

MASTER BARTLEMY

OR

THE THANKFUL HEART.

(Continued.)

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“ Good-by,” said Miss Nancy, endeavoring to execute as perfect a courtesy as Aunt Norreys, — a sweet but delusive hope, to set a plain frock and pinafore against a full skirt of pearl-gray satin. And then the rector went, and Miss Nancy took him to the head of the stairs, returning to put the chairs in their places, with the feeling that after this anything might be expected to happen, and it would be as well to be prepared for it. The pink kid lady was also restored to the cupboard, for if she had been a little insufficient before, she had now become quite impossible.

“ I have been having a visitor,” announced Miss Nancy, with quiet and settled satisfaction when Trimmer came in. “ He came to see me. Only me.”

“ Who was it ? ” demanded Trimmer, with cruel unbelief.

“ He said he was the new rector, and I like him very much,” said Miss Nancy. “ He came to see me. Only me. And he said I must go and see him next, and I shall soon go.”

But Trimmer, standing with her head in the cupboard, did not receive the full force of Miss Nancy’s last observation.

II

The squire was a very shy man. The Throgmortons of Forest Morton had always been slow to come forward in any respect, and the squire was additionally characterized