

that his cousin was going to write and invite Mrs. Costello to Dighton; and that Mr. Leigh said, if they did not come down immediately, he should be obliged to start for London himself to tell them how pleased he was.

"At any rate," Maurice concluded, "I shall be in town again on Saturday. I find I have business to see my lawyer about."

All this—as well as the rest of the note—was very agreeable. Lucia went and sat down on a footstool at her mother's feet to tell her the news. Mrs. Costello laid her hand on her child's head and sighed softly.

"You will have to give up this fashion of yours, darling," she said, "you must learn to be a woman now."

Lucia laughed.

"I don't believe I ever shall," she answered.

"At least, not with you or with Maurice."

"Would you like to go to Dighton?"

She considered for a minute.

"Yes, mamma, I think I should. You know how things are in those great houses; but I have never seen anything but Canada, and even there, just the country. I should not like, by-and-by, for people