SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

They were still standing together before the fire when Alice and Sir Hugh and the other visitors at the Court came in from a walk through the grounds. It was a clear fine, but frosty winter day and the girls were wrapped in furs and sealskins, and Sir Hugh wore a great-coat trimmed with the darkest of sables, in which he looked very handsome and foreign and distinguished. They were in laughing and chatting merrily, bringing with them, as it were, a breath of fresh cold air from the outside world; and Shirley started and blushed and moved away from Guy's side as they entered, and only Sir Hugh saw the start and the pretty color which rose in the fair girl's face.

"So you have returned." she said, rather nervously, as she left the fireside. "Was it pleasant out?"

"Very pleasant, but rather cold," answered Ruby Capel, a bewitching little brunette, with whom poor Oswald was very much in love, but who, during his absence, was carrying on a desperate flirtation with young Algernon Rivers, an eligible from Dumfife. "You should have come, Shirley, although I dare say you and Major Stuart found it very comfortable by the fireside."

She spoke lightly, and without any special meaning; but the color deepened in Shirley's face, and a slight smile stole up under Guy Stuart's heavy dark mustache as he glanced toward Shirley, whose shy eyes did not meet his.

"I suppose you would like some tea?" Shirley asked.

"Happy thought!" said Alice, who was allowing Sir Hugh to assist her to remove her long sealskin coat. "Ring and order it, Shirley."

Shirley was about to obey, when Guy forestalled her; and, as she lifted her eyes shyly to his, he looked down at her and smiled.

"We shall have skating to-morrow," said Rupy Capel, unfastening her fur cape and tossing it aside. "Are your skates in order, mesdames? It is freezing hard, is it not, Mr. Rivers?"

"It must be if you say so," answered Mr. Rivers gallantly; "but it did not seem to me so very cold, after all."

"I don't think it is freezing hard, Ruby," said Miss Fairholme, who had been watching her cousin a little curiously since her entrance. "Shirley, how you have burned your face over the fire!"

With a pretty little conscious gesture, Shirley put up both her hands to her hot cheeks, and Ruby Capel laughed.

"It is a very pretty rouge," she said lightly, "and very becoming. I should advise you to try it every time that you are going out, Shirley; and I wish you would give me your recipe."

"Is it not the fire?" asked Alice, with affected surprise. "Shirley is always so pale that— Ah, here is the tea! I am so glad! Shirley, will you pour it out? I am so tired!"

She sunk into a low chair, in an attitude of fatigue and exhaustion, giving Sir Hugh a coquettish glance from her blue eyes, which noticed that he was rather paler than was his wont, and that there was an expression of unrest upon his face, and something almost like pain in his blue eyes.

"Are you tired also, Sir Hugh?" Alice inquired, languidly.

But he did not answer—indeed he did not hear the question. He was wondering what was the meaning of those red cheeks of Shirley's, and that new light, luminous and glad, which shone in Guy Stuart's gray eyes.

As she noticed his abstraction, Alice Fairholme's face darkened slightly, and a gleam of annoyance and displeasure flashed into her blue eyes; but she only nestled her pretty fair head against the cushions of her chair with a tired, weary grace.

"You ought to have been with us, Shirley," she said. "You would have gone into raptures over the rime which was on the skeleton trees; it sparkled like myriads of diamonds in the sunshine—did it not, Sir Hugh?"

Sir Hugh acquiesced absently. He seemed to be more occupied with watching Shirley Ross as she stood before the tea equippage than Alice approved of. The handsome blue eyes were fixed upon her cousin with an intent earnest scrutiny which had dispersed all their sleepiness, and his hand, unconsciously even to himself, was clinched as it rested on the table.

"I really think we shall have some skating soon," said Miss Capel gayly. "I have not skated for a long time. These mild winters of ours quite prevent us from excelling in the accomplishment. Just as one has mastered the outside edge, the thaw sets in and puts a stop to everything."

"Yes, it is very provoking," agreed Rhoda Montolieu, a pretty gray-eyed girl, a school-friend of Miss Fairholme's and an heiress; "we never do get any skating. Shall we petition the clerk of the weather, Mr. Rivers, to be clement enough to give us a hard frost?"

"Perhaps he might if you were the petitioner, Miss Montolieu," Algernon Rivers answered, bringing her some tea, and lowering his voice perceptibly. "I know that if I were the clerk of the weather I could refuse you nothing."

