

great many books and pictures and curiosities in the parlor, though it was so small that it seemed almost filled with Flora's piano that stood in a corner. Next to the parlor was the library, which was almost lined with books. It contained a green carpet and a green sofa, and a table covered with green baize, and also two large pictures both veiled with green gauze. These pictures, which of course aroused my curiosity at once, being concealed, were two portraits in oil—one of a handsome young soldier that looked enough like Captain Teasdale to remind me of him; and the other, that of a lovely young lady, with her hair drawn up over a cushion on the crown of her head, and falling in bright little golden ringlets all about her forehead, and with the most heavenly-blue eyes, and the roundest and fairest of arms and shoulders. These, Flora informed me, were her papa and mamma, painted by a great artist in Paris, when they were first married. Flora brought me home with her one evening to stay over night, and Captain Teasdale took us to hear a lecture delivered by Lola Montez, of unenviable notoriety, who was then making a tour through Canada, stopping to lecture in all the towns and cities as she went along. The lecture, which was something about the beauty of women or beautiful women, was marvellously short, a good deal of a sell on the whole, I should think, though I did not hear any person say so. Speaking of the Empress Eugenie, she said,

"When I first saw Eugenie, she was the liveliest and wittiest and most vivacious woman in Paris."

And again, speaking of the German ladies, she said.

"The German ladies are so pure, and so clear, and so clean, that they always put me in mind of snow-flakes."

This is literally all I remember of the lecture, though I remember her voice as well as if I only heard it yesterday.

Mrs. Melverton was scandalized beyond measure to hear where we had been, and said she was astonished that Captain Teasdale

would go to hear such a woman herself, much less take little girls there; though she was very much interested in hearing how she looked, and what she said, having seen her a great many years ago in England.

Mrs. Melverton's pupils were falling off with the summer flowers, which, strange to say, seemed to surprise as much as it annoyed her. A rival school had been opened in town, that grew apace as Mrs. Melverton's diminished, though it could not be classed among the ill weeds, it being an excellent school—a sort of institution that was sadly needed in the town.

Among the boarders at Mrs. Melverton's was Miss Maria Antoinette St. John, who, for some reason that I never learnt, always went by the name of John Anderson. John Anderson had a greenish-yellow complexion, large black eyes, and lanky black hair that was always coming down and hanging about her neck in little snaky twists, which attributes—not taking a wide mouth, high cheek-bones, and a hooked nose into consideration—were living proofs that her ancestors, at least on one side of the house or the wigwam, had wielded the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, and "paddled their own canoe," or canoes, seeing they very likely had one apiece.

Miss St. John had been four years at Mrs. Melverton's, and was now talking of going home. Her friends very naturally thought it time her education was finished. Mrs. Melverton had been so cross of late on account of losing so many of her pupils, that poor John Anderson dreaded to let her know she was going to leave, and only told it to us as a great secret. It really was astonishing that any one endowed with reasoning faculties could spend four years even at such a school as Mrs. Melverton's, and acquire so very little as Miss Maria Antoinette St. John had managed to do. True, she played the piano, or made a noise on it, and danced quadrilles, and had filled a drawing-book with gates, all in a more or less ruinous condition, and choice bits of tumble-down cow-sheds, or some kind of