# A GREAT MISTAKE.

"Susan," she said then, " If my mother "Susan," she said then, "It my mounts, should require help again during the night— I hope she will not, but it is as well to be pre-nared—would you be afraid to go for the doc-

Susan declared stoutly that she would not better in her life. be afraid. "And could you find your way to his

house? He lives in Beaudesert Gardens. In

And Queen's Crescent is near Beaudesert Gardens?

out of the square." "I see. But I hope I shall not have to call

you up at all. Good night again." "Well, you have seen Doctor March at last!" said Lucy, as the cousins prepared to go up starrs. "Is he like what you expected is it we never see her, Ada? Mustn't she be for the tears that had sprung to her eyes a him to be?

" I am afraid I had not formed any precise

appointed ? "-smiling at Lucy's change of "No. no. of course not." Lucy answered.

coloring. "What can it matter to me? Only

" Only what ?"

"I was thinking that perhaps that is the reason why Bee Throgmorton and he had never fallen in love."

Was that absolutely necessary ?"

"I suppose not necessary; but it would have been so nice. They are all very fond of

Lucy, horror-stricken. "Oh, no doubt she does, er will care for him ! And money is not to be despised not-

side of a convent, mademoiselle la nonnette !"

'But Bee will have money of her own." sisted Lucy wistfully. "What does she persisted Lucy wistfully. "What does she want with any more? And doctors often be-

come rich." A slight swift change crossed Miss Ludlow's

celm face-a change that disappeared as swiftly as it came. "Yes," she said thoughtfully. "I suppose

Bee will have quite a dot. She would be a very nice match for Doctor March, I should And her sisterly regard for him is really

say. And her back of the warmest order. ' Then you think he does not care for

"Perhaps he has never thought about it. "Perhaps he has never thought about it. Perhaps it would be a kindly act on the part of some discreet friend to open his eyes to the golden opportunity he is letting slip. Such a one would really deserve the thanks of all the ""Oh, why?" asked Lucy, puzzled ""Why? Would not the great wise he once ""Uwr? Would not the great wise he once

"Why? Would not the great prize be once more open to competition if Bee Throgmorton

married the Doctor "" The prize ? I am awfully stupid," faltered

Lucy. "It is a shame to puzzie you, you little goose !" exclaimed Miss Ludlow, kissing her cousin on the forehead and breaking into a " And I am only talking nonlight laugh. sense | I am so relieved to know that mamma is better !"

## CHAPTEB XII.

Before many days Mrs. Ludlow was able to be down stairs, and to lie on her sofa again, talking to her friend Mary, who came every morning-the carriage laden with game and jelly and grapes-to sit with her, while Bee

took Ada for a drive or a walk. Doctor March still found it necessary to pay a daily visit to his patient, so that there gree to shops and an occasional public house; were many pleasant meetings for them all in the detached thoroughfares became busier, the invalid's little drawing room - for all exthe traffic noisier. "Where do the nice peo ple live in Ballaston, Bee? I mean"-prettily - "those who do not live in Upper Brunswick street ?" cept Lucy, who might have been away in her convent with the kind simple nuns, so littl was seen or heard of her by Mrs. Ludlow's isitors.

Bee did not answer. Throgmorton was radiant with de-Marv

able. dens a few minutes !' "I don't think the gates are open " "Ada, I call that shabby of you !" cried And indeed Susan entered at that moment, Mrs. Throgmerton -Bee had turned away, With the words a recollection flashed across and was buttoning and unbuttoning one of Bee's mind of George's having once locked tone he was accustomed to adopt towards her gloves. "I am sure George never forgets her into the square as a punishment for some Mrs. Throgmorton's children. "Have you a little white tray in her hands, and her eyes and was buttoning and unbuttoning one of

is I who must take care of Bee to-day, dear flight of stairs when Ada begged her cousin to call her back. Mrs. Throgmorton. What has become of that glorious color I have so eften envied

> that she was perfectly well-had never been better in her life. ing looked about her for a moment or two, she sank down upon a seat which was almost " Oh, do come along, Ada!" she added impatiently. "What is the use of these per-

petual discussions about my unfortunate what part of the town is that?" Susan explained that she knew the squ resolutions, the girl checked herself, and resolutions, the girl checked herself, and in Queen's Crescent. "I am only affording it even so small a chance of excited being a stranger in the land; and she has being a stranger in the land; and she has the solution of the what was kneening by the sola and holding broke site of the sola and holding brokes ?" Then, remembering her good resolutions, the girl checked herself, and broke into a repentant smile. "I am only the fresh air will blow my

bad temper away." As they were opening the door, Bee saw the ment.' As they were opening the door, becaut the 'Yes. miss; its one of them streets as runs tof the square.'' , garden steps at the other end of the little

hall.

