UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER L. Continued OHAPTER L. Continued.

I drew my hand away with an offended air; when Uncle Max wished to tease of punish me he always reminded me that the name of Ursula signified she bear, and would sometimes call me "the little black growler;" and at such times threas provoking to think that Sara signified princess. If have always wondered how far and flow athough our baptismal names influence us 100, course he would not let me walk beside him in that dignified manner; the pext instant I heard his clear hearty laugh, and then I laughed his clear hearty laugh, and then I, laughed

too. "What an absurd child you are? Lwas thinking over your letter as I walked along. It did not bring me to London, certainly; I had business of my own; but, all the same, I have walked across the Park this evening to talk to you about this extraordinary scheme.

But I would not let him go on. He was about to cross the road, so I took his arm and turned him back. And there was the gray mist creeping up between the trees, and the lamps glimmer in the distance, and the faint

pink glow had not yet died away.
"It is so quiet here," I pleaded, "and l could not get you alone for a moment if we went in. Uncle Brian will be there, and Jill, and we could not say a word. Aunt Philippa and Sara have gone to see Lesbia. I have been driving with them all the afternoon. Sara has been shopping, and how bored I

"You uncivilized little heathen!" Then, very gravely, "Well, how is poor Lesbia?".
"Do not waste your pity on her," I returned, impatiently. "She is as well and cheerful as possible. Even Sara says so. She is not breaking her heart about Charlie. She has left off mourning, and is as gay as ever."
"You are always hard on Lesbia," he returned gently. "She is young, my dear, you

forget that, and a pretty girl, and very much admired. It always seems to me she was very fond of the poor fellow."

"She was good to him in his illness, but she never cared for Charlie as he did for her. He worshipped the very ground she walked on. He thought her perfection. Uncle Max, it was pitiful to hear him sometime. He would tell me how sweet and unselfish she was, and all the time I knew she was but an ordinary, commonplace girl. It he had lived to marry her he would have been disappointed in her. He was so large-hearted, and Lashia has such little aims."

"So you always say, Ursula. But you as I uttered a dissenting protest to this,-" he was a fine fellow, and his was a most ovable character; but it was his last illness ibat ripen id him."

returned, in a choked voice. "That was because you loved him; and no doubt Lesbia possessed the same ideal goodness for him. Love throws its own glamour. he went on, and his voice was unusually grave; "it does not believe in commonplace mediocrity; it lifts up its idol to some fanciful pedestal, where the poor thing feels very uncomfortable and out of its element, and

will create our own divinities." Lesbia would have disappointed him, not find it in his heart to be hard to a pretty | their homes. And he promised that he would

We humans are very droll, Ursula; we

girl. "That is open to doubt, my dear. Leabia is amiable and charming, and I dare say she help menow." And as I thought of the symwould have made a nice little wife. Poor pathy that had never failed me my voice Charlie hated clever women, and in that respect she would have suited him.'

own views with remarkable tenacity; he place for good people, or people with a craze, had old-fashioned notions with respect to I think Charlie is well out of it." women. rather singular in so young a man,-for he was only thirty; preferred to believe in their goodness, in spite of any amount of demonstration to the contrary; it vexed him to be reminded of the shortcomings of his friends; by nature he they find half a dozen fools to faith in people's good intentions. "He to found a new Utopia. Women are the meant well, poor fellow, in spite of his fail most meddlesome things in creation; they ures," was a speech I have heard more than never let well alone. Their pretty little once from his lips. He was always realy to condone a fault or heal a breach; indeed, his sweet nature found it difficult to bear a little meat, and, of course, our digestion is grudge against any one; he was only hard to ruined. himself, and on no one else did he strive to impose so heavyla yoke. I wasjonly silent for a minute, and then I turned the conversation into another channel.

But my letter. Uncle Max !" "Ah, true, your letter; but I have not forgotten it. How old are you, Ursula? I always forget."

Five-and-twenty this month." To be sure ; I ought to have remembered. And you have three hundred a year of your I nodded.

"And your present home is distasteful to you?" in an inquiring tone.

