

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

I was not permitted at the sign of a little... I had not heard of her, and she had more pleasure in dressing myself this evening, when I knew Uncle Max's kind eyes would be on me.

She always would have it that her mother was hard on her, but she never complained of want of kindness from her father. "Colonel Ferguson comes very often," remarked Lesbia, a little peevishly, as she walked to the fireplace to warm herself.

"You and I are different people, Sara; we shall never think the same about anything." "Well, I don't know," she returned, half affronted: "when people try to be extra good I always find they succeed in making good themselves extra disagreeable."

When Uncle Max saw that reconciliation was imminent, and that by Lesbia's help it was likely to have the best of it, my own way, and a good deal of getting to follow.

"There could not be a pleasanter. You will find yourself in clover, Ursula, you will indeed; she is a nice little woman, and has all the cardinal virtues, I believe; she is a widow, and has a big son who works as Robert's, the builder's; Nathaniel is very big, very big; indeed, so much so that I feel it my duty to warn you of his size, for fear you should receive a shock."

and being of a bustling temperament, and not aware of change unless they gave her much trouble, she took a great deal of interest in my arrangements, and bought a nice little travelling-clock that she said would be useful to me.