Ada rather wearly. "He looks like a gentle-man. and is decidedly plain." Are you dis-friends with you. You know she has only friends with you. You know she has only just left school. I haps that by degrees she

will gain more confidence." "Is she nice?" Bes asked again bluntly. "Do you get on well together?" "Lucy ! Lucy is the dearest little oddity

in the world! I am sure you will like her, Bee, when you really know her. It is a pity that dear mamma is a little prejudiced agains whatever the abominations are called ?' "Never," murmured Bee absently. er; but that feeling will, I trust soon wear

away.' Outside the green gate Miss Ludlow naused looking, in apparent indecision, up and down

"You forget Mr. Ackroyd," Miss Ludlow "You forget Mr. Ackroyd," Miss Ludlow that Bee is to marry him?" "Whether she cares for him or not?" cried "Queen's Crescent?" Bee colored withou

"Queen's Crescent?" Bee colored without "No; it is in quite an them as matchless works of art !"

any apparent reason. "No; it is in quite an opposite direction. Why?" "Would you mind?" Ada said, hesitating. ' I have a little bit of business to attend to in Queen's Crescent. It is a great secret, some thing I don't want to trouble mamma about

and, if you would really not mind walking there instead of to the park ----" "Mind ! Not a bit. But we had better "Mind ! Not a bit. But we had better into her companion's face. "The corner bave kept the pony carriage. It is not at all one? Let me see wuat I can make of it. It

an interesting walk, and I am afraid you will find it rather a long way." "Well, we can but turn back." is brilliantly clear, and has an air of old fashiened comfort. But there are no lace curtains on the drawing room windows, and

For some minutes their way lay along no flowers in the window boxes. No woman King's Road, which was thronged, as usual. rules within those ivied walls, my dear Bee

with perambulators moving countrywards in She would not allow that incessant barking of the early sunshine. Bee's listless face dogs, or consent to the grooms keeping so sweet trotting children with their sturdy legs Miss Ludlow, gayly, "belongs to a well to do

said, nodding at one very tiny sailor, who bore the magic name of Sultan in gold letters burlesque of anxiety.

burlesque of anxiety. "It is Doctor March's house"-abruptly. round his hat. " Wouldn't you like to smack "Doctor March's ?"-with a little air of disappointment. "And I thought I had

" I dare say."

him soundly -he is so provokingly fat -and then kiss him to make it well." Miss Ludlow answered only with a charm-ing smile; and the two girls kept on their made such a good guess ! And so that is where our good Doctor resides ? Why did way for some minutes in silence. Bee's you not tell me before? I am always interthoughts had gone back-she did not know ected in every little particular about my why-to Lucy Thrale; and a pang smote her friends." as she remembered how the child had fied before them, like a little Cinderella from the course." "I thought you knew his address, of

presence of the haughty sisters. "It certainly is not a picturesque neigh

" Bee." Miss Ludlow looked at her with laughing reproach —" what an accomplished hypocrite I must appear in your eyes! No doubt he must have given it to us; but I had borhood for a walk," said Miss Ludlow breaking in upon her companion's uncomfort able musings with a light laugh and a little shug of the shoulders. The road was be forgotten all about it. Did you think anted to take credit for my good guess ginning now to change into a street. The For, after all, it is a bachelor's house; so modest semi-detached villas gave way by demy penetration was not so very much at

" No." said Bee, briefly. " I confess myself puzzled, however as to

Doctor March's motive in taking such a great barrack of a place to live in all by himself. What induced him to do so ?"

' I believe, when he first came to Barlaston he avnected his sten mother to li

And just then the old gardener came up the

has forgotten it, which is more than prob- Do you think we might sit down in the gar- was thinking bitterly, his first look and word would have been for her. "What is the matter with my little enemy?"

asked the Doctor presently in that brotherly Doctor March in the street, at perfect liberty ticular hurry to finish the conversation. tone he was accustomed to adopt towards to pay his professional visit to the Tower "Ada has often spoken of you, Mr. Ackfull of sleep. "Thank you, Susan," said Miss Ludlow gently. "I am sorry you have been kept up "Oh, Doctor March is enly too kind !" Ada "Oh, Doctor March is enly too kind !" Ada "Oh, Doctor March is enly too kind !" Ada "When he would not let her out. and how he when he would not let her out. and how he "Thank you, Susan," said Miss Ludlow, or have you merely been walk-"Oh, Doctor March is enly too kind !" Ada "When he would not let her out. and how he "Thank you, Susan," said Miss Ludlow, or have you merely been walk-"Thank you, Susan," said Miss Ludlow, or have you merely been walk-"Oh, Doctor March is enly too kind !" Ada "Have you House a little earlier than he had intended.

