

And we who gaze remember
That more than all they lost,
To hearts and trees together,
May come through the ripening frost.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

"Do you know, dear, I believe that we shall be thirteen at table at dinner to-night? I have been counting over all that I know are coming, and I really think it must be so."

"Well, and what then?"

"What then? Why that I, for one, won't sit down to dinner under those circumstances. I wouldn't do it; no, not for a hundred pounds."

"My dear, you cannot be so extremely silly. It is impossible that you can seriously contemplate making such an exhibition of yourself. Do not forfeit your claim to be counted a reasonable being."

"Well, I only know that nothing—nothing—would persuade me to sit down with thirteen at table."

"But why?"

"Why? Only that I don't want to die just yet."

"But, my dear Laura, you must be a Pagan."

Here, happily—since it was growing warm, and wrath never wrought conviction—the conversation was broken off by the warning, delivered by the lady's maid, that dinner was just about to be commenced. So the two friends hurried down stairs, and sailed, all muslin, into the drawing-room, about which, in twos and threes, the guests were trying to keep up a feeble effort at conversation.

Hardly had they entered before dinner was announced, and this and that couple were following the indication of the host, and filing in order out of the room. The hostess, waiting to follow them, smiled graciously at a young man who was unpaired with a partner, and said, "You must excuse our letting you go in to dinner alone. You