"It is no home to me," I returned, passionately. "Oh, Uncle Max, how can one call it no sudden emanation from a girl's brain, home after the dear old rectory, where we morbid with discentent and fruitless longings; were so happy, father and mother, and it had grown with my youth and had become

"Yes. I know, poor child; and you have had heavy troubles. It cannot be like the father into one cottage after another in his old home, I am well aware of that, Ursula ; but your aunt is a good woman. I have always found her strictly just. She was your father's only sister; when she offered you a tution that was not naturally strong. I achome she promised to treat you with every companied my mother, too, in her errands of indulgence, as though you were her own

daughter." "Aunt Philippa means to be kind," I said, struggling to repress my tears,—tears the gross mismanagement and want of always troubled Uncle Max; "she is cleanly and thrifty habits led to an amount kind in her way, and so is Sara. I have of discomfort and suffering that even every comfort, every luxury; they want me cow makes me shudder, to be gay and enjoy myself, to lead their life; was overgrown and inaufficient but it only makes me miserable; they do not the grester part of the population understand me; they see I do not think with belonged to the working classes. them, and then they laugh at me and call me morbid. No one really wants me but poor

Jill; I am so fond of Jill." 'Why cannot you lead their life, Ursula?" " Because it is not life at all," was my resolute answer; "to me it is the most wearisome existence possible. Listen to me, Uncle Max. Do you think I could possibly spend my days as Sara does, -writing a few notes. doing a little fancy-work, shopping and paying visits, and dancing half the night? Do you think you could transform such a poor little Cinderella into a fairy princess, like Sara or Lesbia? No; the drudgery of such a lite would kill me with ennui and discon-

"It is not the life I would choose for you. perplexity: "it is far too worldly to suit my taste; if Charlie had lived you would have drink and are merry, for it is none of their some young fellow, nearly two-and-twenty, made your home with him. He often talked business, and yet it is not the will of the and his father's idol; no wonder Uncle Brian to me about that, poor fellow. I thought a Father that one of these little ones should had grown so much older and graver during a year or two at Hyde Park Gate would do you no harm, and might be wholesome training; but it has proved a failure, I see that." They would be hannier without me.

would have taken more interest in me if I had been handsome, like Sara; but a plain, dowdy in lece is not to her taste. No, let me finish. Uncle Max,"—for he wanted to interrupt me to a few: do your duty."

here. "They made a great fuss about my training at the hospital last year, but I am sure they did not miss me. Sara spoke yes terday as though the shought I was going And once, in her last illness, when Charlie hack to Sa Thomasks and Canat Philippe. would have taken more interest in me if I had

girls that she was prepared for soything, even for her being a female doctor." "Well, my dear, you are certainly rather

peculiar, you know: " I said, mournfully, "are you going to misunderstand me too? Providence has deprived me of my parents and my only brother; is it strong-minded or peculiar to be so lonely and sad at heart that gayety only jars on me? Can I forget my mother's teaching when she said, 'Ursula, if you live for the world you will be miserable. Try to do your duty and benefit your fellow creatures, and happiness must follow'?"

"Yes, poor Emmie, she was a good woman you might do worse than take after her.' "She would not approve of the life I am leading at Hyde Park Gate," I went on, "She and Aunt Philippa never cared for each other. I often think that if she had known she would not have liked me to be there. Sundays are wretched. We go to church?-yes, because it is respectable to do so; but there is a sort

of reunion every Sunday evening"
"I wish I could ofer you a home, Ursula but-" here Uncle Max hesitated. "That would not do at all," I returned, promptly; " your bachelor home would not

do for me; besides, you might marry -of course you will," but he flushed rather uncomfortably at that, and said, " Pshaw ! what nonsense!" We had paused under a lamp-post and I could see him plainly : perhaps he knew this, for he hurried me on, this time in the direction of home.

"I am five-and-twenty," I continued, trying to collect the salient points of my argument. "I am indebted to none for my maintenance; I am free, and my own mistress; I neglect no duty by refusing to live under Uncle Brian's roof; no one wants me; I contribute to no one's happiness."

"Except to Jill's," observed Uncle Max. "Jill! but she is only a child, barely sixteen, and Sara is becoming jealous of my influence. I shall only breed dissension in the women are so severe in your judgment of household if I remain. Uncle Max, you are each other. I doubt myself it the girl lives a good man,—a clergyman; you cennot conwhom you would have considered good scientiously tell me that I am not free to lead enough for Charlie. Yes, yes, my dear,"- my own life, to choose my own work in the

"Perhaps not," he replied, in a hesitating voice. "But the scheme is a peculiar one. You wish me to find respectable lodgings in "He was always perfect in my eyes," I my parish, where you will be independent and free from supervision, and to place your superfluous health and strength—you are a muscular Christian, Ursula—at the service of my sick poor, and for this post you have previously trained yourseif."

