

Now, Addie, there's one instance for you of what comes of 'once in a way.' "

Lenore spoke eagerly, almost breathlessly; her colour coming and going as it did when she was excited, and an indignant vibration in her clear, flute-like voice. Renée, always kindly and good-natured, looked shocked and impressed, but Addie only remarked coolly:

"Oh well! she has mistaken her vocation, that's all! People with delicate lungs oughtn't to go into dress-making, just as you can't stay here in winter when the rest of us can. But what a girl you are for *protégés*, to be sure! You're always having some one on hand. And, by the way, that reminds me, how do you come to be on such friendly terms with that young man we met this morning when we were driving out. George's head clerk you know."

"I don't know what you mean by such 'friendly terms,'" said Lenore quietly. "I bowed to him."

"Yes, and such a cordial bow! I thought you were going to stop the pony carriage and speak to him. How do you come to know him at all?"

"Why, Addie, don't you remember when I was driving with you last summer, and I dropped the reins; and he saved us from a runaway? I should think the least I could do was to bow to him."

"Yes, then, but not now, at this distance of time. I shouldn't think of doing so. It will only teach him to be presuming, and one has quite enough to do with bowing to the people one must bow to."

"I don't think he looks much like a 'presuming' young man; and by the way, Renée, it's rather a shame he's never been asked here,—a stranger in the place and connected with papa and George—"

"By business," interposed Addie.

"Have you asked him to the party, Renée, I dare say he'd like to come? Don't faint, Addie!"

"My dear child, I shall leave you and your vagaries to Renée; I'm tired of interfering."

"I never thought of it," said Renée "but perhaps we had better, as almost everybody is coming. I don't mind if I do write him an invitation, or you can for me. What's his name,—Campbell, isn't it?"

"Is it my Mr. Campbell you're talking about?" exclaimed Pauline eagerly. "Why,

of course, Renée, you must ask him! He's ever so nice, and he took such good care of me last winter, skating. And I'm sure he's met with some great misfortune lately, for he looks so grave whenever I meet him, and never laughs and stops to talk as he used to do."

"He looks as if he were getting dissipated," Addie said, decisively.

"No, indeed he doesn't! How dare you say that, Addie! He's far too nice! He's as good as—as—Mr. Dunbar!"

"Renée, that child ought to be looked after, really! She'll be falling in love the first thing you know."

"As if I'd do anything so silly," said Pauline, in a tone of supreme contempt. "I leave that to you, Miss Addie!"

Addie only laughed, and Renée and she resumed their discussion of the dresses, while Pauline took her cousin Clara out to the piazza, to tell her all about Mr. Campbell; how nice he was, and how many interesting stories he told her. "But oh dear," she said confidentially, "I wonder what has happened to him lately; he looks so dreadful, you can't think! Perhaps," and she put her mouth to Clara's ear, to whisper a theory she would not speak aloud.

That evening Alan found on his table a dainty little note, in a handwriting he had seen once before. He recognised it at once, and opened it with a little curiosity. It was a formal invitation to the party that was to be given to celebrate the wedding.

Nuptial rejoicings were not much in harmony with Alan's mood just then; however he thought it over and concluded that he would go. It would be a little variety, and he had some curiosity to see something of Ivystone and its inhabitants. He knew by this time what was the proper thing to do on such occasions, so he wrote on his best sheet of paper, in his neatest hand, an acceptance in due form, which, next day, found its way to Ivystone.

Miss Junor's wedding furnished the Caringtonians with abundant material for gossip for weeks beforehand as well as for weeks after. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity with on-lookers during the ceremony; and the looks and dress of the fair bride, the effective bridal *cortège* of bridesmaids in their airy dresses—which were a compromise between the ideas of Lenore and Adelaide; the splendour of the