Rhoda Montolieu laughed lightly.

"Then I wish you would become so," she said, merrily. "No bread and butter, thank you—a macaroon, please."

"Do you skate, Miss Ross?" Sir Hugh asked abruptly, as he went over to the table to fetch Alice's tea; and Shirley started a little and looked up at him in rather a bewildered manner, as if she had not the least idea what he meant.

"I beg your pardon," she said, nervously. "I did not hear, Sir Hugh."

"Why, coz, your wits seem wool-gathering!" Alice cried, laughingly, from the depths of her great arm-chair. "Sir Hugh is asking you if you skate, and you look as startled as if he had made some alarming proposition. Where are you, Shirley?"

"Not here," Sir Hugh remarked coldly, as he brought Miss Fairholme her tea, and drew up a low chair to her side. "Miss Ross's thoughts are evidently far away."

"And Major Stuart looks equally *distrait*," said Alice, softly. "I am afraid they have grown sleepy over the fire. But it is a curious coincidence, is it not, that they should both have wandered away together? You look tired, Sir Hugh," she added gently. "Won't you have some tea? It will refresh you. I forgot when we were out that you had ridden over to Maxwell this morning."

"I am not tired, thanks. No, Miss Fairholme, I don't care for tea, you know."

"But we will convert you. I am quite an old woman in my affection for it; and, judging by Major Stuart's performance at present, he seems to share my predilection."

Sir Hugh looked across at the group round the tea-tray, and his brow darkened. Algernon Rivers seemed to be dividing his attentions pretty equally between the two girls; but Major Stuart was standing at Shirley's elbow, cup in hand, while Miss Ross, her face slightly turned toward him over her shoulder, was pouring in some cream with due deliberation. They were both smiling, and Shirley's hazel eyes were downcast. As Hugh Glynn watched them, a passion of hatred and resentment rose in his heart and almost to his lips.

"I had no idea Miss Ross had such a capacity for flirtation," he said coldly. "I fancied she was rather an *ingenue*."

"And do you imagine that Shirley is flirting?" asked Alice softly. "You are utterly mistaken, Sir Hugh: she is quite in earnest, and I hope for her sake that Major Stuart is equally so. Why, Shirley could not flirt! She does not know the meaning of the word."

"Then she is very unlike most of her sex," said Sir Hugh moodily. "With such a face as hers she need not be long in ignorance, I should think."

"'Such a face as hers!' Do you think her so very pretty?"

"'Pretty' is not the word," he answered quietly. "She is extremely beautiful."

Alice Fairholme bit her lip.

"Yes, she is beautiful, I think," she said, with apparent frankness—"though some people think her too pale. My poor aunt, her mother, was very beautiful, I believe, but I never saw her."

"How was that? It is not three years since her death, I understand."

"Not three years yet—oh, no; but I have never been abroad, you know."

"And did Mrs. Ross never come to Scotland?" he asked, with some interest.

"No—never," Alice said gravely, with a faint little sigh.

"Never! Why? Pardon my curiosity, Miss Fairholme; but really it seems to me that it was very strange not to return even for a time to her native land."

"Yes, very strange indeed," Alice said softly. "There is some sad story connected with it, I think," she added. "I do not know what it is, because my father and mother have never spoken of it to me; but I was always aware, even in my childhood, of some mystery which surrounded Aunt Marian. Of course I should not speak so frankly to any one but you," she concluded, with a swift upward glance.

Sir Hugh murmured something expressive of his gratitude for the confidence, and relapsed into silence. Alice felt rather annoyed and irritated. What right had this man to show so much interest in what regarded Shirley? Well, if appearances were to be credited, he would not be able to show that interest much longer, or to any purpose—for Alice's quick eyes had immediately discerned that there was something unusually tender in Major Stuart's manner toward her cousin.

"Shirley, can't you give us some music?" she asked languidly. "Try that new song Oswald sent you."

"I could not sing to-day," Shirley said, flushing and trembling a little. "Pray excuse me, Alice."

"Cannot sing to-day—why? Have you a cold?"

"Oh, no; but—

"But what? Don't be lazy, child! You never sing now," said Alice, pettishly.

"Oh, do sing us something!" Ruby echoed. "You used not to be so chary of your music, Shirley."

