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THE HALL IN THE GROVE.

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE BY-PATHS.



MR. Robert Fenton sat down in the little red-covered chair in the dining-room, broom in hand, and wiped from her usually bright eyes two large tears.

That dining-room was a fair and pretty creation. A poem, or a picture, done into real life. Mrs. Fenton had never written a poem; never painted a picture; but she had woven a touch of the genius that has to do with these, into the furnishing of this home room. A sitting-room it was, as well as dining-room.

In fact, the proper name for it might have been the tea-room; for the prosaic meals of breakfast and dinner were taken in a commoner spot, and the dainty teas, set out on fair damask, and garnished with china and silver, were all that she permitted here.

There was nothing very remarkable about the furnishings. I am not sure that the Fentons had money enough to be remarkable. There was just that delicate blending of shades and tints, just that disposal of a few yards of muslin and lace, just that arrangement of a pot of ferns and a jar of fuchsias and a box of violets, that, united, form a fair whole; resting the eyes—yes, and the very hearts of lookers-on.