

"Yet, suppose we cannot help thinking. Daddy, I wish you would try to put yourself in the place of these poor men."

"Oh, you're too soft-hearted—you're looking like your poor mother this morning. Well, little woman, don't be too much cut up. Perhaps I will think of these things some day."

Then to change the subject, for the girl's ardent gaze had pierced his armor of indifference, he said, "Can you guess who called yesterday afternoon just after you started?"

"No, father. Who?"

He looked thoughtfully at her, for he wanted to see how she would take the news.

"It was Mr. Vernon, love. He was on horseback, and called to see whether you would go for a drive with him this afternoon. So kind of him!"

She started a little.

"Well," she said, "and I suppose you told him I was out."

"Yes, dear; and I told him also that my daughter would be pleased to accompany him."

"Father!" she exclaimed, "is it right of you to accept engagements for me without my consent? I hardly think so. How did you know that I had not an engagement for this afternoon? However, I happened to be added, noticing a certain