

CHARLIE STUART

AND HIS SISTER.

PART III.

She did not wait for a reply—she went out and hunted up Charlie. He was smoking downstairs, and trying to read the morning paper.

"Your wife wants you," said Miss Stuart, brusquely; "go! only mind this—don't stay too long, and don't talk too much."

He started to his feet—away went Tribune and cigar, and up the stairs sprang Charlie—half a dozen at a time.

And then Miss Stuart sits down, throws her handkerchief over her face, and for the next five minutes indulges in the exclusively feminine luxury of a real good cry.

After that Mrs. Charles Stuart's recovery was perfectly magical in its rapidity. Youth and splendid vitality, no doubt, had something to do with it, but I think the fact that she was Mrs. Charles Stuart had more to do with it.

There came a day when, propped up with pillows, she could sit erect, and talk, and be talked to, as much as she chose; who blinds were pulled up, and sunshine poured in; and no sunshine that ever shone was half so bright as her happy face.

There came still another day when, dressed in a pretty pink morning-dress, Charlie lifted her in his arms and carried her to the arm-chair by the window, whence she could look down at the bright busy city street, while he sat at her feet and talked. Talked! who is to talk of what?

"Two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one," generally find enough to say for themselves. I notice, and require the aid of no outsiders.

And there came still another day—a fortnight after, when looking pale and sweet, in a dark-green travelling suit and hat, Mrs. Charles Stuart, leaning on her husband's arm, said good-bye to her friends, and started on her bridal tour. They were to spend the next three weeks South, and then return for Trixy's wedding at Christmas.

Christmas came merry Christmas, sparkling with snow and sunshine, as Christmas ever should sparkle, and bringing that gallant ex-officer of Scotch Greys, Captain Angus Hammond—captain no longer—plain Mr. Hammond, done with drilling and duty, and getting the route for ever, going in for quiet country life in Bonnie Scotland, with Miss Beatrix Stuart for aid and abettor.

Charlie and his wife came to New York for the wedding. They had told Mr. Hammond how ill Edith had been, but the young Scotchman as he pulled his ginger-whiskers and stared in her radiant, blooming face, found it difficult indeed to realize. She had been a pretty girl—a handsome woman—happiness had made her more—she was lovely now. For Charlie—outwardly all his easy insouciance had returned—he submitted to be idolized and made much of by his wife, after the calm fashion of lordly man. But you had only to see him look once into her beautiful, laughing face, to know how passionately she was beloved.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Hammond had a splendid wedding; and to say our Trixy looked charming would be doing her no credit of justice. And again Miss Seton was first bridesmaid, and Mrs. Stuart, in lavender silk, smiled behind a fifty-dollar pocket handkerchief, as in a fitly bound. They departed immediately after the ceremony for Scotland and a Continental tour—that very tour which, as you know, Trixy was cheated so cruelly out of three years before.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart went back South to finish the winter and the honeymoon among the glades of Florida, and do, as Charlie said, "Love among the roses." Mr. Darrell returned to Sandpoint, Mrs. Stuart, senior, took up her abode with Nellie Seton, pending such time as her children should get over the first delirium of matrimonial bliss and settle quietly down to housekeeping. After that it was fixed that she was to divide her time equally between them, six months with each, Charlie and his wife would make England their home; Edith's ample fortune lay there, and both loved the fair old land.

In May they sailed for England. They would spend the whole of the summer in Continental travelling—the pleasant rambling life suited them well. But they went down to Cheshire first; and one soft May afternoon stood side by side in the old Gothic church where the Cathérons for generations had been buried. The mellow light came softly through the painted windows—in the organ loft, a young girl sat playing to herself soft, sweet, solemn melodies. And both hearts bowed down in tender sadness as they stood before one tomb, the last erected within those walls, that of Sir Victor Cathéron. Edith pulled her veil over her face—the only tears that had filled her eyes since her second wedding-day falling quietly now.