"I think it will be a good fort of life," I returned, carelessly, but how my heart was beating! "I like it so much, 1 should like and then persists in faling downand worshipping you, Uncle Max, and work under you as my vicar. I have thought about this for years. Charlie and I often talked of it. I was to live with him and Leabla and devote I persisted, obstinately; but I might as well my time to this work. He thought it such have talked to the wind. Uncle Max could a nice idea to go and nurse poor people in come and sing to them. But now I must carry out my plan alone, for Charles cannot quivered and I could say no more.

"I wish we were all in heaven," growled After this I knew it was no good in trying Uncle Max-but his tone was a little husky to change his opinion. Uncle Max held his | -" for this world is a most uncomfortable

"Under which category do you mean to he place me ?" I asked, trying to laugh,

"My dear, there is a craze in most women have such an obstinate faith

was an optimist, and had a large amount of lieve in them, they will start a crusade That is why fingers are in every human pie. we get so much unwholesome crust and to "Uncle Max-" But he would not b

serious any longer. "Ursula, 1 utterly refuse to inhale any more of this mist. I think a comfortable arm-chair by the fire would be far more conducive to comfort. You have given me plenty of food for thought, and I mean to sleep on it. Now, not another word. I am going to ring the bell." And Uncle Max was

CHAPTER II.

as good as his word.

BRIUND THE BARS.

It was quite true, as I had told Uncle Max. that the echeme had been no new one; it was part of my environment. As a child the thought had come to me as I followed my house-to-house visitation. He had been a conscientious, hard-working clergyman; in fact, his work killed him, for he ovetasked a consti mercy, and saw a great deal of the minery engendered by drink, ignorance and want of forethought. In the case of the sick poor,

now makes me shudder. The parish was overgrown and insufficiently worked; belonged to the working classes dissenting chapels and gin-palaces flourished Often did my childish heart ache at the surroundings of some squalid home, where the parents toiled all day for worse than naught, just to satisfy their unhealth cravings, while the children grew up rictons, half starved, and full of inherited vices. There was a little child I saw once, a cripple dying slowly of some spinal disease, lying in a dark corner, on what seemed to me a heap of rags. Oh, God, I can see that child's face now! I remember when we

heard of its death my mother burst into tears. They were tears of joy, she told me afterwards, that another suffering child's life was ended; "and there are hundreds and hundreds of these little creatures, Ursula," certainly," he said, pulling his beard in some she said, "growing up in sin and misery: and the world goes on, and people eat and

> nerish I had learned much from my father, but still more from my mother. Uncle Max had called her a good woman, but she was more than that; she possessed one of those rare

oase. Aunt Philipps does not mean to be with their own personal happiness; they unkind, but she often lets me see that I am wish to include the whole world. She wanted in the way, that she is not proud of me. She to inculcate in me her own spirit of selfsacrifice. I can remember some of her short,

Anil once, in her last illness, when Charlie askediff, she were comfortable, "Not very, but I shall soon be quite comfortable, for I back to St. Thomasis, and Aunt Philippa askedif she were comfortable, "Not very, made no objection." I heartf her tell Mrs. but I shall soon be quite comfortable, for I Fullerton once that resily Ursula was shall hope to forget in heaven how little I so strong minded and different from other bave done, after all here; and yet I always wanted to help others."

Oh, how good she was! And Charlie was good too, after the fashien of young men; not altogether thoughtless, full of the promptings of his kind heart; but Uncle Max was right when he said his last illness had ripened him: it was not the old careless Charlie who had woodd Lesbia who lay there; it was another and a better Charlie.

In the old cass he had rallied me in a brotherly manner on my old-fashfoned; grave ways. "You are not a modern young lady, Ursie," he would say; and he would often call me " grandmother Ursula;" but all the same he would listen to my plans with the

ntmost tolerance and good nature.

Ah, those talks in the twilight, before the fatal disease developed itself, and he lay in idle fashion on the coach with his arms under his head, while I sat on the footstool or on the rug in the firelight! We were to live together,-yes, that was always the dream; even when Leabla's fair face came between us he would not hear of any difference. I was to live with him and Lesbia Lesbia was rich, and, though Charlie had little, they were to marry soon.

I was to form a part of that luxurious household, but my time was to be my own, and I was to devote it to the sick poor of Rutherford. "Mind, Ureula, you may work but I will not have you overwork " Charlie had once said, more decidedly than usual; " you must come home for hours of rest and refreshment. You have a beautiful voice, and it shall be properly trained; you may sing to your invalids as much as you like, and sometimes I will come and sing too: but you must remember you have social duties, and I shall expect you to entertain our friends." And it was the idea of this dual life of home sympathy and outside work that had so strongly seized upon my imagination."

