

Sept. Public Works

VOL. III. NO. 110

"That is quite possible," said Radcliffe.
"But I hope you will not amuse yourself

"I can't promise. He must have said for his own heart." She repeated the story, and evidently enjoyed the turn the conversation was taking. "I find my hands are full taking care of myself."

"You are quite sure you can't go?"

"Certainly, sir!" This was a stout, porting lips, half-aunt, five feet high, thrown back, the chin thrust forward, the whole face bright with smiles of provoking defiance. "Do you doubt it, Monsieur?" She pronounced this word Moshoor!

are about as fit to take care of
yourself as a pump gun in a
shooting match. But he said to her
"Perhaps you are right—only don't let

"There is something I would like much better than the library."

She did not hesitate in the least, and pushed on energetically. "I have thought you must need a secretary. I should be glad to serve you in that capacity."

The young man stared with amazement at this preposterous proposal. For the first time, he asked himself if the girl's honest face could be the ambush of a guileful heart; but he dismissed the doubt in an instant, and said, simply, "No, thank you. I am my own secretary."

In her embarrassment she began to feel for her glasses, which were lying in her lap. Farnham plucked a newspaper photograph from the table near him, and said:

"Do you recognise this?"

"Yes," she said. "It is General Grant."

"It is a photograph of him," taken

"What is it?" she said, dryly.

"Stop wearing those glasses. They are of no use to you, and they will injure your eyes."

Her face turned crimson. Without a word of reply she raised the glasses and put them on, her eyes flashing fire. She then rose and threw her shawl over her

"Any time after Wednesday," Farham answered.

scabbard, giving her scarcely more freedom of movement than the high-born maidens of Carthage enjoyed, who were said to have—

they were married. But in spite of all impediments her tall figure moved, with that grace which is the birthright of beauty in any circumstances, out of the door through the wide hall to the outer entrance.

rapidly that Farnham could hardly keep pace with her. As he opened the door she barely acknowledged his parting salutation, and swept like a hurtling deers down the steps.

"If you please, sir," he said, "Mr. Belding's man came over to ask, when you dine there this evening, quite formal."

"Ah, very well. Say to Mrs. Baldwin that I will come, with pleasure."

II

A HIGH-SCHOOL GRADUATE.

Miss Matchin picked up her train as she reached the gate, and walked down

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