There were many remembrances of the dead man—a beautiful memorial window, a sombre hatchment, and a monument of snow-white marble. It was very simple—it represented only a broken shaft, and beneath in gold letters this inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SIR VICTOR CATHERON, of Cathéron Royals, Bart. DIED OCT. 3, 1867, in the 24th year of his age. "His sun set while it was yet day."

THE END.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SERRA, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y. 11-cow-G

Holloway's Pills.—This purifying and regulating Medicine should be had recourse to during foggy, cold, and wet weather. These Pills are the best preventive of hoarseness, sore throat, diphtheria, pleurisy, and asthma, and are sure remedies for congestion, bronchitis, and inflammation. A moderate attention to the directions folded round each box will enable every invalid to take the Pills in the most advantageous manner; they will be taught the proper doses, and the circumstances under which they must be increased or diminished. Holloway's Pills act as alteratives, aperients, and tonics. Whenever these Pills have been taken as the last resource, the result has always been gratifying. Even when they fail to cure, they always assuage the severity of the symptoms and diminish the danger.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Perhaps Kitty herself is the only one who feels any serious doubt about his ultimate intentions. She knows him to be a careless, easy-going, good-humored young man, who has held his own successfully through many a hot campaign with managing mothers, and who up to this has carefully avoided matrimony as one might the plague or any other misfortune. Young men like Sir John, who have proved themselves over attentive to various young women year after year, and yet have obstinately abstained from bringing their attentions to a satisfactory finish, are generally termed flirts. Kitty has heard Sir John so called, and in her heart has not liked the speaker the better for saying it. A man who flirts systematically is a disgraceful thing, so she tells herself,—yet she cannot bring herself to think Sir John disgraceful. He has said things to her that have interested her and have had a good deal to do with her rejection of Lord Suggden and others,—things that might almost be construed into an offer of marriage; and still she cannot be certain he means to propose to her. In town there had been many opportunities to speak had he so willed it, but he had not seized them. Above all there was that last evening at Lady Brompton's, when the lights burned low in the conservatory, and the flowers blew, and the very stillness breathed love, yet he had not spoken. No one, of course, mentioned Sir John to Kitty Tremaine as an acknowledged lover, nor does she ever mention him as anything but a casual acquaintance, even to Gretchen; though in her she would have surely gained a sympathetic listener.

Pretty Gretchen! with her pale purple face, and little Grecian nose, and great blue eyes, that remind one of nothing as much as the sweet X-ray violet. She is two years younger than Kitty, and smaller and slighter, with an expression calm and unassumingly tender. To think of Gretchen is to think of moonlight, or the soft perfume of roses, or faint strains of sweetest music. To see her is to love her. To know her is a liberal education.

Then there is Flora, the last but by no means the least of the Tremaines,—a tall and very determined person of twelve, who would reject with ignominy the notion that she is still a child. Her eyes are gray, steady, and severe, her small mouth is incorruptible. She is one of those awful people with whom a spade is a spade; and to even hint a harmless falsehood in her presence, and to suddenly find those gray orbs fixed upon you is to lose instant self-control, and to long for the earth to open and swallow you up. She admires Kitty,—though being cognizant of her faults, she does not scruple to tell her of them occasionally; she adores Gretchen, and maintains an undying feud with Brandy, to whom she is a joy and an everlasting resource.

Kitty, having searched the house diligently for Gretchen and failed to find her, walks into the schoolroom as a last chance, and looks anxiously around her, whereupon Flora rises and heads from her German in a vain hope that something is going to occur to put an end to her detested lessons; and Brandy, who is smoking a cigar against all rules upon an elderly sofa, asks, in elegantly, "What's the row?"

"Meg are you here? Where is Gretchen?" asks Kitty, anxiously.

"Meg was meek and Meg was mild. And Bonnie Meg was Nature's child."

quotes Flora, gayly, glad of the interruption. "If it is Nature's child you want," says Brandy, obligingly, sinking back again upon his faded, though luxurious cushions, "I am almost sure you will find her in the garden."

Thus encouraged, Miss Tremaine crossed the room, and putting her head out of the open window, says loudly "are you there Gretchen?" to the back of the summer-house all overgrown with silvery clematis and the fast reddening Virginia creeper.

