

THE BANKER'S GRANDCHILDREN.

loughby!" and the ripe lips of the heiress curled contemptuously.

The young lady thus alluded to presently passed by, leaning on the arm of the young French Count DeChellis.

Hers was a rarely beautiful face—very different in contour from the face of Glencora Chessom; it lacked the expression of arrogant hauteur which characterized the perfectly moulded features of that young lady; but it was a fair, lovely face, full of pure, sweet womanliness, with great dark eyes, in whose clear depths shone such mingled pride, passion, and sweetness. She was attired in soft fleecy white, over pale blue, draped with bows of pale blue ribbon, and clusters of apple blossoms and pink geraniums. It was a simple, inexpensive toilette, and yet it could scarcely have been more exquisite than it was. She was very, very pretty to-night; and even the haughty Glencora could not but admit the fact inwardly, and a pang of piqued jealousy, such as all coquettes experience when they behold the loveliness of another woman admired by one of the opposite sex, passed through that organ which the fair Glencora designated her heart, as she beheld the eyes of her companion follow, with admiring gaze, the girl's slender, graceful figure.

"Miss Willoughby is very beautiful," remarked Mr. Waldegrave, who, though much charmed by his handsome cousin, was not yet so deeply enamoured as to be unable to admire a sweeter, if not a more brilliant face.

"Yes, if one happens to fancy the milk-and-water style of loveliness; I don't admire it myself," said Glencora with a laugh.

"I see she is practising her wiles upon the young Frenchman, DeChellis, at present: an hour ago she was striving to captivate my cousin. What vast fun it must have been for you to watch her airs, Cousin Bertram. Of course you saw how determined she was upon making a conquest?"

"My fair cousin, I was not sufficiently vain to suppose anything of the kind," said Mr. Waldegrave. "Indeed, she treated me with a carelessness of manner which I thought almost amounted to indifference," added he.

"She most probably thought that the surest method of driving you to love-making!" said Glencora with one of her dazzling bright smiles.

Now Bertram Waldegrave was fast falling in love with his charming cousin, who showed such flattering preference for his society; but her sarcastic remarks concerning the beautiful Mabel Willoughby annoyed, and half angered him.

He had been in Mabel Willoughby's society but a few times, although he had now been stopping at Maplewood nearly a month; but somehow he had a dim idea that there was that in her graceful, interesting conversation, her merry smiles and rippling laughter, capable of leaving an impression upon his mind, after they were over, infinitely pleasanter than could all Glencora's flattering words and enchanting smiles.

He stooped to pick up the fan which his cousin had accidentally let fall to the floor, as he answered.

"Possibly, but not probably," he said. "In behalf of my vanity, I should be delighted to admit that you are right; but, in justice to the young lady, I must say that I think you are mistaken."

An angry gleam flashed for a moment in Glencora's black eyes, but she smiled gaily as she answered:

"You don't understand her, my dear cousin. Like the generality of milk-sops, Miss Willoughby is very deceiving. Having been born poor, and brought up dependant upon the bounty of others, may perhaps be a reason for her mercenary ambition; but any how, if she doesn't make a brilliant match some day, it will not be her own fault. The way she angled for Sir Digby Desmond last season, not to mention a score of others, was a caution! But never mind the Willoughby's. Do tell me about that exquisitely elegant Count DeBrinton who is here to-night. Such magnificent eyes! Oh, his beauty is heavenly!"

"I have but a slight acquaintance with him," answered Waldegrave. "I met him something over a year ago in Paris, and only once since then—a few weeks ago—at a dinner at the 'Norwich.' He is immensely wealthy, I believe."

"And a perfect Adonis!" said Glen-