When Charlie died I was too sick at heart to carry out my plan. "How can one work alone ?" I would say sorrowfully to myself; but after a time the emptiness of my life and dissatisfaction with my surroundings brought back the old thoughts.

I remembered the dear old rectory life, where every one was in earnest, and contrasted it with the trifling pursuits that my aunt and cousin called duties. My present existence seemed to shut me in like prison bars. Only to be free, to choose my own life! And then came emancipation in the shape of hard hospital work, when health and spirits returned to me; when, under the stimulus of useful employment and constant exercise of body and mind. I slept better, fretted less. and looked less mournfully out on the world. Uncle Max was right when he said a year at St. Thomas's would save me.

By and by the idea dawned upon me that 1 might still carry out my plan; there were poor people at Heathfield, where Uncle Max's parish was. What should hinder me from living there under Uncle Max's wing and trying to combine the two lives. as Charlie wished?

I was young, full of activity. I did not wish to shut myself out from my kind. I could discharge my duties to my own class and enjoy a moderate amount of pleasure. I was young enough to desire that; but the greater part of my time would be placed at the disposal of my poorer neighbors. People might think it singular at first, but they would not talk forever, and the life would be a happy one to me.

All this had been said in that voluminous letter of mine to Uncle Max: he might argue and shake his head over it, thereby proving himself a wise man, but he could not but know that I was absolutely under my own control, as far as a woman could be. I need ask no one's advice in the disposal of my own life; his own and Uncle Brian's guardianship was merely nominal now. After five-and twenty I was declared my own mistress in overv sense of the word.

Uncle Brian came out to meet us as soon as he heard Unole Max's voice in the hall; the two were very great friends, and they shook hands cordially.

"Glad to see you, Canliffe; why did you not let us know that you were coming up to town? We could have put you up easily-

eh, Ursula?"
"Yes, indeed, Uncle Brian; and then I added, coaxingly, "Do please send for your portmanteau, Uncle Max; you know Lesbia is seming this evening, and you are such a a favorite with her." I knew this would be a strong inducement, for Uncle Max's soft heart would insist on treating Lesbia as though she were a widowed princess.

"All right," he returned, in his lazy way, and then I took the matter into my own hands by leaving the room at once to consult with Mrs. Martin. Aunt Philippa's house keeper. As I closed the door I glanced back for another look at Uncle Max. He had thrown himself into an easy-chair, as though he were tired, and was leaning back with his hands under his head in Charlie's fashion leeking up at Uncle Brian, who was standing on the rug.

I always thought Uncle Brian a ver handsome man. He had clear, well cut features and a gray moustache, and he was quiet and dignified. He always looked to me, with his brown complexion, more like an Indian officer than a wealthy banker. There was nothing commercial in his appearance; but I should have admired him more if he had been less cold and repressive in manner; but he was an un demonstrative man, even to his own chil

I remember hinting this once to Uncle Max, and he had rebuked me more severely than he had ever done before. "I do not like young girls like you, Ursula

to be so critical about their elders. Garston is an excellent fellow; he has plenty of brains. and always does the right thing, however difficult it might be. Men are not like women, my dear: they often hide their deepest feelings. Your poor uncle has never been quite the same man since Ralph's death, and just as he was getting over his boy's loss a little he had a fresh disappointment with Charlie: he always meant to put him in Ralph's place.

I was a little ashamed of my criticism when Max said this. I felt I had not sufficient allowance for Uncle Brian; the death of his only son must have been a dreadful blow. Ralph had died at Oxford; they said he had overworked himself in trying for honors and then had taken a chill. He was a fine, handthe last few years.

And he had been fond of Charlie, and had meant to have him in Ralph's place; my poor I went on, more quietly, for he was evitan that; she possessed one of those rare lived. Uncle Brian would have taken him kept her down. She was not naturally gay hair had been cropped in some illness, and satisfied dently coming round to my view of the unselfish natures that cannot remain satisfied into the bank, and Lesbia and her like Sars, though her health was good, and had not grown so fast as they expected, but sugar.