A soft voice answers,— "Yes. Do you want me, Kitty?" And Gretchen, emerging from her bowser, stands gazing upwards, one white hand shielding her eyes from the sun.

"Not I so much as mamma. She wishes you to go visiting with her. Be quick, dearest: the carriage is ordered."

"Coming," says Gretchen, disappearing behind the eucalyptus and running down the garden-walks, through borders of glowing flowers.

"I wish, Brandy," says Kitty, drawing in her head, "you would not smoke in the school-room. You know mamma particularly objects to your doing so. And why have a smoking-room, if people won't smoke in it?"

"Why, indeed?" returns Brandy, mildly. "I only smoke here, against my better judgment, to oblige Flora, who is never entirely happy except when enveloped in a thick cloud of tobacco."

"No, I am not," says Flora, indignantly, but wrongly.

"You hear her," says Brandy, with a faint but triumphant flourish of his right hand. "I mean I hate it, I perfectly abhor it. It runs right up my nose and into my brain, and makes me quite dizzy," says Flora. "I can't do a bit of my German with the odiousness of it."

"Mere imagination. I always found it an incentive to study," exclaims Mr. Tremaine positively. "I can't bear smoking myself; it disagrees with me, and in fact I only indulge in it in the vain hope of knocking some intelligence into your exceedingly dull head."

"Don't call my head dull," says Flora. "I've as good a head as ever you had, and a great deal better. I wasn't spun for an examination, at all events."

"My dear Flora," says Kitty.

"Yes, isn't she a darling?" remarks Brandy, undisturbed. "I can't tell you how I admire our Flora; she is so spiritual, so full of wit, espièglerie, and all the rest of it."

"ance in the regiment, and that is why he gives you so much leave."

"What a pity you don't know him!" says Brandy. "You might captivate him, and get him to court it."

"You may take your books to my room, Flora," says Miss Tremaine, with gentle dignity.

"Don't you mind my smoking there?" asked Brandy, instantly, in a tone of innocent surprise.

"You! Don't attempt it, Brandy. I am not speaking of you," exclaims Kitty. "The last time you went into my dressing-room you upset everything in it. You shall never enter it again."

"But, my dear girl, I can't desert Elora. I have undertaken her education, and I must go through with it. Besides, you forget I am lonely down here, and that she is my sole companion. You are too dignified, Gretchen is too ethereal, but Miss Flora Tremaine, says Brandy, with mild enthusiasm, is my beautiful budding womanhood—the very acme of perfection."

Flora laughs sardonically and flings a heavy volume of Schiller at him, which he dodges with admirable presence of mind.

"I think you might show your admiration for her in a less objectionable manner," says Kitty, "for instance, by throwing that horrid cigar into the grate."

"What! And set fire to all those elaborate trimmings? Never. Far be it from me. Like all our family, I strenuously object to reckless extravagance."

"I like that," says Flora, scornfully. "What about your tailor's bill that came this morning? I heard of it, though you may think I didn't."

"Such an absurd thought never struck me. I have known you too long for that; and we know the proverb about 'little pitchers,'" says Flora.

"Well, well, don't let us wander from the original subject. Think what a drawback it would be to you in the future, my dear Flora, not to be able to appreciate your husband's cigars. Why, positively, unless educated up to the mark you would not know whether he was smoking pure Havana's or Early York."

"Brandy, how can you talk such nonsense to the child?" says Miss Tremaine, who is busily examining the child's exercises.

"It doesn't matter what he says, as I shall never marry," puts in Flora, with conviction; "I wouldn't put up with the caprices of any man; I know too much about them for that!"

"I envy you your experience," says Brandy, with a laugh of the richest enjoyment. "Stick to that, dear child, till your hair is gray. But in the meantime, lest some Adonis should induce you to alter your mind, let me give you a hint. Do you know that young women who object to smoking and insist on quenching their husband's pipes invariably drive those poor men to clubs and all sorts of naughtinesses, and generally play the mischief all round?"

