

"Let him go to his rich uncle, then, and ask for more money. It's not coming out of my pocket, I can tell you; I don't like him well enough. No bacon, mind, and no cold meat. If he wants an egg he can have it, but my means will go no further. There he is calling again. I never heard anything like it in my life. One would think the whole house belonged to him, but he isn't at Mount Eden yet, and he'll have to find that out," said Miss Rayne indignantly, as she marched off to her own room.

Evelyn dashed after her, and flew downstairs. In the back dining-room—the only apartment which their poverty permitted them to reserve for their own use—stood a young man—a lad, indeed, in years, being only twenty, but tall and upright as a dart, and handsome as a statue. His fair hair curled close to his head. He had bright, blue eyes, rather too pronounced and wide open, a delicate straight nose, with closed nostrils, a small mouth, with thin lips, a narrow jaw, and a pointed chin. Doubtless he was good looking,—unusually so,—but something in his expression deteriorated from his beauty. It lay partly in the shifting glance of the eyes, which never seemed to look one straight in the face, and partly in the weakness of the mouth, which was sufficiently open to show two very white teeth in front.

But Evelyn Rayne saw none of these defects. For the last two years she had been thrown into daily intimate communion with her cousin, Will Caryll, and, in her eyes, he was simply perfection, though she had never let any one guess that she thought so. This serious, old-fashioned, and somewhat ordinary-looking girl had a depth of feeling in her unknown to her companions, who, whilst they twisted her to their own convenience, had no idea of the thoughts that sank deep into her mind, and took root and grew there.

"I say, Eve, this is too bad!" exclaimed young Caryll, as she entered the room. "Here am I waiting for my tea, and in a deuce of a hurry to get out again, and there's not a sign of it. Where's that fool Sarah? Why hasn't she laid the cloth?"

"My dear Will, it is only just six o'clock, and you never have your tea till half-past. It shall be on the table in five minutes. Why are you in such a hurry to-night?"

"I'm going out."