

been selected solely for the hue of the sea and sky, which predominated therein.

All the cushions wore white muslin covers tied up with blue sash ribbons, and the writing-table appointments were of blue morocco.

"I suppose Cecilia will wear a blue dress. I wonder why she is so long," thought Jeanne, after a few minutes' patient waiting. "I am sure she will never guess who it is; for though I said my name three times, I saw the maid had not the least idea what it was."

When Cecilia at length came into the room, however—rather breathless and apologetic,—with the air of one who has just completed a hasty toilette,—she was not wearing blue, but a fawn-coloured gown of a very elegant Parisian make, closely fitting her tall full figure, which had amplified since her girlhood.

But her charms, though somewhat full-blown, were still considerable; and, in spite of a double-chin, she possessed every claim to be considered a handsome woman that could be set forth by a white skin, healthy colouring, abundant fair hair, and fine proportions.

Perhaps it was Jeanne's fancy, that on perceiving who it was, Cecilia drew back momentarily, and dropped some of the *empressment* with which she had been prepared to greet her visitor.

"Good gracious, I had no idea it was you, Jenny," she said. "Fancy *your* being in London. What are you doing here, pray?"

She kissed her erstwhile playmate in rather a perfunctory and affected manner: and Jeanne's easily disturbed colour rose.

When, in the candid days of childhood, Jeanne and Cecilia had disagreed—which was not seldom, and would have been oftener but for the yielding disposition of the younger—they had called each other Jenny and Cissy. At other times they had been always Jeanne and Cecilia; thus by mutual consent, solacing each other's wounded dignity by ignoring the detested