careful of it, so Mr. Cyrus can't be extravagant. The young gentleman is not lazy himself either, for you see he's in some sort of a position in one of the big banks; pretty smart, they say he is too, but I Clara Barret, do not care for his smooth face.

"Nor I, Mrs. Barret, though it would never do for me to say so, and my mother would be angry with me if she thought I passed remarks on gentlemen."

"You've been brought up well, miss; that's the way I was taught. But how do you like our Mr. Bruce?"

"A gentleman of the first degree, Barret. I think he is a real noble man, and I am so glad that Miss Staunton is going to marry him, for I know he will make her happy."

"We all know that, Miss. You see, when they were girl and boy, they were lovers, and they are ending as romantically as one would like. Miss Beatrice is

doing better than poor Miss Millicent did in her day."

"Miss Millicent! Who was she?" Rosamond asked, forgetting then all about the objectionable Mr. Dorane and the much-liked Everett, for whom she had the highest regard.

"Didn't you ever hear the story, Miss?"

"What story?" in a still more surprised voice.

"If you haven't heard it, I suppose I oughtn't to be the one to tell you, because you see," and she drew her chair confidentially over to Rosamond's, "it's a thing that is not allowed, by the judge to be much mentioned here, miss; but I guess you're not a gossip, so you'll keep it if I tell it to you. Of course, I don't mean that it's not known, because it is, but people are kind, and don't speak of it often. You see Judge Staunton was married before, but his first wife died, when their child, that was Miss Millicent, was born. Well, if any father loved the child, it was the judge, and I think if she had asked him to die for her, he would have been only too happy. She was the most beautiful young creature the Lord ever gave life to. I remember her, from coming to see my aunt, who had been the first Mrs. Staunton's housekeeper, during the poor lady's short life here, and who still served the Judge for many years after his first wife's death, in the same way. I just used to feast my eyes on her, and when she came home from school, when she was eighteen, she was still more beautiful. Then she became a society belle, but was always sweet and lovely to everyone. Of course the Judge counted on a great marriage for her, but the poor gentleman received a very cruel blow, because one day Miss Millicent told him—one sad day for herself and him—that she had promised her hand to a man named George Kingsley, a music teacher, from the South. Then came the terrible trouble. The Judge would not listen to it at all, and commanded her and begged her in turns, to give him up, but she loved him too much for that and refused. This turned her father's love for her to the most violent hate, and he turned her out, without a cent. She was married by a Catholic priest, to the