> "I think it velvet band round her throat. to day, dear Miss Ludlow had meanwhile crossed the "Did you not get as far as the park then?"

to her hand, and the young ladies found to her hand, and the young ladies found themselves within the railings and the leafless girl's chin. girl's chin. "No," said Ada gaily, before Bee could an lilac bushes, with several wooden benches at swer; "I am ashamed to say that my cour-age failed me, after all." "How fortunate !" suid Ada, when, hav

Then I suppose you went into town and looked at the shops, like two foolish chil opposite to the tranquil windows of No. 9 dren ?" "Not quite so bad as that," protested Ada, ee could hear the barking of the dogs in

s taking one of the who was kneeling by the sofa and holding "I suppose we are her mother's two pale hands in hers. "I the yard. A groom was taking one of the repeated it somewhat impatiently, not being

been pointing out the beauties of St. Chad's and of Beaudesert Gardens to me." The blood rushed to Bee's cheeks; and Bee did not answer. She had put her hand

ly deserted. ""The ladies are out," he decided ; "avd up to the ribbon round her throat, and found that she had that morning tied on her golden George March saw it with some surprise. It was not like Bee to be blushing at every little Susan is naturally seizing the opportunity to key. The girl was thinking sadly that when trifle. "My dear child," remonstrated her moth-

er, laughing, " what po-sessed you to choose that part of the town for a walk?" The book was a copy of the poems of Sully "You will like the music at St. Chad's Prudhomme, which Miss Ludlow had expres

awful lonely lett so much to herself?" moment before; but everything seemed to be old as Bee suddenly rose and went to the win At the drawing roo happy days and not to these, in which she dow-" at least, if your taste is at all eclectic. Miss Bee and I squabble about many things ; could not help feeling so heavy hearted and but our deadliest fights invariably arise after ashamed. "Did you ever try to read the physicg morning service in St. Chad's."

The young man hardly knew what he was nomy of houses ?" Miss Ludlow was going on lightly. " Don't you think they always exsaying. A swift miserable suspicion had shot press the character of the people who live in them ? Now look at that one there—no, not through him at sight of Bee's contusion : and he was wildly doing his best to cover her the corner one with the ivy; I mean the third to the right. Do you ever see anything want of self control, than which his own was scarcely less apparent. Miss Ludlow, looking from his disturbed so appalling as those bead fly catchers, or

And what a sweet voice she had! As the face to Bee, who was sitting apart in the win young man opened the door, he could hear it better, and the words of her songdow, downcast and almost sullen, opened her large eyes as if with a slow dawning of com

"That house is occupied by a gaunt and forbidding maiden lady, I am sure. Behind the prehension, and immediately began to make rigid folds of those drab moreen curtains, the most graceful small talk, from which she could we but peep, we should discover an was careful to exclude Bee, who was thus af bese poodle lapping cream out of a china forded time to recover herself.

Her tast seemed admirable in saucer, and possibly a rampant cockatoo in a George gilded cage. Their mistress made those bead norrors in her youth, and still believes in with Mrs. Throgmorton about her knitting, and about the exhibitions of art needlewor at South Kensington, which she felt sur Bee's eyes were still fixed on the quiet

would interest her so much. windows of No. 9. In the lower ones was visible the cheerful flickering of a fire. "Which are you tryin to read ?" cried Miss Ludlow, leaning forward so as to look No one had time to observe poor Bee's trouble : but the pleasure of the little meet ing was changed into pain. Each member of the party felt the chill creeping of some new constraint, though perhaps only two could account for it; and at last Doctor March,

unable to stand it any longer, started up, re membering an urgent call, and took his leave, of this chaos, with her back to the Doctor, stoed a slim maiden shape in a brown dress, having hardly dared to looked at Bee, who still sat, silent and miscrable, in the sunshiny blue checked apron, from under which homely

bay window. It may have been a feeling of pity which caused Miss Ludlow to go over to her and rings and tendrils. kiss her gently on the forehead, asking The wearer of the whether she felt very tired.

"No," returned Bee abruptly. "But-why did you say that, Ada ?" " Say what, dear ?" Ada asked. surprised. That your mother's knitting is in very good

don't !" Bee retorted, a sudden flame of anger lighting up her heavy eyes. "Why did you say that about — Beaudesert Gardens?" to him, by a very elaborate and unnatural

Ada's face fell. "My dear Bee," she whispered kindly, ''l had no idea that it would annoy you. You and turned around, displaying a charming know I had a reason—an innocent one flushed face with a smudge on it. Without

the least embarrassment she looked straight enough-for not telling mamma that the walk was my choice : but I thought it could not into the keen dark eyes that were fixed so admiringly on her, her little frown of in-quiry not disappearing or giving place to ossibly matter to you. I am so very sorry!' Bee stood up abraptly, and walked away any flutter of self-consciousness or gratified her mother, leaving Miss Ludlow in the mid-

dle of her apologies. It was rude ; but Ada accepted the situation vanity. ''You want to see aunt Letitia?'' she with perfect good breeding; and she wished Bee good bye, when presently Mrs. Throg aid, resting both hands on the top of her broomstick and her chip on her hands. "She usual cordiality. In the meanwhile Doctor March, having out driving with Mrs. Throgmorton. So in

