

very few down effects, for the trees in the centre kept their green until quite late in the season, and the Freres and the Carlingfords in particular could climb their stately branches and shout to each other from amidst their plentiful foliage.

The Carlingfords had no father, which made their case, when the great fight began, all the sadder and more complicated, and decidedly put the Freres very much in the wrong. Mrs Carlingford was a widow; she had plenty of money, and lived in the house on the opposite side of the square to the Freres—not so far away but that, before the fight began, they could have all kinds of communications of the telegraphic order going on from attic to attic.

But now I must describe the families themselves.

To begin with the Freres. There were two very pretty girls. They were so like that it was difficult to know one from the other; they were hearty, happy, healthy children, aged fifteen and fourteen, and their names were Prudence and Patience. Dr Frere had come of an old Quaker stock; and he liked, as he expressed it, to give names with meanings in them to his children. The girls were, of course, never known as anything but Prue and Patty. They had brown eyes and rosy cheeks and brown hair and dimpling mouths and rounded limbs, and