

plates from the members of the family who had not finished. She passed the sugar before the coffee, she ran excitedly for missing spoons. She dropped the bread at the pantry door and spilled the water as she tried to pour it. The multiplicity of details necessary to serve the dinner bewildered her. Accustomed only to the wicker basket in her own cabin where the potatoes smoked for all, how should she know that crackers and cheese followed dessert, and why did they all laugh when, footsore from the shoes she must wear, she stumbled from the room to the kitchen where Eva was hurriedly washing her pans?

After her final exit Mrs Dean bowed her face in her thin, ring-laden hands and shook nervously. "I can't bear it," she cried. "Such service! Where did the creature come from? And you all sat there laughing, and made it worse."

Her son tenderly encircled her with his arm. "Never mind, mother, we only laugh because it is so unlike your usual perfect housekeeping. Emma," he turned to his wife, "Emma knows what a well-served table you always have. I've told her often enough."

His wife murmured perfunctorily, "Yes, indeed, Mother Dean," but her lips twitched in an involuntary smile as she recalled Maggie's horrified expression when she had dropped the bread. She herself lived in a family hotel and hoped this domestic turmoil would silence once and for all her husband's oft-reiterated request for a home life.

Amy Dean laughed gayly at her mother's discomfiture. "Don't take it to heart, mother," she cried, seating herself at the piano for some desultory playing. A low light shone on her heavy waves of brown hair and her soft, blooming cheeks. From time to time she looked over her shoulder in the direction of the entrance.

Charley Dean raised his eyebrows in quirkily at his mother. "Is Amy expecting someone? She seems restless."

"Mr. Eldridge is apt to come; he is here very frequently." She smiled meaningly.

"Anything serious?" "It looks as if there might be, though Amy is rather impartial. She has had a great deal of attention since she came out, you know."

Charley Dean looked at his sister with the affectionate criticism which he allowed himself. "Mother, I dare say Eldridge would scorn to think of it now, but what kind of a home is Amy capable of making him? What does she know of the superintendence of a house, for instance?"

"Quite as much as any of her friends." "That means almost nothing, doesn't it? How should I run my factory if I didn't know what I was about?"

"Charley, that's really very trite. Amy has had a good education that took a great many years to acquire. Then two years ago she came out, and since then I don't know when she could have found a minute for domestic science (which is what I suppose you mean). She couldn't make a drudge of herself, especially such a favorite as she has been. The men talk a great deal, I notice, about the domestic accomplishments after they are married, but you must admit that they do not attract them beforehand. You yourself," she cried conclusively, "never thought of them when you chose Emma."

And Charley Dean acknowledged soberly, "No, I certainly did not."

"Amy will pick housekeeping up," the mother continued. "Why! I myself knew next to nothing when I married your father."

She paused in her smiling triumph to listen to a long peal of the bell, followed soon after by Maggie's heavy step. Amy waited expectantly, her hands pausing over the keys.

"Yer young man is here, miss," Maggie smiled broadly, in her pleasure at the announcement.

"What young man?" Amy snubbed her, conscious of the family's amusement.

"A foine b'y, he give me his ticket," and she handed the card to the girl.

"Where is he?" "Standin' on the doorstep, if he hasn't gone by now."

"Did you shut the door in his face?" "Sure I wouldn't be lavin' it open and the night so cold and blowin'."

"Don't take it so to heart," Mrs. Dean mocked as Amy hastened to the waiting Mr. Eldridge's relief. She could hear her laughter in another room; then Amy, her face glowing and beautiful, ran back to the living room.

"We're going to the theater, mother; oh! what shall I wear? I'm so tired of my pink hat; Mr. Eldridge doesn't like me in pink anyway." Her face was flushed with excitement.

"Wear something the snow won't spoil," her mother advised practically; "and, oh, Amy, see that that wretched girl brings up the silver—don't forget."

As Amy Dean stood before the mirror, pinning, regardless of the snow, a delicate hat of lace and feathers above her waving hair, she caught sight of Maggie, as she wearily passed her door, on her way to the

solitude of her own room. With a guilty start for her forgetfulness, Amy delivered her mother's message.

"Have you brought up the silver, Maggie?"

"I don't rightly know about the silver, miss. Eva didn't tell me. Wad you be showin' me where 'tis to go?"

Amy hesitated. "I don't know myself where they put it," she said vaguely, "but gather it all up in something"—she paused indefinitely before adding, "and put it somewhere."

Maggie smiled faintly. "I'm awful

green, miss, but how am I to learn? Where do you get yer t'achin' in Amerikay?"

She quivered sensitively. "Ye didn't laugh at me, miss, to-night; could you be tellin' me a few things?" Her gaze, wistful and timid, rested on Amy's young face beseechingly.

Amy colored. "I don't know, Maggie," she said kindly, "where girls do learn; our maids have always been trained before they came. I'd teach you if I knew," she laughed in pretty embarrassment. "You see, I don't know myself. I know when things are not right, but that's about all.

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