

ness, which looked as if it might be the precursor of an illness like her mother's.

It was a lovely summer morning at Ivystone, which never looked more charming than in June. The lilacs still wore their somewhat fading bloom—they were late that year—and the Tartarean honeysuckle and snowy Gueldres roses were just beginning to wane before the coming glory and fragrance of syringa, and honeysuckle, and early summer roses that were already making a flush of rich colour on the shrubbery, and particularly on that portion of it commanded by the Misses Arnold's pretty little morning room.

The house at Ivystone was a large one, built in a rather imposing style. It was of grey stone, somewhat irregular, with pointed gables and gothic windows, and at one end a double two-story piazza, commanding a lovely view across the sloping green lawn, and the winding river, and the green undulating country on the other side. The piazza, as well as the house itself, was richly draped with the Virginian creeper, which, from its resemblance at a distance to English ivy, had suggested the name of Ivystone. Upon the piazza, in a retired corner, opened the window of the graceful little apartment claimed by the young ladies of the family as their especial retreat, tastefully furnished in bright delicate chintz, and the pale green walls adorned with a few well-chosen photographs and water-colour landscapes.

There, on this particular June morning, were grouped Renée, Lenore, and Pauline Arnold, with their two cousins, the bride expectant and her sister, a girl some two or three years younger, but not nearly so pretty, though with much more character and cleverness in her face. Miss Adelaide Junor was spending the morning with her cousins, as she often did, and was now reclining gracefully in a large arm-chair, declaring herself "so tired, it really was too warm to work," and at the same time contemplating, with a critical eye, the effect of some trimmings on a drapery of gossamer material which Renée was holding up for her inspection.

"I should think the effect would be lovely, Renée," said Adelaide. "Just decide upon it at once. It looks very pretty in the daytime, and would be perfectly charming at night. It's just the very thing you want."

"Yes, only Miss Medwin grumbles a lit-

tle over the work, it will be. She says she hardly likes to undertake it, she has so many dresses on hand," replied Renée, with a rather doubtful air.

"Oh, nonsense! that's what she always says. But she'll find ways and means of getting it done. That's her business, you know." And Addie languidly half closed her eyes, and took up a fan that lay conveniently near. It was warm for June.

"Renée, you can have your dress made as you please," interposed the gentle but decided tones of Lenore. "But please remember, I shall not have mine trimmed in that way, and you want them all alike."

"Come now, Lenore," replied her cousin, in a languid, deprecating tone; "don't you start up with your Quixotic notions, and spoil it all! We want to have the prettiest effect we can; George said so particularly, and it's only once in a way, you know."

"It's always 'only once in a way' for somebody, but it comes very hard all the time on the poor dressmakers; and Addie, I couldn't wear the dress with the least comfort if I thought those poor things had been slaving away at extra work over it this warm weather, when we are glad to sit still and do almost nothing."

"I'm sure I don't know what you call 'almost nothing,'" said Addie. "I know the amount of things I've had to do lately has been something dreadful. Everybody has got to, you know; that's only their way!"

"I'm afraid if we had to work in their way for a while we should soon feel that it was a very different way from ours! There is poor Helen Morgan, the sister of Joe Morgan, that died, you know, Renée. I met her the other day looking like a ghost, and walking as if she could hardly move, and I told her she wasn't fit to be working. 'Oh, it's no use to say that, Miss Lenore,' she said, 'if I were to stop working now, Miss Medwin would never give me work again! She's got so much promised, and the ladies want them all made with so much trimming that it takes us all to do it, every minute we can work. I've been working till past midnight for a week, and up early too; and I've got to go on!' Of course I told her it was wrong to endanger her health so, but what could the poor girl do? And I got a message, a little while ago, to say that she was very ill of bleeding at the lungs-