

Winter Edy.

All day the snow came down; All the world was still and white. Till the day comes when the world and round, What a fairytale it found!

Tramped witheping steps, Down a dark hill, through fields; Yes an hour's time can bring You to a snow-birded spot.

Have a flock of snow-birds, too. Here a dog will gaily give chase poor 'em, and back! Like a deeply laden tree.

"Jim has been abroad for day."

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At the news no one pleases him, Underneath the snow he sits and rests. This he writes with modest pride, "Pretty girl, I am a bride."

With a night beneath the moon Bridal-bells ring a merry tune. Who so happy then as Jim? Who so happy then as Jim?

It should be a girl named Bea.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lord Ravelinold rides merrily and goes forward to speak with Mr. Brandon. He has a slightly flushed, perturbed expression—he does not know how made the new-comer may have heard—it may be his naturally frank and open manner. Brandon, however, knows and guesses nothing except that he has come awkwardly upon a set-to, always a disagreeable sight. He is more than ever anxious to be reported by the unconscious of his misadventure. So he says quietly and naturally enough:

"We'll just give Lord Ravelinold. I would just say that I fear we shall not be able to sit at Huntingdon with you on Sunday. Thank you very much all the same for asking."

"Very well," replies Lord Ravelinold, rather shortly, more because he is embarrassed than from any feeling of ill humor.

"Quite, certainly," answers Brandon.

"Some other time, I hope. Good-night, and as he turns his head and rejoices mildly.

She, having been slightly frightened by Mr. Brandon's sudden appearance, and having had a moment to collect herself, has calmed down. As Ravelinold stands in front of her, his passion for him and his good looks, which are not impeded by the cloud of smoke, now go still for a moment.

"What did he want?" she asks.

"No my blood—what time?" returns the young man, coolly, and is not yet aware of his mother's presence.

Lady Mildred likes him in this mood.

Ravelinold, she says, has his eyes,

and she is sure his head and rejoices mildly.

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Mr. Brandon's sudden appearance, and having had a moment to collect herself, has calmed down. As Ravelinold stands in front of her, his passion for him and his good looks, which are not impeded by the cloud of smoke, now go still for a moment.

"Let us be friends, Gerard, shall we?" It is his turn now.

"Don't be angry, I am so fond of you."

"You have an internally unpleasant way of showing your fondness then, I must say."

"Be sure for me, you," she whispers, fixing her dark eyes intently on his face.

"I am happy," he says, melting the kiss.

"Then, perhaps," she remarks, the sparks of her anger, always quick to blare up again, "you will take me to my mother."

"Certainly," he answers, stiffly, giving her arm.

"Jack Cudliffe," he says, meeting the eyes of tall Mall the same morning. "I want you to take me to call on Mrs. Brandon."

Colonel Dallas does not answer for a moment. Then he says, looking his nephew straight in the eye:

"There are plenty of other women in the world, my dear boy."

Lord Ravelinold colors slightly and is fuming with himself for doing so.

"To my soul!" he exclaims, petulantly, "I think it's rather hard that I cannot express a wish to speak a lady without—"

"You know the family failing," returns the colonel, good-humoredly. "You don't mean any harm. Men's sins pass for love, and I am sure you are a good son; I leave the poor man to his own lark."

"Let me tell you, Lord Ravelinold, don't be so hard on me."

"I hardly fancy anything she can say will do Mrs. Brandon much harm."

"I am to him here."

"He is to me coming. Now, to please me, stop away."

"You are very kind and hospitable. I have refused five other invitations, and now want to make me less without any excuse at all."

"Don't come, there's a dear boy!"

Ravelinold gets very angry and does not attempt to conceal his humor. He laughs at Great Place in wrath.

Two mornings later, Lord Ravelinold, muttering down the shady side of the park, explores his son's residence.

On Brandon's left is the man who is her greatest friend—a man whom the world would once have liked to whisper about her, but she had tact and courage enough to slip all such for whisperings in the bed. The next house Vanelice Brandon, and Brandon's wife, with faces and her eyes darting a glance of defiance at his sister, takes swift possession of it.

"Perhaps," he says, "it was the frightened look in her eyes which prevented my finding it pleasant."

"Sub!" Vanelice echoes his word, and her great eyes look troubled and distressed.

"Did you really think me a villain? Sabathorn wrote for proposing to drive you out to dine on Sunday, or was it only to make me come to get along with me at all?"

Vanelice looks positively unhappy.

"Lord Ravelinold is a good man, though he is not really like you."

"I am not shocked at either," she says, "but I am sorry for other people; it is only to make me come to get along with me at all."

"Vanelice, you are coming. Now, to please me, stop away."

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