

the dress somehow. Cousin Anne Paynton is a friend of hers, I know. I've heard her speak of the poor little thing, and say she was a regular tramp. Perhaps I might write Cousin Anne, tell her about the whole trouble, send her ten pounds or so, which ought to pay for the dress, and get her to give the money to Miss Lorrimer as though from herself. The poor child will hate to know that I saw her crying. The best thing I can do, for both our sakes, is to go away."

Before March went down to breakfast, late the next morning, he wrote to Lady Paynton, inclosing his cheque for ten guineas, with explanations and a request.

March had certainly admired Henrietta Millard's stately beauty, though he had never committed himself in any way, and had felt no emotion for her which was akin to love. He had thought, perhaps, that she would look well at the head of his table, and that he might do worse than ask her to be his wife; but now, since the episode of the spoiled ball-dress, his mind—she had never gone as deep as his heart—had no room for her image.

Lady Paynton would receive his letter on the third morning, he calculated. In three days more, Miss Lorrimer would hear from her, and March rejoiced that he was to run down from his own place in an adjoining county, and spend the following "Saturday to Monday" with a friend within a mile of Wanley Grange. He said nothing of this prospective visit to the Millards, but he thought if he called on Sunday afternoon, in a friendly and informal way, he should stand the best chance of meeting the governess.

Hardly ever had his heart throbbed so unevenly as it did when he presented himself at the door of Wanley Grange on the day and at the time he had planned. Mrs. Millard and the young ladies had walked over to see the vicar's wife, who was ill, but—yes, Miss Lorrimer was just coming up the drive now.

It was a momentous instant when March held out his hand to the little girl in brown. One glance told him that the joyousness he had hoped for was lacking. It was only too plain that she had been crying again to-day, though she ought certainly to have got Lady Paynton's letter. A great wave of colour swept over her face as she lifted her eyes to his.

"Sir Valentino," she stammered, "I—I'm glad you've come. I wanted particularly to see you. I heard from my godmother this morning, and by mistake, a letter from you to her had been inclosed. I read something in it before I knew from whom it was, or that it had not been sent for me to see. You—you meant to be very kind, very considerate, and—I thank you, but I cannot and will not take this money."

1897 MARCH 1897						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

1897 APRIL 1897						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Her hand went to her pocket for Lady Paynton's letter, but he caught the slim, satin-smooth wrist before she could carry out her purpose.

The children were all three collected at the other end of the drive, examining an invalid pony. He and she were practically alone, but he had not much time.

It was only natural that he should lose his head.

"My darling," he heard himself saying, as though it had been the voice of a stranger, "if you will only love me as I have loved you ever since the night of the ball, and always shall do till the day of my death, why—I, and everything that I have, are yours."

Then, before she fairly knew what had happened, he had kissed her—and with that kiss the future of both was decided.

—Home Chat.

The Child's Face.

There's nothing more pure in Heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is all divine
Than the smile of a little child.

The stainless lips, half-parted,
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O little one, smile and bless me!
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul, when children smile
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of Heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light and the hope of that sweeter world
Like the dawn, are breaking through.

Ernest Warburton Saurleff.