"Will you accept an unworthy substitute?" said Guy Stuart smiling. "Shall I play you something, Miss Fairholme?"

"You will be very kind if you take pity on us, Major Stuart," returned Alice sweetly. "Sir Hugh looks tired and out of sorts, or I would press him into the service; but, when you have played, perhaps Shirley will favor us."

"Major Stuart went to the piano, which stood in a recess facing the mantel-piece, and sat down. He was a good musician, and presently, as his fingers strayed over the keys, a flood of soft rich melody filled the quiet room. Mr. Rivers and the two girls ceased their chatter, Alice closed her eyes and leaned back languidly in her deep arm-chair, Sir Hugh pulled nervously at his long fair moustache and watched Shirley furtively as she sat with her hands clasped idly on her lap, her face turned toward the piano, and a little smile upon her lips.

How beautiful she was—how rarely, wonderfully beautiful! In all his life he had seen no woman whose beauty had so impressed and charmed him as hers did. Could it be that Guy Stuart had won what he would have given so much to possess? Sir Hugh Glynn set his teeth hard together at the thought. It was impossible. He should not have her. She should be his. That very evening he would ask her to be his wife.

It had been his purpose to do so from the first day he had seen her. As she stood in her simple serge dress in the doorway, with a knot of red berries at her breast, she had seemed to him most beautiful and greatly to be prized. He, Hugh Glynn, avowed opponent of marriage as he was, had then and there resolved to make her his wife. But he had been in no hurry; he felt so safe, so secure. This dowerless beauty would be only too glad to accept him whenever he chose to make her the offer, and meanwhile it was very pleasant to treat her with the graceful courtesy, not untouched by tenderness, which he knew could not but be grateful to the lonely girl, while he flirted a little with Miss Fairholme; perhaps with an avowed—even to himself—intention of making Shirley jealous.

But while he had been hesitating another had come forward and had stolen her from him; and, although she had never been his, except in his thoughts—Hugh Glynn felt passionately resentful against the friend who had forestalled him.

Presently the music ceased; and Alice, after thanking the musician, again turned to Shirley; and the girl rose dreamily and went over to the recess. Guy, still retaining his seat, turned with a smile to her.

"Are you going to sing?" he said softly; and Hugh Glynn's eager eyes caught her tender little glance and smile.

"Yes," she said shyly; and, as he gave her the music-stool, his hand touched hers gently for a moment.

"What shall I sing?" asked Shirley, bending over the piano.

"The new song you were practising this morning," said Ruby Capel gayly. "It is firelight, you know, and your back is turned to us, so that no one will see your blushes."

"Yes, that song of Blumenthal's which Oswald sent you," said Alice.

Shirley hesitated for a moment, and then with a swift sudden smile which no one could see, for her face was turned to the piano, she began to sing; and the words of her song sunk into two hearts there with very different effect.

"She has not found her king as yet;
The golden days, the golden days glide by;
They bring no grief, no grief she should forget,
Nor any cause to sigh.
No heart for her devotion made,
No heart the passionate summers bring;
Unharmed she walks and unaffrayed;
She has not found her king.

Men bring their titles and their gold—
She turns in scorn away;
That man must be of diff'rent mold
She swears she will obey.
Titled by gift of God is he,
And rich is a rarer thing than wealth
That unknown man must be
Whom she will own her king.

But when he comes, as come he will,
Strong to support and grand,
With supplication that shall fill
Her soul like a command,
She'll place her hand in his
And take whate'er the world may bring,
Proud and content, contented for his sake
Whom she hath made her king."

The rich contralto voice, so beautifully soft and sweet, and so highly cultivated, died dreamily away; and Shirley rose from the piano.

"Thank you, my darling!" Major Stuart whispered softly; and their eyes met for a moment, hers so sweet and fond, his so proud and tender; then Shirley moved over to the fire. At the same moment the dressing-bell sounded, and the girls started up.

"I am afraid she was just a little bit of a prig," Ruby said laughingly. "But it is a very pretty song, Shirley."

"Judging by the words, it would be advisable not to find a king at all," remarked Sir Hugh carelessly, "since before he came she had

"'No grief she should forget,
Nor any cause to sigh.'"

"Treason to your sex, Sir Hugh?" said Alice gayly, "Come along, girls; mamma likes us to be in time, you know."