Ada." "I found the door open," explained George shut himself with an omitous bang into his carriage, was driving away towards town in a most uncomfortable frame of mind. In vaiu "Susan is cut, too," she said. "I am

did he try to concentrate his thoughts on a afraid it is very dusty in here. I will come brilliant article in the Meaical Review he was into the hall reading; they would return, with irritating persistence, to the little scene in Mrs. Lud-

She put down her broom; and Doctor uothing at all March held the door open for the pretty luttle good as new." nothing at all. My black silk gown is just as low's front drawing- room, and the magazine Uinderella, who retained her hideous turban

March, smiling again at this frank explana

tion of affairs, and for the moment altogether

"Yes." Lucy's periwinkle blue eyes twinkled with fun. "But I am supposed to

laston Regis then, Miss Thrale ?'

Lucy laughed.

since contrived to upset.

taken of the Doctor's knock, even when he

used to being kept waiting. He could see another open door at the end

At the drawing room door however a pleas-

ant sound fell on his ear, and proved that somebody was at home, if it were only Susan

-the sound of a girl's voice singing aloud

cheerfully in time to the smart which to and

fro of a broom upon the carpet. Susan, instead of being engaged in gossip.

as the Doctor had injuriously supposed, was evidently taking advantage of her mistress's

absence to give the drawing-room a good

"Jack and Jill"

the

with a tremendous sweep upon

"Went up the hill"

-another tremendous sween on the " hill"

"To fetch a vail of water."

Mrs. Ackroyd's model pupil Susan was an admirable girl, no doubt; but George doubted some that she was capable of imparting such

a charm to the singing of a nursery rhyme; and, without more ado, he put his head in to

look at the sweeper. The room was in utter confusion, of course

dragged out of their places, lace curtains pinned up out of the dust; and in the middle

whose head was bound turban wise with a

head dress her long bronze brown hair fell in

a rough braid that curled at the ends in little

broom in her two small hands, and apparent

ly giving her whole soul to the work; con sequently she did not hear the opening of the

George looked on in considerable amuse

ment for a moment or two, until, finding that in all probability he would have to wait until

to him, by a very elaborate and unnatural

At this sound the girl stopped sweeping

The wearer of the turban was grasping the

-chairs piled one upon another, couches

clean.

' Jack''--

door.

Ahem

"But you are outgrowing your gray one."

Without another word she went into the to remain unmoved in the presence of a her pretty wrists. "Your nose will soon be hall, where old Jenner was holding the door charming woman, and who happened to have out of joint! You are my last relie of the open, and marched straight up stairs, leaving an idle half-hour on his hands, was in no parkind old Sacred Heart, and you shall be put away in lavender for ever and a day ! In real lavender, mind you-not figurative-great George broke into an uneasy laugh and ciding within herself that this plain, dark, den t What do you think of that ?" What do you think of that ?'

"It will blow over," he said to himself, with a docided absence of conviction. "The "No; I am afraid that I must not hear "No; I am afraid that I must not hear "No; I am afraid that I must not hear "No; I am afraid that I must not hear "No; I am afraid that I must not hear "No; I am afraid that I must not hear gently. "I am sorry you have been kept up so late. I think you may go to bed now. Good night. We shall not want you any more." "Good night, miss." "I high not come are the park theory" "I high that have come amongst us. I wish with my and you will be kind enough to tell your aunt progress of her work. whole heart they were back in London, if from me that she had no business at all to go Then an opening door downstairs sent as

they are going to set us all by the ears l' He went on his way moodily enough through the crisp and cold November sun shine that was glorifying the bare branches gold beneath his feet. The fine weather had and without my permission." "The void must be and no business at all to go "The had no being door downstairs sent a "The bar board must be ears." "Ada is singing!" she said, nodding her bead in time to the bird like trills. "Young bead and turning their fallen leaves to gold beneath his feet. The fine weather had bead in time to the bird like trills. "Young out of her eyes, her face fell. "My paused to rub her little red fingers;) gether. "The evenings are growing cold. wish I somewhat lost its charm. The hall door of the semi-detached villa him a very ceremonious little bow. "I will dare say Ada would not like it, and the noise Before the astonished young man could never do to have three fires burning !' little pursing of the pretty mouth -- " it would

protest, he found himself in the hall, and The singing had ceased. A light step was outside the door, which was mildly but firmly

neard on the stairs. "You industrious child." cried Miss Ludlow of the hall, which gave him a glimpse at the sunny back garden. The house was apparent- "Cool by Jove!" he thought, bursting softly, putting her flaxen head in at the door. into a half vexed laugh and making as dig-infied an exit as circumstances would permit. "So that is Lucy Thrale! Well, she is Lucy sprang up joyfully and kissed her

compare notes with Susan next door. I will just lay my book on the drawing room table and take myself off." Lord Somebody now, I suppose she would naise.'

not have turned me out! However, I was certainly in the way; so I won't bear malice. And so that is Lucy Thrale! By the way, how comes it that I have never met her be-"But it is too cold up here!" she added,

CHAPTER XIV.