fortune were promised to him, but she was as powerful as a young Amazon. Her hung in short thick lengths about her neck; the goodly heritage was snatched away before nature was more sombre and took color from it was always getting into her eyes, and was being pushed back impatiently. But the

daintily for her special use. I de not daintily for her special use. I do not and the velvety softness of the grass, would "Famphose it will be settled," I replied, a cold or was otherwise allieg; the drawing carriages were passing, horses cantaring, mention of the subject excited mentions. room was always full of company, and Sara was the life of the house. I used to peep in at the pretty room sometimes as I went up to hed: there were few notes written at the inlaid escritoire, and the handsomely-bound books were never taken down from the shelves. Draper, Aunt Philippa's maid, fed the canaries and dusted the cabinets of china Sometimes Sara would trip into the room with one of her cronies for a spechat; the ripple of their girlish cial laughter would reach us as Jill and I sat to-gether. "Whom has Sara got with her this aft rnoon?" Jill would say, peevishly, through that long sonats. "Do listen to them; they do nothing but laugh. If Fraulein had set her all these exercises she would not feel quite so merry, Jill would finish, throwing the obnoxious book from her with a little burst of impatience. I always pitied Jill for having to spend

her days in such a dull room: the furniture was ugly sni the windows looked out on a dismal lak yard, with the high walls of the opposite building Aunt Philipra, who was a rigid disciplinarian with her young daughter, always said that she had chosen the room "because Jill would have nothing to distract her from her studies.' The poor child would put up her shoulders at this remark and draw down the corners of her lips in a way that would make Aunt Philippa scold her for her awkwardness. 'You need not make yourself plainer than you are Jocelyn," she would say, severely; for Jill's awkward manners troubled her motherly vanity. "What is the good of all the dancing and drilling and riding with Captain Cooper, if you will persist in hunching your shoulders as though you were deformed? Fraulein has been complaining of you this morning; she seems ex cessively displeased at your carelessness and went of application." "I know I shall get stupid, shut up in that dull hole with Fraulein," Jill would say, passionately, after one of these maternal lectures. Aunt Philippa was really very fond of Jill; but she misunderstoud the girl's nature. The system had answered so well with Sara that she could not be brought to comprehend why it should fall with her other child. Sara had grown up blooming and radiant in spite of the depressing influences of Fraulein and the dull rairew school room. Her music and singing masters had come to her there. Little Madame Blanchard had chirped to her in Parisian accent for the hour together over les modes and le beau Paris. Sara had danced and drilled with the other young ladies at Miss Dugald's select establishment, and had joined them at the riding school or

in the cavalcade under Captain Cooper. Sara had worn her bondage lightly, and had fascinated even grim eld Herr Schlieffer. Her tact and easy adaptability had kept Fraulein Sonnecechein in a state of tepid good humor. Every one, even cross old Draper, idolized Sara for her beauty and sprightly ways. When Aunt Phillippa declared her education finished she tripped out of the school-reom as happily as possible, to take possession of her grand new bedroom and the little boudoir, where all her girlish treasures were arranged. She had not been the least impatient for her day of freedom; it would all come in good time. When the sovereignty acknowledged by the whole household, the young princess was not a bit excited. She put on her court dress and made her courtesy to her majesty with the same charming unconsciousness and lase of manner. No wonder people were charmed with such good humor and treshness. If the glossy hair did not cover a large amount of brains, no one found fault with her for that.

Jill raged and stormed fiercely under Sara's light-hearted philosophy; when her sister told her to be patient under Fraulein's yoke, that a good time was coming for her also, when lesson-books would be shut up, and Herr Schliefer would cease to scatter spuff on the carpet as he sat drumming with his fingers on the key-board and grunting out brief interjections of impatience.

"What does it matter about Herr Schliefer ?" Jill would say, in a sort of fury. I like him a hundred times better than I do that mineing little poll-parrot of a Madame Blanchard; she is odious, and I hate her, and I hate Fraulein too. It is not the lesson I mind; one has to learn lessons all one's life; it is being shut up like a bird in a cage when one's wings are ready for flight. I should like to fly away from this room, from Fraulein, from the whole of the horrid set; it makes me cross, wicked, to live like this, and all your sugar-plums will do me no good. Go sway, Sara; you do not understand as Ursula does. It makes me feel bad to see you standing there, looking so pretty and happy, and just laughing at me.'

"Of course I laugh at you, Jocelyn, when you behave like a baby," returned Sara, trying to be severe, only her dimples betrayed her. "Well, as you are so cross, I shall go away. There is the chocolate I promised you. 'Ta-ta.'' And Sara put down the bonbonnière on the table and walked 'out of the room,

I was not surprised to see Jill push it away. No one understood the poor child but myself; she was precocious, womanly, for her age; she had twenty times the amount of brains that Sara possessed, and she was starving on the education provided for her.