The girls trooped off, laughing and chatting as they went, their quick light steps sounding clearly over the oaken floor. Mr. Rivers soon followed, and the two friends were left alone.

For a moment they stood in silence, looking down at the red glow of the fire; then Sir Hugh took up the fur-trimmed coat he had put aside, and, humming softly as he went, moved away. At the door Guy's voice arrested him.

"Wait one minute, old fellow—I have something to tell you."

Sir Hugh paused; for a moment he put his hand on the oaken frame of the door as if he needed its support, then he turned quickly and made a few steps in the room.

"What is it?" he asked quietly.

"I wanted to tell you— What is the matter, Hugh? Are you ill?" said Guy hastily.

"Ill? No, of course not. What is it, Stuart? I have a letter to write before dinner."

"Do you remember my telling you that we might meet our fates at Fairholme Court?" Guy said, with a smile. "I don't know about you, Hugh, but I have met mine."

"Caught!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, with a forced laugh. "Who is it, Guy? Miss Capel?"

"No, of course not," said Guy, looking surprised. "Why, do you guess her, Hugh?"

"I fancied you admired her more than Miss Montolieu," Sir Hugh answered, carelessly. "But, if it is Miss Montolieu, I congratulate you sincerely, for she's a pretty girl and an heiress to boot."

"It is not Miss Montolieu," said Major Stuart, somewhat gravely. "It is Shirley Ross."

"Shirley Ross!" Sir Hugh exclaimed in an accent of intense surprise that struck Guy almost painfully.

"Yes," he said, simply. "You seem very much surprised, Hugh."

"I am very much surprised," returned Sir Hugh, gravely; and there was a short silence.

"Why are you so astonished, Hugh?" Major Stuart asked then. "I know that I am unworthy, but—"

"My dear Guy, it is not that. I fancied—but I was wrong of course—that Miss Ross, with her great beauty, would look out for a rich man, but—"

"But she has consented to take a poor one, you see," finished Guy, smiling. "You may safely congratulate me, Hugh."

"I will wish you all happiness, old fellow," Sir Hugh said, cordially; but being encumbered with his heavy coat, perhaps he did not see Major Stuart's outstretched hand. "I always think that congratulations should be kept until one sees how the marriage turns out. I will keep mine till then."

He then walked away, beginning to hum softly before he had traversed half-a-dozen yards; and Guy followed, feeling somewhat disappointed and chilled for all his happiness.

CHAPTER VII.

Shirley Ross went up to dress for dinner, feeling wildly, almost deliriously happy. What strange, new, wonderful, beautiful thing was this that had come into her life? Guy loved her; and in one moment all the earth had been changed and glorified. She could never more be sorry or sad or desolate. Guy loved her. He had taken her into his strong arms and whispered it into her ears, and had put his lips to her forehead; and never in all her life, Shirley thought, would she forget that loving clasp, that tender kiss! She was so happy that she could have sung out loud in her joy and gladness, and have danced for very glee.

As she stood before the mirror, changing her dress and arranging her hair with eager unsteady little hands, she leaned suddenly forward and scrutinized her own face with new earnestness, and then drew back, flushing a little, and smiling shyly at her own thought. Yes, she was pretty, very pretty. She had always known that she was good-looking, but it had never been a source of much joy to her before; now, however, she was glad. It delighted her to think that Guy's relatives, at least the old grand uncle, the only one whom he had kept up any intimacy with, and who loved him so tenderly, could not cavil at his choice.

And then she made her little preparations quickly and eagerly. She put aside the usual evening dress of black grenadine, and took out one which she had had in the old happy days when her father and mother lived—a soft dainty Indian muslin quaintly and prettily made, with a good deal of soft lace about it. Both lace and muslin were yellowed bytime; but they were none the worse for that, Shirley knew—they seemed all the softer, and more harmonious; and the dress had never been *a la mode*, for it had been made after a quaint old-fashioned style of her father's choosing, so that it was not antiquated, even now.

And when she had gathered up the pretty chestnut hair, and coiled it daintily round her head; she donned the pretty robe, and then stood shyly looking at herself, pleased at her beauty, but wondering if Guy would think her foolish, and half hesitating whether she would not remove the Indian muslin and wear the black grenadine. Aunt Geraldine would wonder, she said to herself, and Alice would sneer; but what did that matter so long as Guy was satisfied and she could read approval in his dark eyes? Nothing mattered but that, she thought, smiling a little as she turned away from the glass, and left the room rather hastily, although she knew that it was early, and that she should find no one in the drawing-room for fully half-an-hour yet.