"I wonder you don't suffer from a sore throat," suggests Miss Flora, with a sneer. "I would suffer anything for your sake. It is the fatherly interest I take in you that induces me to deliver this lecture; and, as I shouldn't like to see you in a hole hereafter, I shall smoke one cigar here daily until you can lay your hand upon your heart and tell me honestly you—"

"Very good all right. Then I shall do no more to German or anything else," with angry resignation.

"A very trifling consideration, when compared with your chances of domestic bliss."

"Kitty, I wish you would speak to Brandy. Oh! is that another mistake? Well, I can't help it, if he will come here and talk to me, all the time—"

"There was a young lady named Flora, Who had a devoted adorer; He smoked all the day, Which some people say, Was the reason her German did floor her."

Isn't that a very neat impromptu? I think I should take to rhyming, only I hear it don't pay now-a-days; and I shouldn't like to fling away undoubted talent," says Brandy, unabashed.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," witheringly. "Flora I don't like you one tittle. There is an unpleasant ring in it. Have you never heard that little girls should not be pert to their superiors?"

"Superiors, indeed!" says Flora. "Certainly, your superior," says Brandy. "Oh, do try and be silent for even five minutes, if you won't go away," exclaims Flora, wrathfully; "I have not got half down one page yet, and Monsieur Sol will be so angry to-morrow."

"Read it out loud to me," returns Brandy, drowsily: "it will improve your pronunciation, and you can have the advantage of my knowledge; I don't think anything of that Monsieur of yours. He looks like an impostor, and I'm positive he is a Scotchman. I feel deliciously sleepy; so go on,—I am sure a very little more of your German will finish me comfortably."

"Kitty, I shall go with you to your room," says Flora, desperately, gathering up her books and heading an ignominious retreat.

CHAPTER III.

"I tell upon a day," says Brandy. "Where are you going, mamma?" asks Gretchen, entering her mother's chamber, with a delicious little pink rose flush upon her cheeks, born of her swift run through the scented garden. Kitty by this time, having safely incarcerated Flora in her dressing-room, has also joined her mother.

"To see poor Kenneth Dugdale," returns Mrs. Tremaine. "I actually never heard of his arrival until this afternoon. And it appears he has been in the country now a week. Such a very long time to be in ignorance; but your father is always most careless. He must have known of it, and, I suppose, forgot as usual."

"Perhaps he didn't hear of it," says Gretchen.

"Well, at all events the visit cannot be put off any longer; and of course I shall go myself. His mother was my dearest friend. You may as well come with me, Gretchen, as Kitty is so busy. Poor fellow! it is such a sad case. Quite the saddest I know. It makes me positively wretched even to think of it. Thank you, dear; yes, you may ring the bell. I think I will take a glass of sherry before I start."

"You mean Maud Dugdale's brother?" asks Gretchen,—the poor man who broke his back out hunting, or dislocated his spine, or did something horrible? "You and Kitty, I remember, used to tell me of him last year."

"The doctors now say he will be an invalid all his life. Can't stir off his sofa, I've been told."

"I think I can recollect him years ago," says Gretchen, musingly. "He was down here, was he not? a tall, fair boy of about fifteen. Old Mr. Dugdale, his uncle, was so fond and proud of him. Both he, and Maud before she left for India, never seemed to tire when telling me of him."

"There was a sincere attachment on both sides, I believe. He never would come here since his uncle's death, although that event made Laxton Hall his own. It seems sad that he should come here now for the first time, as master, only to die."

"He may not do for years," says Mr. Tremaine, who is vainly struggling with a refractory bracelet. "That old man in town with the one large tooth—that wonderful surgeon, you know, Sir—what was his name, Kitty?—said he might live for a long time. (I wonder they can't make proper clasps nowadays! Thank you, dear.) But poor Kenneth was so willful, gave himself up at once, and because one doctor spoke unfavorably of his case, could hardly be persuaded to see another."

Old Sir—Sir—told me all about it. What was his name, Kitty?"

"Of course, of course. Plaster they call him in town,—so rude of them. He told me the poor boy was greatly changed."

