

friendly note from the girl she had so grossly insulted. Beulah was no flatterer; she wrote candidly and plainly; said she would have called at once, had she supposed her company would be acceptable. She would gladly come and see Claudia whenever she desired to see her, and hoped that the memory of other years would teach her the sincerity of her friendship. Claudia wept bitterly, as she read it, and vainly regretted the superciliousness which had alienated one she knew to be noble and trustworthy. She was naturally an impulsive creature, and without a moment's hesitation, dashed off an answer, all blurred with tears, begging Beulah to overlook her "foolishness," and come to see her.

Accordingly, after school, Beulah went to the house where they were boarding. Claudia met her rather awkwardly, but Beulah kissed her as if nothing had ever occurred to mar their intercourse; and after some desultory conversation, asked her what they expected to do.

"Heaven only know! starve, I suppose." She spoke gloomily, and folded her soft white hands over each other, as if the idea of work was something altogether foreign to her mind.

Dear knows what is to become of us—I am sure I don't! Mamma has a brother living in some out-of-the-way place up the country. But he does not like me—thinks some of his own children ought to have been adopted in my place. Heaven knows I have made nothing by the operation, but a great disappointment; he need not be uneasy about the amount I am to get. But you see they don't want me, having an old spite at me, and mamma dislikes to ask them to take me; besides, I would almost as soon be buried at once as go to that farm, or plantation, or whatever it is. They have written to mamma to come, and she does not know what to do."

"You are a good musician, are you not?"

"No, not particularly; I never could endure to practise."

"Don't you draw and paint finely—I have heard that you did?"

"Yes, but what good will it do me now, I should like to know?" She twirled her little plump, jewelled fingers idly.

"It might do you a great deal of good, if you chose. You might support yourself by giving lessons," said Beulah, decisively.

She drew up her shoulders, frowned and pouted, without making any answer.

"Claudy, you do not wish to be dependent on a man who dislikes you?"

"Not if I can help myself!"

"And you certainly do not wish to be the means of preventing Mrs. Grayson from having a comfortable home with her brother?"

Claudia burst into tears; she did not love her mother, did not even respect her; she was very weak and childish; yet the young orphan felt very desolate, and knew not what to do. Beulah took her hand, and said kindly:

"If you are willing to help yourself, dear Claudy, I will gladly do all I can to assist you. I think I can secure you a situation as teacher of drawing, and, until you can make something at it, I will pay your board; and you shall stay with me, if you like. You can think about it, and let me know as soon as you decide."

Claudia thanked her cordially, and returning home, Beulah immediately imparted the plan to her friends. They thought it would scarcely succeed, Claudia had been so petted and spoiled. Beulah sat gazing into the fire for awhile; then, looking at the doctor, said abruptly:

"There is that Graham money, sir, doing nobody any good."

"That is just what I have been telling you for the last six years. I have invested it carefully, until it has almost doubled itself."

"It would make them very comfortable," continued she thoughtfully.

"Make them very comfortable!" repeated the doctor, throwing his cigar into the grate, and turning suddenly toward her.

"Yes, Claudia and Mrs. Grayson."

"Beulah Benton! are you going insane, I should like to know? Here you are, working hard every day of your life, and do you suppose I shall suffer you to give that legacy (nearly nine thousand dollars!) to support two broken-down fashionables in idleness? Who ever heard of such a piece of business since the world began? I will not consent to it! I tell you now, the money shall not leave my hands for any such purpose."

"I don't want it myself. I never shall touch a dollar of it for my own use," said she, resolutely.

"All very fine now. But wait till you get superannuated, or such a cripple with rheumatism that you can't hobble to that school-house, which you seem to love better than your own soul. Wait till then, I say, and see whether some of this money will not be very acceptable."

"That time will never come, sir, never!" answered Beulah, laughing.

"Beulah Benton, you are a simpleton!" said he, looking affectionately at her from beneath his shaggy brows.

"I want that money, sir."

"You shall not have one cent of it. The idea of your playing Lady Bountiful to the Graysons! Pshaw! not a picayune shall you have."

"Oh, sir, it would make me so very happy."

to aid  
pleasur

"Loc  
disinter  
in a nov  
matter.  
brut: :  
will hav  
tion for  
unforgiv  
fire on h  
sand d  
magnani

"I w  
sir. On  
and pain  
repeated  
cloud sw  
"Wha  
say?"

"I cu  
her sever  
hardly k  
then it sl  
forgive m  
her it;  
long ago;  
me that n  
mine to

"Corne  
Graysons.  
"Were  
the use I  
you give  
"Oh, Be  
strange be  
"Will y  
of that mo  
looking sta

"Yes, c  
voice trem  
with moist  
Mrs. Ash  
versation, I  
interest. I  
waist, she  
said:

"God bl  
"I do no  
mous in giv  
If I had ear  
given it to  
some show  
and her hu  
read this ev  
She extricat  
clapping arm  
The followin  
as she know  
gladly accept  
er of drawing  
brother had  
was unwillin  
Beulah no lo