To dance and drill and write dreary German exercises, when one is thirsting to drink deeply at the well of knowledge; to go round and round the narrow monotonous course that had sufficed for Sara's moderate abilities, like the blind horse at the mill, and never to advance an inch out of the beaten track, -this was simply maddening to Jill's sturdy in-tellect. She often told me how she longed to attend classes, to hear lectures, to rub against full-grown minds.

" Now, Mc-ass Joselyn, we will do a little of se Wallenstein, by the immortal Schiller. Hold up the head, and leave off striking the table with your elbows." Jill would give a droll imitation of Fraulein, and end with a

groan. "What does she know about Schiller?" She cannot even comprehend him. She is dense,—atterly dense and stupid; but because she knows her own language and has a correct deportment she is fit to teach me." And Jill ground her little white teeth in impotent wrath. Jill always appeared to me like an infant Pegasus in barnegs; she wanted boy would have been a rich one if he had to soar, -to make use of her wings, and they

and the velvety softwess of the grass, would happy-locking people in swart bonnets, in gorgoous mantles, driving about everywhere; children would be running up and down the paths in the park, flower-sellers would stand offering their innocent wares to the passengers. Jill would sit entranced by her mother's window watching them; the sunshine, the glitter, the hubbub, intoxicated her; she made up stories by the dozen, as her dark eyes fellowed the gay equipages. When Fraulcin summoned her she went away reluctantly; the stories got into her head, and stopped there all the time she labored

"Why are your fingers all thumbs to-day, Fraulein?" Horr Schlieffer would demand, gloomily. Jill, who was really fond of the stern old profeseor, hung her head and blushed guiltly. She had no excuse to offer; her girlish dreams were sacred to her; they came gliding to her through the most intricate passages of the sonata, now with a staccoto movement,-brisk, lively,-with fitful energy, now andante, then crescendo, con passione. Jill's unformed, girlish hands strike the chords wildly, angrily. "Dolce, dolce," screams the professor in her ears. The music softens, wanes, and the dreams seem to die away, too. "That will do, Fraulein; you have not acquitted yourself so badly, after all." And Jill gets off her music-stool reluctant, absent, half awake, and her daydream broken up into chaos,

CHAPTER III. OINDERELLA.

As I spened the school-room door a half forgotten picture of Cinderella came vividly

The fire had burnt low; a heap of black ashes lay under the grate; and by the duit red glow I could see Jills forlorn figure, very indistinctly, as she sat in her favorite attitude on the rug, her arms clasping her knees, and her short black locks hanging loosely over her shoulders. She gave a little shrill exclamation of pleasure when she saw

me.
"Ah, you dear darling bear, do come and hug me," she cried, trying to get up in a hurry, but her dress entengled her.
"Where is Fraulein?" lasked, pushing

her back into her place, while I knelt down to manipulate the miscrable fire. "Jill, you look just like Cinderella when the proud sisters drove away to the ball. My dear, were you asleep? Why are you sitting in the dark. with the fire going out, and the lamp unlighted? There, it only wanted to be stirred; we shall have light by which to see other's faces directly."

" Fraulein has a headache and has gone to lie down," returned Jill, and, though I could not see her clearly, I knew at once by her voice that she had been crying; only she would have been forious if I pad noticed the fact, "I hope I am not very wicked, but Fraulein's headaches are the redeeming points in her character; she has them so often, and then she is obliged to lie down."

"Of course you have offered to bathe her

"Oh, yes, and I spoke to her civilly; but I suppose she saw the savage gleam of de-light in my eyes, for she was as cross as por-I pertainly do not love, will sible, and went away muttering that ' Moces Joselyn had the heart like the flint; if it had been Meess Sara, now ——' and then she banged the door, so the pain could not have been so bad after all. It is my belief," went on Jill, "that Fraulein always has a headache when she has a novel to finish. Mamma does not like her to set me an example of novel-reading, so she is obliged to lock herself in her own room."

I took no notice of this statement, as I rather leaned to this view of the subject myself. Fraulein's round placed face and excellent appetite showed no signs of suffering, and her constant plea of a bad headache was only received with any credulity by Aunt Philippa herself; neither Sara nor had much respect for Fraulein Sonnenschein with her thick little figure, and big head covered with flimsy flaxen plaits. We were both aware of the smooth selfishness of her character, though Sara chose to ignore it for Jill's benefit. She was industrious, painstaken, and capable of a great deal of dull routine in the way of duties, but she was far too fond of her own comfort, and all the affection of which she was capable was lavished upon her own relatives; she had cared for Saramoderately, but her other pupil, Jill, was a thorn in her side. So I passed over Fraulein's headache without comment. and took Jill to task somewhat sharply for the comfortless state of the room, A good scolding would rouse her from her dejection; the blinds were up and the curtams undrawn; the remains of a meal, the usual five-o'clock school-room tea, were still on the table. Jill's German books were heaped up beside her empty oup and the glass dish that contained marmalade; the kettle spluttered stocking across the rug.
"I forgot to ring for Martha," faltered Jill;

"she will come presently. Don't be cross, Ursula. I like the room as it is; it is de deliciously untidy, just like Cinderella's kitchen; but there is no hope of the fairy godmother; and you are going away, and I shall be ten times more miserable."

