

"Yes, it bars them out," the invalid said absently. "It is good you came. I have had a respite in looking at you, and there is something familiar in your face. You remind me of a friend of my college days——"

He stopped short, for the Czar was moving ponderously toward her seat, and having taken it, bent commanding eyes upon the pair.

"I trust you are not being exhausted by unnecessary conversation, Mr. Brower. This young woman unfortunately lacks the training that would make her see how unsuitable her presence is at this point and——"

"I can't have it! I can't have it!" a voice cried from the rear, and the smallest of the old ladies, a face like an agitated white rabbit, pattered close behind, and laid a shaking hand on the imperial shoulder. "Such a nice girl," she said, "and such pretty clothes that have been a treat to see. How can you, Deborah? How can you?"

"God bless her!" said the invalid, under his breath. "It's an insurrection."

"How can I?" the Czar began. "How can I not?"

But the girl had made an impulsive movement forward, and taken the white rabbit's hand. "Thank you so much," she said. "I thought you were different from the others."

"I have looked at you a great deal, my dear," the old lady said, holding to her as if for protection. "You look like a friend of my youth, a very noted man, my dear, but, perhaps, you have not heard of him—Governor Chauncey, who died a long time ago."

The girl paused a moment, and the

dimples were in full evidence. "Yes, I have heard of him," she said slowly, "but I never saw him. He was my grandfather, and my father was named for him."

"What!" shrieked the Czar from her chair. "Don't fabricate! Mrs. Harwood said you were from the West somewhere. You're not. You can't be his——"

"I am Eleanor Clement, and my mother was Eleanor Chauncey," the girl said, and now, as she met the invalid's twinkling eyes, she laughed, a soft laugh compounded of many things. "Forgive me for being alive," she said. "I really can't help it," but the Czar had beaten a hasty retreat, and the little old lady was in tears.

"She'll never get over it, never," she said. "I've often told her she was too severe to people. This is a great blow."

"It isn't a permanent one. She'll recover, for I am leaving this afternoon," Miss Clement said. "so you will have no more trouble. I suppose Madam Brewster has arranged for a reserved piazza in heaven, and that Beacon Hill has a special sealed compartment. But I am certain you will look over the top; perhaps even climb out, and I'll help you, if you like."

"I shall never go into it, never!" said the little old lady, as if the opportunity has already been offered her. "Really, I should not," but the girl had vanished with a pat as she went, and the invalid, lying back in his chair, laughed wickedly, then opened his book again.

"I knew her mother in her youth," he said. "She is like her. I wish we had known."—*Christian World.*

AUTUMN.

The world puts on its robes of glory now,
The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes,
The waves are bluer, and the angels pitch
Their shining tents along the sunset skies.

The distant hills are crowned with purple mist,
The days are mellow, and the long, calm nights
To wondering eyes, like weird magicians, show
The shifting splendors of the northern lights.

The generous earth spreads out her fruitful store,
And all the fields are decked with ripened sheaves;
While in the woods, at autumn's rustling step,
The maples blush through all their trembling leaves.

—*Albert Leighton.*