Ludlow's sofa in the small front drawing

near her cousin's easy chair. A quantity of

monopolized the center of the embroidered

tropes and pelargoniums. "They scent the whole room." But indeed the pretty back drawing room,

beyond the deep bay windows of which stretched the garden, still and brown in the

November twilight, was already as warm and fragrant assany nest. The flickering light of

the wood fire playing upon the jardinieres showed them to be filled with rare flowering

plants, and every available jar and vase was overflowing with the spoils of a hot house.

The whole room was much altered in its appearance since the day when Bee Throg-morton had done her simple best to beautify

packing of Miss Ludlow's trunks, was skilful-ly disposed about the shelves, and hung on

the walls sgainst a background of dark velvet niches and medallions. The very Sevres tea cups, with their delicate raised flowers, out

basket and the loose leaves and stalks left

How pretty and home like it looks !"

it. "What taste Ada has?" she thought,

that they were quite ready for tea. "Would you like me to light the lamp?"

Lucy said, preparing to disappear ; but Miss

Ludlow said it was a pity to shut out the glimpse of the garden, and decided for the

Susan carried in Lucy's cup of tea with

Mrs. Ludiow's and the young lady drank it

sitting by her aunt's side in the little front

Then her cousin came through the curtains, delicate small figure in a pale blue gown,

table, which was drawn up to the fir

Jack Throgmorton was sitting by Mrs.

fore? Where do they hide her, I wonder, all day long?" "Horrible man !" Lucy Thrale was saying on the other side of the hall door; and she There was to be no walk to Green Knowe that

however !" With an impatient sigh the girl began to ascend the stairs. "I don't suppose I shall ever see him again; and I am sure it

The little control inder the look was in a pear her couch seasy chain. It the days were over fresh cut flowers lay in a basket, ready to be when Lucy had sighed for something to transferred to the great china bowl which

difficult to snatch an hour for her lonely tea cloth. walks along King's Boad, where she "How delicious," sighed Lucy, burying her

walks along King's Road, where she "How delicious," sighed Lucy, burying her used to gaze wistfully into the windows of the face in the cool wet masses of roses and helic-

"You mean by teaching r budy search eagerly. "I could teach too, if it were only beginners, Adal Don't you think Mrs. Throgmorton could get us a few pupils, and ""

Ada shook her head gently. "Not at Barlaston. It would kill mam mal" she said. "We must not dream of doing such a thing! No; if the worst comes the worst I suppose we shall have to

Ada smiled affectionatery at the single set of the room struck Lucy the whole aspect of the room struck Lucy The whole aspect of the arrangement that we shall be come to the struct set of the

bappen of course to prevent, or at any rate to delay it; but it is as well to be prepared." | basket and the loose leaves and stalks left in

firelight.

room.

celled to take such a step. Many things may afresh now, as she finished the arrangement

actually stamped her foot as she sucke, afternoon,

"Why could he not tell me who he was at once? And what does he mean by saying he

will come in the afternoon, and then shang ing his mind? I don't see why I need care

I shall ever see him again ; and I am sure it will be no great loss !"

The little bedroom under the roof was in a

occupy her time; and now it was often

invalid state entailed on the little household. Ada had done her best at the time to soothe

and cheer her mother, though she admitted later, in a confidential chat with Lucy, that

there was some cause for uneasiness. " I do not know how it is," she said sadly

but it certainly does cost more than I sup-

posed to live in Barlaston. Indeed I begin

to feel, dear Lucy, that we shall not be able to stay here much longer. The house, small as it is, is too expensive, I am afraid; and I

shall have to contrive some means of earning

"And go out as governesses?" Lucy's

blue eyes were full of emploring terror. The

thought of going away aloue, among stran-gers, nearly made her heart stand still.

"But you will try to keep together ?" Lucy urged, still very pale from the fright she had

received. "Indeed yes. But in the meanwhile"-

my tall little Lucy pretty for the winter. You have your own little fortune, you know, dear;

there is no need to worry you with our tron-

"Indeed," she protested earnestly, "your troubles are my troubles, Ada! And I want

les; and I am very glad that it is so."

Lucy's eyes filled with sudden tears.

money.'' "You mean by teaching?" Lucy asked

light. Her cherished plan seemed to be quietly working itself out, and sooner than she had dared to hope for. Ada and George were going to he friends, that was quite clear It was really pretty to see how Ada was learn ing to depend upon and look up to the Doctor. If only Bee would share a little in her mother's enthusiasm, that kindly woman thought, nothing would be wanting to com-

plete her happiness. But Bee did not find this easy. She had meant, she was quite sure, to be nice to Ada Ludlow; and sometimes she found herself wondering whether it was altogether her own fault that she had not succeeded.