"He must be," says Kitty. "I met him wherever I went the season before last, and thought him the gayest fellow possible. He was a general favorite all round, it seemed to me; and now, we hear, he is silent, morbid, melancholy."

"Who can wonder at it?" exclaims Gretchen, with deep compassion. "To go in one moment from a state of perfect health to what must be only a living death,—the worst in that it is living,—the very thought is depressing; what must the reality be! If such a thing were to happen to me, I think I should refuse to speak to any one; I should just turn my face to the wall and cry and cry until I died."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," says Kitty, with a little laugh, patting her cheek softly; "I know you better than that. At first you would sigh a little and repine in secret; and then one day you would take yourself to task, and say to yourself, 'After all, are there not others more unhappy than I am?' And then you would begin to think how you could lighten the cares of other people."

"You are describing an angel," says Gretchen, with a faint blush, and a suspicion of reproach in her tone.

"My dearest Gretchen," breaks in Mrs. Tremaine at this moment, "do run away and put on your things. It is quite half-past three, and you know how your father hates to have the horses waiting." As a rule, Mrs. Tremaine alludes to her husband as though he belonged to the girls alone, as though he was their exclusive property, and they alone were responsible for his eccentricities. "Now, don't be five minutes, darling, or I shall be really vexed," she says, mildly, her thoughts intent upon her care case, which is nowhere to be found.

Above in the heavens— "Apollo, Deltus, or of older use All-seeing Hyperion—what you will—Has mounted."

All the air is hot and heavy with the strength and fierceness of his glory.

As the carriage rolls along the dusty road, bearing Gretchen and her mother to Laxton Hall, the horses fling up their heads impatiently, as though in eager search of the cool wind that comes not, and throw upwards little passionate flecks of foam, that lighting upon their backs, gleam like snow-flakes against their glossy skins.

The day is merry with the voices of many birds that send their sweet hymns of praise from wood and thicket. There's no less harmonious sound to mar their melody. A sense of peace and warmth has lulled the world into a mid-day sleep.

Below in the bay the ocean, vast, illimitable, has also sunk to rest. Not a breath, not a murmur, comes to disturb the serenity of its repose. Only from out the great gray cloak, that seem ever to keep eternal watch, dash the sea-birds wildly from their hidden nests in search of watery prey. Their snowy wings expanded glint and glisten beneath the sun's hot rays like silver lightning as they hover above the great deep and then drop into its bosom to disappear only to rise again.

Far away upon the horizon the sea and the sky have met and melted into each other's embrace. All is one ethereal mass of palest blue; in vain to seek the termination of one, the beginning of the other. The heaven itself is a continued sea, where tiny cloudlets, yellow-tinged, stand out as isles, and placid lakes and quiet shores are numerous.

By this time Gretchen, and her mother have reached the gates of Laxton, and entered, and are driving swiftly down the long dark avenue. Having never seen it since the old man's death, Gretchen now turns her head admiringly from side to side, as though to recall to mind the pretty spots once loved.

On one side can be seen a small but perfect lake, on which swans float gracefully in and out between the broad green leaves of the water lilies that are hardly so fair as their own breasts. On the other side stretches a vast expanse of park and upland, swelling, waving,—one grand mass of living foliage, tender greens and tawny browns and russet reds, while through them here and there, like a faint streak of moonlight, comes a suspicion of the distant ocean.

"What a perfect place it is!" says Gretchen, dreamily, yet with a certain amount of honest enthusiasm.

"Quite so," says Mrs. Tremaine, briskly, who never dreams, "and just fifteen thousand pounds a year. Really, it is most unfortunate about that poor young man. By the bye, I quite forget who the next heir will be."

"If he was very nice I shouldn't mind marrying him," says Gretchen, idly, with a little lazy laugh. "Oh, see, mother, that exquisite touch of light upon the hill beyond—how beautiful! It sounds wicked, but do you know I am rather glad that Mr. Dugdale cannot go about much? New people have such a horrid trick of altering things, and cutting down trees, and generally behaving very badly. If he is as apathetic as you say, I dare say he will let well enough alone."

