

pearances, and smiles, though the serpents of envy and regret gnawed at her vitals. It was very gay there! Life seemed all made up of music, and dancing, and feasting, and mirth, and skating, and sleighing, and dressing, and singing. Life went like a fairy spectacle, or an Eastern drama, or an Arcadian dream—with care, and trial, and trouble, monsters unknown even by name.

Mme. Jules La Touche played the rôle with charming grace—a little shy, as became her youth and inexperience, but only the more charming for that. They were very, very happy together, this quiet young pair—loving one another very dearly, as you could see, and looking forward hopefully to a future that was to be without a cloud.

Mrs. La Touche and Mrs. Stanford were very much admired in society, no doubt; but people went into raptures over Mrs. Frank Danton. Such eyes, such golden hair, such rare smiles, such queenly grace, such singing, such playing—surely nature had created this darling of hers in a gracious mood, and meted out to her a double portion of her favours. You might think other ladies—those younger sisters of hers included—beautiful until she came; and then that stately presence, that bewitching brightness and grace, eclipsed them as the sun eclipses stars.

“What a lucky fellow Danton is!” said the men. “One doesn’t see such a superb woman once in a century.”

And Doctor Frank heard it, and smiled, as he smoked his meerschaum, and thought so too.

---

And so we leave them. Kate is happy; Eeny reigns right royally in her Ottawa home; and Rose—well, poor Rose has no home, and flits about between St. Croix, and Montreal, and Ottawa, all the year round. She calls Danton Hall home, but she spends most of her time with Kate. It is not so sumptuous, of course, as at Ottawa, in the rising young Doctor’s home; but she is not galled every moment of the day by the poignant regrets that lacerate her heart at Eeny’s. She hears of her husband occasionally, as he wan-