All their walks and talks together, the pres ance of illness in the house, her mother's pa-

them that had gone on widening ever since. The girl had honestly tried to take the

blame to herself. Everybody else found Miss Ludlow charming; she was certainly as gentle and agreeable as it was possible for a girl to be, and her manner to Bee was at all times the warm tints of which had been agreeably simply perfect, in spite of certain abrust id flashes of temper, into which, in her new born trouble. Mary Throgmorton's which Ada might very fairly have resented, conscious as she was of not deserving them.

Nor was there anything in Ada's bearing deserted that bright morning, save by an old gardener with a wheelbarrow, who was pottering towards Doctor March, or Jack, or towards Ted Acknoyd in which her puzzled young about among the bare brown beds. censor could take exception. Miss Ludlow was as simple, frank and modest with young to the two dark eyes that saw it just then men as she was with everyone else. In spite through a sudden treacherous mist thought it men as she was with everyone ener. In epice through a sudden treacherous miss thought is the standard was more interesting than any Venetian canal still haunted Bee, she was compelled to admit or Alpine pass, common place and antiquated that the young lady, when in their society, indulged in none of the ogles or manœuvres of the traditional siren, a character which Miss Throgmorton had met more than once She had called there during her rides with in the course of the novel reading about

in the course of the novel leading which George used to scold her. "No, it is my own fault; it must be my four Bee decided over and over and over and over and over it with eatisfaction by Mrs. Batters, "No, it is my own latt; it must be my fault !" poor Bee decided over and over again, after hours spent in these puzzled questions. "It is I who am ungenerous and -yes-and jealous" - it was with burning the bound over a spent of the set of the cheeks she whispered this admission -" and I don't know why such feelings have come to me. I was not thinking about them; but now they are here, and I cannot put them away !" away !

Then Bee determined that she would school herself into greater charity towards her mother's protege; but in the midst of her efforts something happened—it was not much -it might have been an accident-after which the girl told herself that right or wrong to longer honestly call Miss Ludlow her friend.

It was one morning in the second week of poor Mrs. Ludiow's convalescence, and the two girls had been ordered out for a walk by Mrs. Throgmorton.

"Take Ada to the park, my love," she suggested, the park being one of the small 'lions'' of Barlaston which Miss Ludlow had not yet seen. '' Now don't look so anxiously at the sofa, you dear little creature !"-kissing " Can't you trust me Miss Ludlow's cheek. "Can't you trust me to take care of your mother for an hour, and to report all that the Docter says to her, word for word ?

"You are so good." Ada gently returned.

now, where was a black board posted with a and she has a large family." "But surely not dependent on our poor Doctor ?" asked Miss Ludlow, with ready notice of a charity sermon on the following Sunday. "We must cross here," she said, pausing.

"This is the way to Beaudesert Garden." "But it is Queen's Crescent I am looking for," Miss Ludlow explained a little anxish to know about it." Miss Ludlow, with her usual forbearance,

iously. "Yes, I know." Bee colored again. " They took no notice of Bee's ill temper, but went on to ask many smiling questions about the are close together. Mind that cab. The young ladies crossed over safely and ents of the houses in Beaudesert Gardens, kept on their way, past many dull and pon the position and probable income of Doctor derous rows of houses with wire blinds and gloomy curtains in the windows -houses in Marcu's neighbors in the square, with other similar inquiries, most of which Bee was unthe smoke blackened fronts of which not a able to answer.

ace or a flower was to be seen -- past a nur serv the beds and greenhouses of which were thetic eageness that they should be means obser none of these had brought them any obser tygether since the day of their first long chat dens. "What an odd old place !" said Miss Lud-"What an odd old place !" said Miss Lud-"Can you fancy serv the beas and greenhouses of and the whith his space, and informed the young of leaves and twigs, and informed the young ladies, touching his hat that he was about to eave the square and to lock the gate behind

him. low, looking about her. "Can you fancy any one living here all their life? What must be like ? I am sure I should go melancholy mad !"

The houses in Beaudesert Gardens were all! large substantial old dwellings of red brick Bee. mellowed by wind and weather into a sober russet. Their dark twinkling windows looked lown upon the railed in square of grass and daughter had been at times betrayed, and lilac bushes and smoky trees from which the place derived its name, and on the rustic come out with the intention of answering an advertisement for a visiting governess — " " That was your business ?" Bee said slow

ly. A queer look had come into the girl' bout among the bare brown beds. It was not a romantic spot certainly; but eyes." "Unfortunately, yes." There was a pause. Bee walked on, frown-ng her puzzied frown, for a few steps; then the stopped abruptly, and said, with an evi though it might be. Bee had naturally been in Doctor March's

Jack and Ted to leave a message or a note

the Doctor's housekeeper. Why did the old had happened between those days-which hot miserable tears in her eves?

A subdued exclamation of annovance from Miss Ludlow reminded her that she was not alone. Ada was searching her pocket and her purse, and looking greatly distressed.