As she passed down the long corridor she was quite unconscious of a pair of passionate resentful eyes, which were watching her eagerly with almost fierce tenderness, and she was too much absorbed in her own happy thoughts to heed the footsteps that followed her down the carpeted stairs; and, while she lingered in the conservatory to get a flower, the footsteps passed her, and went on.

Then, when she came into the drawing-room, smiling softly as she fastened the flowers into the old yellow lace at her throat, she saw a tall slight figure leaning against the mantel-piece, his head resting wearily upon his hand. Her heart leaped up in gladness. It was Guy, she thought, and they would have half-an-hour's chat all by themselves before the others came down; but Sir Hugh Glynn, as he turned to meet her saw all the pleasure die out of her beautiful hazel eyes.

"It is not Guy," he said with a bitterness which Shirley could not but hear; and the color flickered in her cheek for a moment, then faded.

She went forward slowly and gravely. Sir Hugh's words and tone did not please her; yet was he not Guy's friend, and did he not love and trust him, and were not Guy's friends hers from henceforward?

As she drew nearer to the baronet, she saw by the light of the wax candles on the mantel-piece that he was strangely pale and that his hand was unsteady.

"Is anything the matter?" she said hastily. "Sir Hugh, are you ill? Can I get you anything?"

He turned from her with a sudden gesture of pain, and bowed his head upon his hands for a moment in silence. Shirley stood silently also, trembling now with a sudden dread and terror. What had happened? Was Guy ill? She had seen him a few moments before—not quite half-an-hour—but something might have happened between then and now.

"What is it?" she said, almost faintly in her terror. "Guy—is anything—"

"No," he answered, lifting his head and speaking in the same bitter mournful tone, "there is nothing the matter with Guy, and of course you have no thought for any one else."

She looked at him in surprise, her eyes questioning and astonished, her cheek flushing with a little indignation.

"No," he went on, "there is nothing wrong with Guy. You may set your heart at rest—for, since all is well with him, you need not heed what other heart is broken."

"I do not understand," Shirley faltered nervously.

"And yet it is a very simple matter," he said, in a low tone. "What may bring the greatest joy to one man may bring the most intense sorrow to another. Guy has been telling me," he went on, lifting his head and looking at her with mournful, passionate eyes, "of the happiness which you have conferred upon him; but I wonder if you thought that while you made him so happy you were breaking my heart."

Shirley started, looking up to him with wide, frightened eyes and colorless cheeks.

"You did not know," he said gently—"at least I think you did not—and I did not think, or, feel that I was, I would not have let him steal my darling from me. Shirley," he went on passionately, "from the first moment that I saw you I have loved you with my whole heart. Darling, is it too late? Do you care for that man? He cannot love you as I love you—he cannot—"

"At least he is too true and noble to do what you are doing, Sir Hugh," she interrupted, mastering her emotion by a strong effort and speaking proudly and disdainfully. "He would not betray his friend!"

"Ah!" broke from him like a sharp exclamation of pain, and he grew pale to his lips as he drew back a little. "Forgive me," he said hoarsely then. "I was wrong. Forgive me."

But, as he turned from her, the suffering on his face struck Shirley with a sense of remorse for her hasty words, and she said quickly—

"I did not mean to hurt you, but, oh, Sir Hugh, I cannot bear to think that I should grieve you! I never thought that you would care."

"Would it have made any difference to you?" he asked eagerly. "Shirley, if I had spoken first, should I have had any chance? I am rich. Guy is a poor man, and—"

"I love Guy," the girl said simply and gravely; and the gleam of hope which had sprung up in Sir Hugh Glynn's heart faded as he heard the brave simple words and saw the steadfast look in the earnest eyes.

"Lucky fellow!" he said, trying to speak lightly, but failing utterly in his bitterness and resentment. "Well, he deserves his good fortune, if any man ever did. I can give him no higher praise, Miss Ross, than that I think him worthy even of you."

There was a brief silence, and when Sir Hugh spoke again he succeeded in forcing something like cordiality into his voice.

