

The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

XXI.

With admirable aptitude Rosamond quickly grew into the duties Mrs. Staunton imposed upon her, and the ways of the household. Her grace and beauty pleased her mistress, and her accomplishments constantly surprised that lady, so much so that as time went on she seemed to find the young girl's company more of a pleasure than necessity. She seldom went anywhere without her companion. Something there was, too, in her face and carriage that was more than ordinary, and not unfrequently her mistress imagined she could see traces of good blood in the girl's well bred manners, and this beauty that from the first had attracted her. The small, shapely features she felt sure she had seen in some one before, but in whom she could not think.

Visitors to the house also found a nameless charm about this dainty bewitching companion; the young bloods of fashion especially, but her cold reserve towards them all at times quite staggered them, and to a small degree amused them, for they were accustomed to give smiles, and receive smiles in return. "Egad, Everett, what an unusual beauty that companion of Mrs. Staunton's is!" Francis Heathcote ejaculated one day, as Rosamond with her mistress passed the office, in the family carriage.

Everett struck a match on the heel of his boot and lighting a cigar, glanced out of the window after the carriage.

"Yes," he said loquaciously, "quite prepossessing—my nymph of Broadway, I'd be pleased to inform you."

"Jupiter! is that so? That's the young lady you acted the gallant to about a year ago?"

"The same. Rather a pleasant task was it not?"

"I should say, Egad! but she is a nymph all right, and a mighty proud one, I believe. Cyrus Dorane votes her so anyhow."

"The devil he did," was the sarcastic reply; "I'd like to see her freeze Dorane into insensibility. A gilded villain, as he is, could not live in the same atmos-

phere with such a girl as Miss Raymond is, as I am made to understand from report and the praises of the lady she is serving."

"So my friend Cyrus is not in your good graces?"

"He never was, my dear fellow. He is the only member of the family I do not like. His clever mother and accomplished sisters are quite to my taste, but he is the contrary. There is too much that is artificial about him, and his character you know yourself. I'd put as much faith in him as I would in the immortality of the Gorgons. If Miss Raymond has cut him in any way, she has exhibited her good sense and judgment."

"If Dorane is not all he should be, then it is a wonder the Staunton's would be on such very friendly terms with him."

"Very few except his club friends know his real character. Sauve, smiling and fairly good looking, he'd deceive satan himself, and the Staunton's favor him, anyhow, because of the long standing of friendship that has always been between the two families, but to return to our first subject. Has Miss Raymond smitten you?"

The younger man laughed.

"How could she, Everett, when I am not even acquainted with her. I only know her, from hearing my cousins, the Compeignes, and by Dorane talking about her, and a couple of times I've seen her with Mrs. Staunton; but I guess there would be no chance for me, even if I did know her, and was smitten."

"Certainly not, if you do not come out of your shell a little more, and be more social, Frank."

"I have to be one of the waiters for that kind of thing yet, Everett. It's all right for lucky beggars like yourself, with plenty of brains and plenty of money, like you have; you can attend to business, and enjoyments besides, but with a who's got his fortune yet to make, a brains have to expand a little more and whose got his fortune yet to make, a private life is the best kind for the present, and the thought of marriage, for me, would be as sensible as writing a