

book and telling the world it was crazy.'

Everett drew the cigar from his mouth greatly amused; it was so seldom his youthful partner was so loquacious, but he saw the wisdom of the words, and turning to his writing, remarked seriously:

"Good! very good, Heathcote! I admire your pluck, and you are bound to get on. You'll be in society yet, though you would never lose much by keeping out of it, and being contented at making the fortune only."

"Then there's the wife, Everett," he said laughingly, and dashing down several words at once on the white pages before him.

"Oh, to be sure! But I guess you will have no difficulty in that enterprise. As a successful professional man, you will make an admirable catch, and you will not have to search far before you will find your lady fair. I was thirty before I secured mine, but I should not advise you to wait that long. I am going to the court now; the Benton—Grant case is on. Send William, when he comes back from the bank, to Staunton House, to say that I cannot go to lunch as particular business will prevent."

When Beatrice received that message she was carefully inspecting a trunk of new dresses that had just arrived from Paris, and she was somewhat disappointed. It was the first time since their betrothal that he had sent her a refusal on any occasion, and somehow, though she felt he had a plausible excuse, she was nettled. The entrance of her mother, and her companion, however was the means of killing any little ill-feeling his conduct might have caused in her heart.

"Bruce cannot come to lunch, to-day, mamma," she said, looking up from the shimmering folds of a white taffeta gown she was examining, and smiling off her disappointment. "He has had to go to the court for the best part of the morning, and he is likely to be detained there late this afternoon. Where did you leave Miss Raymond?"

"She has gone to her room, my love. Such a busy morning as we have had of it shopping. She is splendid to have with one. I never saw such taste as she displays. Compeign's ball to-morrow

night. Miss Raymond will have to put the finishing touches on my toilet. Too bad Bruce will not join us to-day. But business is business, I suppose, especially when it is of a legal form, and he is so punctual to duty. I must hasten to divest myself; the Doranes are coming, and that reminds me, have you noticed what a dislike Miss Raymond seems to hold for Cyrus?"

"She is more reserved towards him, I notice, mamma, than she is even towards all our young gentlemen acquaintances. Just some notion or other I suppose."

"Probably that is what it is, and not likely she could explain herself. Those Catholics always have strange ideas," and shrugging her shoulders, Mrs. Staunton repaired to her own apartments, to remove her outdoor attire.

In the window of her bedroom, her companion stood closely observing a pony phaeton driving up the road. It drew up at the gate, and a gentleman of medium height, dressed in the acme of fashion, and an elderly lady alighted.

"Mr. Dorane and his mother," Rosamond said to herself. "Mr. Dorane, I don't like you. Your mouth is too cruel and your face is—well—there is nothing in it. It is too dark, too, though Mr. Everett has a dark face, but his is different. His is a good one, but your's is not. Mr. Cyrus Dorane, his mother on his arm, all unaware of these certain observations, walked slowly up the cedar walk to the front door, and was soon after admitted by the ebony Sampson.

If there was one person in her mistress' coterie of friends that the young girl did not like, it was this man.

From the first she mistrusted him, and the smiling countenance he habitually managed to wear, made her resist all the more any advances of friendliness he appeared anxious to exhibit toward her. She had been three months in Staunton House now, and the unfavorable impression he had made on her from the first, had not worn off. His gentle dignified mother, and graceful sisters, she could like, but him she could not.

She was wondering why his sisters had not come to-day, when she heard Mrs. Staunton's bell and hastening to answer it, was told by that lady to