"How very provoking !" she cried. " There is Queen's Crescent, sure enough, but I have up her throat, felt that after that remark she lost the address. I cannot remember the would rather be enopped in pieces than men number and after bringing you all this

dreary walk! Bee, I am so very sorry. "That does not matter in the least," r turned Bee, her brown eyes going back wist-fully to the ivied walls of No. 9. "But I am sorry too, if your business was important."

"Very important,"-sighing. "However it is of no use thinking of it now. I must only come again some other day. I certainly thought I had put the advertisement in my and white knitting in an easy chair by purse; but I suppose I must have left it on

the dressing table. She looked round the quiet square one more. Not a sound disturbed its old world

stillness.

dent determination to speak pleasantly-"Ada, if you like-it would save you the bother of another walk-we can go across the square and ask Mrs. Batters, Doctor March's usekeeper I mean, to let us look at to day's papers.

Miss Ludlow turned round, displaying face full of comic horror. "My dear Bee," she protested, laughing,

"I hope I look as shocked as I feel. But of course you are joking. No. After all, I could have taken no decided step without obtaining dear mamma's consent. I merely in ended to feel my way this morning; and, long as my poor darling does not hear of my plan, there is no harm done. I know how tterly it would upset her."

"I won't tell her where we have been, i you mean that," said Bee bluntly. Ada looked at her in mild surprise

"I did not suppose for one moment that on would interfere in another person's busshe returned calmly ; and Bee, drawing ness,"

tion one word about their walk. But a moment later she found herself wondering how Mrs. Ludlow could hear of What is the matter with you, child? I have the matter except from Ada or herself, and a good mind to make you put out your why, if Ada was so convinced of her discretion, tongue !"

them in the little drawing room, the invalid setting up among her large chintz pillows them jelly, Mrs. Throgmetton and ber

side, and Doctor March standing with his into the house. back to the fire, laughing over a story some one had been telling.

He advanced with alacrity to shake hands

" You are so good, "Ada genity returned. "Perhaps we may be home again before Doctor March calls; but, if we are not, pray remind him, dear Mrs. Throgmorton, of the book he promised to lend me, in case he " an addition of the promised to lend me, in case he " Ada genity returned. " He advanced with sharty to shake hand with the young ladies It turned out that he some playful reproaches and excuses ensued. " Marma is at King's Road," returned the sill count at the out of the promised to lend me, in case he " March, who was not altogether so sensible as

s flung aside. "What the deuce is the matter with my serenity. "I have a book for Miss Ludlow." said he, "I have a book for Miss Ludlow." said he, dear old Bee?" the young man growled in-wardly, thrusting his hands deep into his spoke the

sympathy in her face and voice. "I don't know," Bee answered wearily. "I don't know," Bee answered wearily. "I don't know, "Bee answered wearily. "I dous frown. "Why should she have blushed dare say mamma can tell you anything you hed abaces to there it is " had chosen to show Miss Ludlow my house?

And why did she avoid my eye ?" George broke into a rueful whistle, and took his hands out of his pockets to rub them irri tably over his head.

I never dreamt of this," he thought miserably. " And the idea seems simply prepos drawing room is not dusty. Please come in terous; but — The other night too, when I pretended to feel her pulse — And her manner has changed so much of late; and there.

And just then the old gardener came up the manufer as blacked of the old of take , and walk with his spade, and his wheelbarrow full good Heaven"-the young man sat up aud of leaves and twice, and informed the young denly, tearing open his coat and pulling off his gloves with a sensation of oppression -"it can't be me that the poor child cares for!" came in.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

the girl, shaking her head. " Come let us tear ourselves from these in than sewing, though, for a change. I have been sitting at the machine all the morning ; teresting solitudes !" whispered Ada, gaily When Doctor March awoke next morning, We had better have gone to the park after he tried to laugh away his disagreeable impressions about Miss Throgmorton ; but " It has been a walk at any rate," said found they were not so easily disposed of ; drawing roo and towards the middle of the day a sort of more silk."

"Yes: it has been a walk certainly. And reluctant fascination drew him toward Upper Brunswick street, resolved to see her again in my heart of hearts I am not sorry to have ost that advertisement. I am afraid my and convince himself that he had been miepride is not broken, as people say, enough taken. He had timed his visit ill, it seemed, Poor dear mamma. If she knew that I had for the old butler told him that the ladies

> remain incognite as well?" longed to the conviction that he had mis

judged his old friend Bee. " I will go about Lucy, beginning to pull off her checked turmy business, and let the poor girl alone. What right have I, after all, to be prying into ban, and showing all the pretty waved bronze of her rough hair. her harmless secrets ?" At that moment he saw Miss Throgmorton "Do you think you can ?"

riding slowly down the street, followed by her groom, and he was struck with the undeni-able change in the girl's looks. Her straight young shape was drooping, the reins hung listlessly in her fingers, all her bright brulistlessly in her fingers, all

said, nodding at him ; " because you are nette bloom had disappeared. George waited to lift her from her horse so tall." beginning to feel exceedingly uncomfortable

again. "There is something the matter with the child," he thought miserably. For, as Bee's languid eyes fell upon him

the treacherous blood began to mount into her pale cheeks; and he saw, as he helped her to dismount, that her glance avoided his

"Mamma is out," she said, as the groom took the horses round to the stable. "I suppose this unexpected honor was hardly in tended for me?"

