

gone home, and Joseph is safely ensconced in Miss Humphrey's kitchen with Jenny, I shall emerge from the house into the darkness with a cumbersome black bundle clasped in my arms, wend my way through the orchard to the back field, place my burden on top of the pile of rubbish, strike a match, and that accursed booby bag shall be resolved into the elements.

I am not superstitious, but I shall breathe more freely when it is no more. Jenny warned me that it would bring bad luck, but that is nonsense: at the same time, I shall feel that I am rid of an incubus, and to-morrow, perhaps, I may be strong enough to try to fan the faint embers of hope into a flame. I shall do something, I don't know what; but how willingly would I be a puppy, and sit afar off, if only I might have the opportunity to waggle my tail ever so doubtfully.

And to-morrow is Thanksgiving!—this is a grim thought, an added pang, for I was to have taken dinner at The Briars, as one of the family, so to speak. And Mrs. Biggles is to spend the day in the bosom of her family, including Almiry, who is to arrive this evening; and she is in a bustle of preparation over the dinner, which is

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