

entered, she found her sitting in the kitchen with her parents. Sophia was eighteen now, and certainly very good-looking. The long curls she had worn as a child were now twisted in a peculiar way—"French and fashionable," Miss Jenkins called it—round her head. She was above the middle height and easy in her movements, very much pinched in about the waist, with fine falling shoulders, an admirably fitting dress, and a prodigious deal of pretension. Miss Jenkins stood, taking it all in at a glance, and noting various items in her mind, especially to the young lady's first declaration that she did not know how she should get on in London, as she had forgotten her English.

Sophia turned to the place of the old piano. It was there still, and she opened it. She struck a few chords and started back with a scream.

"Mais, c'est horrible, ce piano-la ! Je ne—"

"Do try to speak English, Sophiar," urged Mrs. May, with tears in her eyes. "However shall we get along if you don't ? What is it that's the matter ? Did you see anything that frightened of you ?"

"It is such a—what do you call it in English ?—*dreadful* piano. I had as soon have touched an electric battery. It set all my finest musical nerves on the jar : *ma tête est percée*. I shall never be able to touch it again : *jamais*."

"She has not quite forgot her mother tongue," interposed Miss Jenkins. "Which is a consolation worthy of thanksgiving."

Sophia turned a sharp look upon her. There was a sarcastic ring in the words that she did not like.

"Did you have no English girls whatever at the school, Sophia ?" asked Miss Jenkins.

"Mais oui."

"Did you have no English girls whatever at the school ?" repeated the visitor, apparently determined to persevere till she got a reply she could understand.

"Some of the young ladies were English."

"And did you never talk together ?"

"De temps en temps. Now and then," more hastily added Sophia, perceiving the question was about to be repeated, as before.