It was this that was troubling her, then; tor I had told her my plans and all about my letter to Uncle Max. Perhaps she had heard his voice in the hall, for Jill's pretty little ears heard everything that went on in the house : she admitted her knowledge at once when I taxed her with it.

"Oh, yes, I know Mr. Cunliffe is here. I heard papa go out and speak to him; his voice sounded quite cheerful; and now he has come and it will all be settled; and you will go away and be happy with your poor people, and forget that I am fretting myself to death in this horrid room,"

Titaness,—and was wrapping her arms on the bed, and had warmed my dressing-around me with a sort of fierce impatience: gown; she would come to me by and by Her big eyes looked troubled and affectionate. Few people admired Jill; she was undeveloped and awkward, full of angles and a little brusque in manner; she had a way of thrusting out her big feet and squaring her shoulders that horrified Aunt you sprinkle the salt of economy and prudence Philippa. She was very big, certainly, and would never possess Sara's slim grace. Her " The man that wants the earth doesn't seem

her surroundings.

She was like a child in the sunshine; plenty of life and movement distracted her fling like an unbroken pony; for she was like a child in the sunshine; plenty of life and movement distracted her fling like an unbroken pony; for she was

shis eyes, and he was called away in and motion his eyes, and he was called away in and motion of his youth.

I always thought Uncle Brian liked Max better than any other man; he was always less stiff and frigid in his presence. I could hear his low laugh—Uncle Brian never laughed loudly—as I closed the door; Max hed said semething that amused him. They would be quite happy without me, so if ran up to the school-room on the chance of getup to the school-room on the chance of getup to the school-room was on the second fisor, Tree were only a few brown sparrows, or a stray cat little opened her big bright eyes, and her completion allghtly sal time of a stray cat little opened her big bright eyes, and her good look allent of the complete from her window. From the drawing-room, there was a charming view of the trees, on her expression:

She was like a coning in the distracted her filing like an unbroken pony; for she was plenty of life and movement distracted her filing like an unbroken pony; for she was plenty of life and movement distracted her filing like an unbroken pony; for she was plenty of life and movement distracted her filing like an unbroken pony; for she was plenty of life and movement distracted her filing like an unbroken pony; for she was plenty of life and movement distracted her filing like an unbroken pony; for she was plenty of life and movement distracted her filing like an unbroken pony; for she was plenty of life and movement distracted her filing like an unbroken pony; for she was plenty of life and movement distracted her filing like an unbroken pony; for she was plenty of life and movement distracted her filing like an unbroken pony; for she was plenty of life and movement distracted her filing like an unbroken pony; for she was plenty of life and movement distracted her filing like an unbroken pony; for she was plenty of she was

mention of the subject excited me; "but you will be a good child and not fret if I do go away. No, I shall never forget you," as a close hug answered me; "I love you too dearly for that; but I want you to be brave about it, dear, for I cannot be happy wasting my time and doing nothing. You know how till I was before I went to St. Thomas 3, so that Uncle Max was obliged to tell Aunt Philippa that I must have change and hard work, or I should follow Charlie."

"Oh, yes, and we were all so frightened about you, you poor thing; you tooked so pinched and miserable. Well, I suppose I must let you go, as you are so wicked as to disobey the proverb that 'Charity begins at home.'"

"Listen to me, dear," I returned, quite pleased to find her so reasonable, "I am very glad to know that I have been a comfort to you, but I shall hope to be so still. I will write long letters to you, Jill, and tell you all ahout my work, and you shall answer them and talk to me on paper about the books you have read, and the queer thoughts you have, and how patient and strong you have grown, and how you have learned to put up with Fraulein's little ways and not aggravate her with your untidiness." And here Jill's hand, and it was by no means a small hand, closed my lips rather abruptly. But I was used to this sort of sledge-hammer form of argument,

On, it is all very fine for you to sit there and moralize, Uraula, like a sort of sucking Diogenes," grumbled Jill, "when you know you are going to have your own way and live deliciously sort of three-volume-novel life, not like any one else's, unless it were Don Quixote, or one of the Knights of the Round Table, poking about among a lot of strange people, doing wonderful things for them, until they are all ready to worship you. It is all very well for you, I say; but what would you do if you were me?" cried Jill in her shrill treble, and quite oblivious of grammatical niceties; " how would you like to be poor me, shut up here with that old drugon?"