"Will you try to forget my madness, Miss Ross?" he said gently. "I could not help those words, yet I would give half my wealth to have them unsaid again. You trust me enough, do you not, to know that I will conquer what is unworthy of Guy's friend? I will not offend you again. If you wish it, I will go away and—and—see you no more."

At that moment, if she had told him to go, he would have obeyed her, and the misery and wretchedness that grew out of his love for her would have been prevented. For a few seconds her fate lay in her own hands, and she could have decided it. But she did not know it, and she let the chance slip by.

Go away. Why should he go? He was Guy's friend, and he, Guy, would be sorry if he left. Surely he would be able to conquer his weakness—a weakness for which Shirley grieved too truly to feel flattered by it, but which surprised even as much as it pained her. She had thought that Sir Hugh cared for Alice. Poor Alice, perhaps she loved him, and by and by he would give her his love, and they would all be happy together. As she hesitated, these thoughts flashed like lightning through her brain, and her good angel fled, and her mother's fate was upon her.

She put out her hand to him with a frank gesture of trust.

"Do not go," she said gently. "I do trust you. I know you will be true to yourself and to Guy."

"Thank you," he returned gravely. "I will try to be worthy of your trust and friendship. And, as I am his friend, Miss Ross, will you believe that I am yours also—yours most sincerely and faithfully—and that, if ever I can serve you, you may command me for Guy's sake," he added softly, "as well as for your own? Will you believe this, and make use of me if there should be any need?"

"Thank you," Shirley answered, coloring a little as he stooped and put his lips to her hand; and at the same moment Guy Stuart came in looking handsome and distinguished in his quiet evening-dress.

He started slightly as he caught sight of the two at the fire; then he came forward slowly, while Shirley flushed and paled alternately, for she could not conquer the agitation which her interview with Sir Hugh had occasioned.

"I have been asking Miss Ross to accept my best wishes and congratulations," Sir Hugh said easily. "Our old friendship, Guy, will satisfy her that it is not a mere compliment."

"I hope Shirley will find that your old friendship has not made you partial," Guy responded, smiling; "and, when you come to us for our congratulations and good wishes, you will be as sure of their sincerity as I am of yours, Hugh."

At this time their hands met frankly in close pressure, although Guy remembered afterward how cold and death-like were the fingers that clasped his.

Shirley's engagement to Major Stuart was received by Sir Gilbert and Lady Fairholme with quiet pleasure and satisfaction. Her ladyship was sincerely glad that such a dangerous rival should be removed from her daughter's path, for she had not been able to deceive herself as to the impression which Shirley's beauty made. Not only was she more beautiful than Alice, but she possessed that far rarer gift than beauty, rarer and more attractive—that of fascination. Had she been a plain woman, Shirley would have possessed a charm and singular power of attraction; and, even in the bitter days to come, when her beauty faded under the heavy overshadowing clouds, that charm was always felt more or less by all with whom she came in contact.

To Alice herself her cousin's engagement gave almost unmixed satisfaction, the only drawback to her pleasure being that Shirley, although two years her junior, was likely to be married first. But this was such a slight cause for annoyance, and the reasons for being satisfied were so very many that Alice was very warm in her congratulations, and so kind that Shirley felt quite grateful. Shirley was now safely disposed of, and her beauty could no longer interfere with Alice's own triumphs. That Sir Hugh Glynn had been much struck by her cousin's loveliness Alice had been far too quick-sighted not to perceive, but now, of course, such admiration could have no results, and could not possibly interfere with her own plans for the subjugation of the eligible baronet.

Oswald wrote a charming little note of congratulation to his cousin, telling her that he had met some brother officers of Major Stuart's who had amply endorsed the good opinion which Oswald had formed of that gentleman, and Jack sent a few warm lines which, tender and glad as they were, made Shirley's eyes fill with tears, for which she could not account.

Altogether for once the course of true love seemed to be running very smoothly, and Shirley's cup of gladness seemed to be brimming over. And yet—and yet— Poor Shirley! The shadow of her mother's fate was hovering over her and almost ready to fall, and the words which might have saved her from it had died away on her mother's lips, as she lay in the light of the gray October dawn, drifting away from life into eternity.

(To be continued.)

Correct.

Teacher—Correct the sentence, "The liquor which the man bought was drank."

Smart Boy—The man who bought the liquor was drunk.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—All men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.