

fair prettiness. There was at least one man there who admired her very much—Godfrey Hills, the only son of a neighbouring baronet, whose lands marched with those of the Towers. I confess I could not see anything in Adelaide Brand likely to attract a man like Godfrey Hills, who was a bookish, earnest person, interested in social problems and every phase of intellectual life. But admire her he did, and the odd thing was that Adelaide seemed entirely unconscious of it. She was at least absolutely free from the vice of personal vanity, nor did she flirt or coquet in the least.

I spoke to Mrs. Nugent that night about it, and was not surprised to learn that it was no new idea to her.

“Yes, Godfrey Hills has always admired her, and he is a very fine fellow, but Addie will never look at him. His tastes are too quiet. I confess I am astonished that she should be in the least interesting to him.”

“In course of time she may learn to appreciate his good qualities,” I said hopefully.

“She will never marry Godfrey Hills,” said Mrs. Nugent, shaking her head. “I shall be relieved if her choice falls upon anybody even half as eligible.”

I was considerably astonished when Adelaide came