"I dare say," says Mrs. Tremaine. "I should rather think George Dugdale's son would inherit. A most unpleasant man, and a very distant cousin; but no doubt the younger branches are better mannered."

"Then she carriage sweeps round a softened angle and draws up before the hall door. It is opened, and a very gorgeous personage in irrefragable garments comes down the steps and tells Mrs. Tremaine that Mr. Dugdale is pretty well, and down-stairs, but that he is not in the habit of receiving visitors.

As he draws towards the close of this little speech, Mrs. Tremaine—who, to judge by her expression, must be utterly unaware that any one has been speaking—takes out a card, scribbles on it a word or two, and gives it to one of her men, who gives it to the other man, who gives it to somebody else inside the hall, who vanishes.

Then ensues a pause that might be a silent one but for the faint little laugh that breaks from Gretchen.

"What is it?" asks her mother, rousing herself from an apparent reverie.

"Very little, dear, almost nothing. I was merely wondering how you would look if this very different young gentleman sends you word he will not see you."

"That is impossible," replies Mrs. Tremaine, calmly. "No young gentleman ever sent me such a message. He will, of course, be very pleased to see me."

She is right. He will be very pleased to see her. The gorgeous personage returns presently with a few words to that effect; whereupon Mrs. Tremaine descends from her carriage, and Gretchen follows her, and they

rattle through halls and corridors, across a library, and past a heavy portiere, into a small room beyond, where lies the hero of the hour.

It is a charming room, not large, but comfortable. Everything is pale, or faintly tinted; there is scarcely a pronounced color, anywhere, unless, perhaps, in the large bowls of sweetly smelling flowers that lie about in graceful disorder on all the tables. Against the walls and on the brackets quaint pieces of china frown, and sipper, and courtesy, and make hideous grimaces. Upon the cabinets, and in them, old English punch-bowls push themselves officiously before the notice of dainty Chelsea maidens, and cups innocent of handles stand in rows.

Wedgwood jugs, and Worcester plates, and little bits of rarest Sevres shine conspicuously everywhere. There are eight or nine fine pictures,—some by modern artists,—and a good deal of handsome carving.

The whole place seems full of sunshine as through the open windows the soft breezes creep shyly in and out. It was Maud Dugdale's room in the old man's life, before she married and went to India, and even yet the charm of her presence seems to haunt it.

The windows, made in casement fashion, are thrown wide open, so that the airy and straggling roses that cover the walls outside are peeping in, forming a bower picturesque and perfumed.

The fond little sunbeams, too, lest they should be forgotten have stolen in, and are decking all they touch with gold. Across the grass comes a tender murmuring as of doves from the wood beyond. It is one of those calm, sleepy days when "all the air is a solemn stillness holds" and a sense of peace makes itself felt. The "tender grace" of the hour, the careless artistic beauty of the room and all its surroundings, touch Gretchen, though vaguely, and then her eyes wander to the window, upon which a young man lies full length.

As her glance meets his, a great and sudden pity fills her heart. He is a very tall young man, and though somewhat slight, is finely formed. He is fair, with the rich nut-brown hair through which soft threads of gold run generously; his face is not so much handsome as very beautiful. His eyes are large and of an intense blue,—eyes that before misfortune clouded them were friendly to laughter, but are now sad with unutterable melancholy.

His mouth beneath his light mustache is tender and mobile, but firm. Originally there must have been a certain amount of happy recklessness about the whole face that fascinated and contrasted pleasantly with its great gentleness. But the happiness and gaiety and laughter have all disappeared, leaving only regret and passionate protest in their place, and something that is almost despair in the blue eyes.

He flushes painfully as Mrs. Tremaine enters the room, and closing his left hand with some nervous force upon the arm of the couch, makes the customary effort to rise. It is only a momentary effort. Almost on the instant he remembers and sinks back again passive. But the remembrance and the futile attempt are indescribably bitter.

"Dear Kenneth, I knew you would see me," says Mrs. Tremaine, quickly, with an unusual amount of kindness in her tone, going up to the couch and taking his hand in both hers.