This was a grand opportunity for airing my philosophy, and I rushed at it. amazement, I shook my hair back in the way she usually shook her rough black mane, and opening my eyes very widely, tried to copy Jill's falsetto.
"How thankful I am Jocelyn Garsten

and not Ursula Garston," I said, with rapid staccato "Poor Ursula! I am foud of her, but I would not change places with her for the world. She has known such a let f trouble in her life, more than most girls, believe; she has lost her lovely home, -such a sweet old place,—and her mother and father and Charlie, all her nearest and most beloved, and she is so sad that she wants to try hard and forget her troubles.'
"Oh dear!" sighed Jill at this.

"How bapry I am compared with her!" I went on, relapsing unconsciously into my own voice. "I am young and strong; I have all my life before me. True, poor Ralph has gone, but I was only a child, and did not miss him. I have a good father and an indulging mother" ("Humph !" observed Jill at this head?" I asked, a little mischievously, but point, only she surned it into a cough); "if my Jill, who was unusually subdued, took the present school-room life is not to my taste, I am sensible enough to know that the drudgery and restraint will not last for long; in another I sertainly do not love, will go back to her own country. I shall be free to read the broks I like, to study what I choose, or to be idle. I shall have Sara's cheerful companionship instead of Fraulein's heavy company; I shall ride; I shall walk in the sunshine; I shall be a butterfly instead of a chrysalis; and if I care to be useful, all sorts

of paths will be open to me."

"There, hold your tongue," interrupted Jill, with a rough kiss; of course I know I am a wicked, ungrateful wretch, and that I ought to be more patient. Yes, you shall go, Ursula; you are a darling, but I will not want to keep you; you are too good to be wasted on me; it would be like pouring gold into a sieve. Well, I did cry about it this aftersoon, but I won't be such a goose any more I will live my life the same way, in spite of all of them, you will see if I don't, Ursula. Who is it who says, 'The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts'? I have such big thoughts cometimes, especially when I sit in the dark. I send them out like strange birds, all over the world, -up, up, verywhere, -but they never come back to me again, finished Jill, mourafully; "if they build nests I never know it: I just sit and puzzie out things, like poor little grimy Cinderella.'

Jill's eloquence did not surprise me. I tnew she was very clever, and full of unfladged poetry, and I had often heard her talk in that way; but I had no time to enswer her, for just then the fi at gong sounded, and I could hear Sara running up to her room to dress for dinner. Jill jumped up, and tugged at the bell-rope rather fiercely.

"Martha must have forgotten all about the ter-things; very likely the lamp is smoky an; will have to be trimmed. I must not come and help you, Ursie dear, for I have to and hissed in the blazz; Jill's little black learn my German poetry before I dress." kitten, Sooty, was dragging a half-knitted And Jill pulled down the blinds and drew the curtains with a visorous hand. Martha looked quito frightened at the sight of Jill's energy and her own remissness.

"Why did you not ring before, Miss Jocelyn?" she said, plaintively, and in rather an injured voice, as she carried away the teatray.

Uncle Max passed me in the passage; Clarence was following with his portmanteau; he looked surprised to see me still in my bonnet with my fur cape trailing over one arm; but I nodded to him cheerfully and

went qu'ckly into my room.

My life at St. Thomas's had inured me to pardness; it had contrasted strangely with my luxurious surroundings at Hyde Park Gate. Aunt Philippa certainly treated me well in her way. I had a full share of the loaves and the fishes of the house hold; my room was as prettily fur nished as Jill's; a bright in the grate; there were pink candles on the She had drawn me down on the rug forci- dressing table. Martha, who waited upon bly,—for she had the strength of a young us both, had put out my black evening dress gown; she would come to me by and by

with a civil offer. (To be continued.)

ાં **જા** Riches will never take wings and fly away, if on his tall.

hair had been cropped in some illness, and satisfied when the grocer gives it to him in the

this used lift altog and this

T. M ...I v

An An Con force An

the n

Ch

ment

Ea

for th

excep

Wi

interiousto

used.