

too much for the pretty girl; she leaned back in her seat and was fairly convulsed with silent laughter. It was contagious and nearly every one joined her.

Sublime was the air of dignity with which the lady arose and said, "Beatrice, my sweet child, come. It is not fitting that you should remain and hear your mother insulted and ridiculed." Saying this she bowed silently to her hostess and left the room. Silence for a moment followed her departure, when Mrs. Lattimer said, "There, Colonel, you have made an enemy for life:" And, alas for poor Kathleen Fordyce, the happy bride, he had made a bitter enemy for her, too, by his loving but injudicious championship.

"Well, it can't be helped, Mrs. Lattimer. I meant no offence to the old lady, but I won't allow her nor anybody else to abuse my pet, Kathleen. She is my ward and the daughter of my dearest friend."

"Why was the wedding so quiet?" asked pretty Cicely Fordsham.

"Because," replied the Colonel, "she only just left off mourning for her father and on account of the delicate health of Lady Fordyce; but, don't fear, they are to have grand doings at Monkswold after the honeymoon—great rejoicings. All the south wing is being refurnished and prepared for the bride, and the old people are just as much in love with her as Haro'd himself."

"How delightful for her," said Cicely, "I hope they will invite us down for the festivities, don't you, Mrs. Lattimer?"

"I am invited, my dear," that lady answered. "I am one of Lady Fordyce's girlhood friends, you know; and what is more, I am asked to take a friend of mine down with me. I wonder if she will come. Her name is Cicely Fordsham."