"It is more than good of you to come to me," says Dugdale, raising himself on his elbow. "You must forgive me that I cannot rise to receive you." As he speaks he smiles, but it is a smile that saddens one. Even as their voices sound in each other's ears both he and Mrs. Tremaine remember the hour when last they met. They see the brilliant ball-room, the glowing flowers, the pretty faces, and all the piquante that had courted and smiled their sweetest upon poor "beauty" Dugdale.

Involuntarily Mrs. Tremaine stoops and presses her lips to his forehead. A sympathy that is almost motherly stirs her breast. Had he been in good health, her greeting in all probability would have been cold, but now in his affliction he seems very nearly dear to her.

"Of course I would come to see you," she says, gently, "and I have brought Gretchen with me. I suppose you and she hardly remember each other." She moves a little to one side, and Gretchen, coming nearer, lays her hand in his.

"I recollect Mr. Dugdale," she says, half to her mother, while smiling kindly upon Kenneth; "I seldom forget a face, and you are not so greatly changed. But you were only a big boy then, and I was a little child. It is very long ago."

"I don't remember you, Kenneth answers reluctantly shaking his head. "Your face is strange to me, and yet—how could I have forgotten it? It does not say much for my memory, does it? Is your sister quite well?"

"Kitty? Yes, thank you."

"I am so very glad you have come down," says Mrs. Tremaine. "I am sure the fresh country air will do you good."

"Will it?" says Dugdale, in a peculiar tone and with a slight contraction of the brows; then, as though ashamed of his curtness, he goes on quickly; "Perhaps so. At all events I rather fancy the country just at this time, and the view from the windows here is perfect. It was Maud's room you know. One can see where she had the trees cut down to give her a glimpse of the ocean."

"It is charming,—quite too lovely," returns Mrs. Tremaine, who in reality thinks it a little bleak, and has a rooted objection to the sea. "How is dear Maud? Have you heard from her lately?"

"Yes. Last Monday. She is very happy, and seems to be enjoying herself tremendously. They have gone pretty well up the country, and appear to have fallen in with rather a nice lot. She says the life suits her, and she likes it. She would, you know. She was always a lazy child,—fond of lying in the sun, and that."

"Maud and I were great friends," says Gretchen, turning from the open window where she has been standing, looking like a picture framed in by the drooping ivy and the clattering roses. "How pretty she was, and how full of verve! I was more sorry than I can tell you when Major Scarlett married her and took her away from us."

"Every one liked her, dear little thing," says Dugdale.

"I have not been here since she left; and this room reminds me of her so forcibly," says Gretchen, with some regret in her tone. "I can almost imagine I can see her over there at that easel leaning her sleek head above her paintings,—which were always quite impossible."

"She certainly wasn't a young Turner," Kenneth says, with a faint laugh.

"No," echoes the laugh gayly. "I used to wonder how she kept her hair so smooth. Dear Maud! everything here recalls her so vividly."

"I like this room," says Dugdale, looking round him. "It is small, that is one comfort! When a fellow has knocked about a good deal in barracks he gets an affection for his walls and likes to have them near him. All the other rooms are so vast they make one almost lose sight of one's own identity. Though, perhaps,—slowly and with a sudden accus-

tion of gloom,—there might be worse faults than that."

"There is one fault even in this your favorite room, says Gretchen, hastily, anxious to turn his thoughts from their present unhappy channel.

"And that is?" asks he, with some animation.

"You have flowers, but no roses," says Gretchen, nodding her pretty head disdainfully at all the china bowls full of flowers that are sweet but ill-chosen; "and what is a bunch of flowers without a rose?"

"A mere mockery," replies he, catching her humor; "yes, of course you would notice that. But you must pardon my want of taste. Remember, I have no one to gather them for me."

"I shall do it this moment. I can see some tempting ones just below me," says Gretchen, craning her neck over the balcony. "May I?"

"Oh! thank you" exclaims the young man, gratefully, a little color coming into his pale face. And then he watches her as she crosses the balcony and descends the steps, her long dove-gray skirts trailing behind her,—watches her musingly as she moves with unstud