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gables and dormer windows were a necessary adjunct of coziness. She was a happy woman, though she would have been greatly surprised to hear herself so described. She had not been out of mourning since she was a young girl. Her parents, as she sometimes said, "had put her into black"; and several children other than died in infancy, one after the other, until at last her husband, Jarvis Belding, the famous bridge-builder, had perished of a malarial fever caught in the swamps of the Wabash, and left her with one daughter and a large tin box full of gold securities. She never afterward took the style of her dress, and she took much of her life's sorrow from all further allusions to milliners. In fact, she had a nature which was predisposed to comfort. She had been fond of her husband, but she had been a little afraid of him, and, when she had wept her grief into tran-

quility, she felt a certain satisfaction in finding herself the absolute mistress of her husband's income and her bedroom. Her wealth made her the object of marital and social ambition once or twice, and she had sufficient beauty to flatter herself that she was loved more for her eyes than for her money; but she refused her

quitors with an indolent good-nature that did not trouble itself with inquiries as to their sincerity. "I have been married once, thank you, and that is enough," this she said simply without sighing or tears. Perhaps the unlucky aspirant might infer that her heart was buried in the grave of Jairus. But the sober fact

was that she liked her breakfast at her own hours. Attached to the spacious sleeping room occupied in joint tenancy by herself and the bridge-builder were two capacious closets. After the funeral of Mr. Belding, she took possession of both of them, hanging her winter wardrobe in one and her summer raiment in

She was by no means a fool. Like many easy-going women, she had an enlightened selfishness which prompted her to take excellent care of her affairs. As long as old Mr. Farnham lived, she

took his advice implicitly in regard to her investments, and after his death she transferred the same unquestioning confidence to his grandson and heir, although she was much younger than herself and comparatively inexperienced in money matters. It seemed to her only natural that some of the Farnham wisdom should

have descended with the Farnham millions. There was a grain of good sense in this reasoning, founded as it was upon their knowledge of Arthur's good qualities; for upon a man who is neither a sot nor a gambler the possession of great wealth almost always exercises a sobering and elevating influence. So whenever Mrs.

Belding was in doubt in any matter of money, she asked Arthur to dine with her, and settle the vexing questions somewhere between the soup and the coffee. It was a neighborly service, freely asked and willingly rendered.

library, he saw a lady sitting by the fire whom he took to be Mrs. Balding; but as she rose and made a step towards him, he discovered that she was not in mourning. The quick twilight was thickening into night, and the rich glow of the flaming coal in the grate, deepening the shadows in the room, while it prevented

him from distinguishing the features of her face, showed him a large full form with a grace of movement which had something even of majesty in it.

"I see you have forgotten me," said a voice as rich and full as the form from which it came. "I am Alice Belding."

"Of course you are, and you have grown

as big and beautiful as you threatened to," said Farnham, taking both the young girl's hands in his, and turning until she faced the fire-light. It was certainly a bonny face which the red light shone upon, and quite uncommon in its beauty. The outline was very pure and noble; the eyes were dark-brown and the hair was

of tawny gold, but the complexion was of that clear and healthy pallor so rarely met with among blonde women. The finest thing about her face was its expression of perfect serenity. Even now, as she stood looking at Farnham, her hands in his, her cheek flushed a little with the evident pleasure of the

With the evident pleasure of the meeting, she received his gaze of unchecked admiration with a smile as quiet and unabashed as that of a mother greeting a child.

"Well, well!" said Farnham, as they seated themselves, "how long has it taken you to grow to that stature?" "When did

"Two years ago," she answered, in that rich and gentle tone which was a delight to the ear. "I was at home last summer, but you were away—in Germany, I think."

"Yes, and we looked for you in vain at Christmases and Thanksgivings."

"Mamma came so often to New York that there seemed no real necessity of my coming home until I came for good. I had so much to learn, you know. I was quite old and very ignorant when I started away."

"And you have come back quite young and very learned, I dare say."

TO BE CONTINUED.

