
THE GRAVENORS

"Matt! Matt!" cried the girl, loudly.
"What about the roses?"

The gardener turned with a pleasant smile on his face.

"Pluck all you want, darling," he answered tenderly. "The reds are the prettiest, but they're not half nice enough for you or Aunt Hawkins."

A few moments later Muriel was busy in the garden, and, as she bent over cutting the rose stems, a little sigh escaped her lips.

"Poor things!" she murmured. "I wonder if the other roses will miss them."

She gathered the flowers together in her arms, and, as she turned to leave the garden, the sunlight stole silently over her face, sweet in its girlishness, and for a moment made it more lovely. God had given Muriel rare beauty of form and face. In her plain white dress, the cluster of red roses nestling sweetly against her breast, she appeared very beautiful. Aunt Hawkins always said that she resembled her mother. She had her fine, creamy complexion, her deep black hair, the same small, delicate nose and the blood-red lips.

Gently she glided down between the stately rows of hollyhocks, with their satin crimson and lavender hoods, humming a favorite song. Presently she reached the garden gate. Then she espied Aunt Hawkins on her favorite