

some steps apart now. I felt it to my heart, though she did not look at me, but over me, and past me, as if I was not there at all, then turned away and began switching at a climbing rose that crept over the portico. Edward felt the look too, for he quickened his steps so that he was soon a little in advance and then he ran up the steps to his mother, and she turned and swept into the house with him; and I, after my day of delight, went round to the kitchen with a sore pain at my heart. I sat down by the table and laid my head on my folded arms.

"What ails you, Willie? Are you sick or sorry?" said Mrs. Gibson the cook.

"I don't know," I said. "It is nothing, or not much anyway."

"Has Master Edward and you quarrelled, Willie?"

"No, Mrs. Gibson, I never quarrelled with Master Edward once since I came," I answered. "We had a splendid time away at the baby-house,—met with Mr. Bell, the newschoolmaster, and he played the bagpipes for us. But just now when we came home Mrs. Russell looked awful angry to see us together, and I feel sorry, that is all."

"Bless your innocent heart! did you not know that Master Edward was sent away to school, the time that dear good soul Miss Lanphier was dismissed, just to keep you and him apart? Did you not know how awful mad she was when Mr. and Mrs. Shirriff were here (these were the old-fashioned people I told you about before) because the old lady took you and Master Edward for relations?"

"I knew she was angry that day at the baby-house,—her eyes fairly blazed; and I noticed that we had few holidays afterwards."

"Sure I heard the greatest of an argument between the master and her that time. She said you were too familiar with Master Edward, and then he said that was no harm. 'The boy is a good boy,' says he, 'and Edward will

get no harm by being in his company.' 'There is harm to both,' says the mistress; 'Willie Hazley is not treated at all like a menial, but as a companion and an equal; Edward is entirely too much attached to him.' Mr. Russell laughed, in his free, easy way and said, 'Well they should be attached to each other,—they have grown up together.' 'Well Mr. Russell,' says she, 'I do not consider the errand-boy the most suitable companion for our only son. You are raising this Willie Hazley entirely above his station and spoiling him for a servant.' 'I do not see that; I am sure he is willing and obedient,' says the master. 'Besides, my dear, I am only discharging a small part of the debt I owe his father. Why, Eleanor,' says he, warming up like you know, 'that man, I may say, laid down his life in my service, and died almost in my arms. And I told him I would take care of Willie, and see that his wife did not suffer want. I have tried to keep my word.' 'I think you have, and more than kept it,' she says scornfully. 'Accidents are always happening to workmen, and employers do not feel bound to support their families or adopt their children.' 'Eleanor,' said Mr. Russell solemnly, 'you do not understand: Willie's father might have saved himself, but he would have ruined me,—think of that, and do not wonder if I am kind to the boy.' Besides I look on Willie as an investment that will pay well yet, and he is a safer companion for Edward than many of his equals; and Edward will never forget that he is your son, and he will value himself accordingly. Still, if you wish to keep them apart, do so; for myself I cannot see the necessity.' 'It is not keeping them apart,' says the mistress; 'it is keeping each in his own place. Edward is so devoted to Willie that he does not apply himself to his studies. Miss Lanphier tells me that in some things Willie actually excels him. Is that creditable to a Russell?' 'That is not Willie's fault, my