"Well, it was," George admitted, trying to speak lightly; "but, now that I see the storm ignals flashing, I have changed my mind. You have been riding alone?"

"Yes; it is a relief sometimes. My hore does not speak about the Ludlows."

y audible through the doors that divided the amiling.

The young man answered the smile if not with her whip and forgetting to ask George the words.

"Well, miss, where are your manners?" he inquired loftily. "Am I to pay you a morning call on the steps?"

' Mamma is at King's Road," returned the

Oh. I will let it down ! And you know dear, what you were speaking about at break back, thus lending the sanction of the widow's fast, and how aunt Letitia cried. It is very presence to the tete a tete in the back drawwhen they were in the hall, admiring as he bad for her to be worried; and I want you to sweet face, from whose charm the

smudge did not detract in the least in his do with it !" "You foolish child !" returned her cousin mind any more than the shabby brown frock and coarse apron could hide the enchanting tenderly. " Of course I cannot take it !' " Then you don't love me," pleaded Lucy,

outlines of the girl's budding figure. "A book? You must give it to me in the putting her two pretty arms around Miss Ludlow's neck and squeezing her in a child corner of my apron. That is what Susan dues with cards and notes when her fingers ish hug; "and you don't care to save aunt are black. Oh, but I forgot ! The back Letita from being worried." Ada sighed and laughed, and returned the

child's eager embrace. "When you put it in that way," sho said, half vered, "I have not a word er thought the day would come when she "You seem to be fond of sweeping," the Doctor, said, as he followed her into the sunshiny garden room, the windows of which were thrown open to the sweet sharp air.

I heard you singing over the work as I in refusing it. And so, if you have really no fortunes that have befallen her." immediate use for it, dear, I will consent to Lucy did not answer; suc 1 little speeches " But I am not fond of it indeed." protested mmediate use for it, dear, I will consent to

her charming face glowing like a rose above any reply. her shapely gray go n. "Do you suppose "Would you like me to read to you

don't say any more about it.' And Miss Ludlow could not but avoid a the room, some sentences from the tea-table

forgetting Miss Thrale's dangerous reputation. subject which appeared distasteful to her "I wanted Ted Ackroyd to come in with as he went down the steps, he sighed with a greater feeling of relief than should have be-longed to the conviction that the hard

ing its deficiency. Her black silk gown indeed a well worn "Not if I can guess who you are." replied garment which had been made during her stupid little party that---one happy year at Prince's Gate-was still in a sufficient state of preservation for Lucy to wear on Sunday mornings at St. Mark's - the old church in the shadow of which the the young lady, with an arch little inflection. The girl looked at him as he stood leaning. with his hands behind him, against the table,

villa stood -and, being respectfully removed a little dawning shyness bringing the color to her cheeks and making her blue eyes droop. "I think you must be Mr. Ackroyd," she on her return, it bade fair to last the season through. But little boots and shoes, or even the cheapest of little brown or slate color gloves. did not grow on the bushes in Lucy's dear old back garden; nor did they come up " Is Mr. Ackroyd the only tall man in Bar continued, carrying on the conversation in ignorant defiance of Mrs. Grundy and the should be any more talk of her going away. proprieties. "And the Dootor is not coming until the afternoon. That is why aunt Letitia went out for a drive this morning." George remembered that he had made some be called 'Miss Thrale,' and to be hated by

the poor children because I was 'the governch arrangement on the previous day an arrangement which Mrs. Throgmorton had ness'? I would rather stay at home and with so much pleasure." cobble my shoes for ever ! It always makes "So I must be Mr. Ackroyd ?" he asked me sorrowful to read about the poor Brontes,

gravely. "Then you are ?" cried Lucy. She had not spoken to a soul except Ada and Susan and poor Mrs. Allen since she had come home from her converst ion with a kind looking and pleasant "I know something ! I know a way to conversation with a kind looking and pleasant "I know something ! I know a way to and how the y suffered. Oh !" "I know something ! I know a way to in her convert is and shefound this little stolen "I know something ! I know a way to in her converting. Shean had correction with the provided in the speecen, and Mies Luciow indigned again "I do not call that at all amusing," she declared lightly. "One is so tired of hear-ing such things." "What shall I talk about then ?" is manded the lad, after a scarcely perceptible and thing with a shift of mortification in his speecen, and Mies Luciow indigned declared lightly. "One is so tired of hear-ing such things." "What shall I talk about then ?" is manded the lad, after a scarcely perceptible and thing with a strike about the point of mortification is voing "We luckless Baster or more such as the strike about the point of mortification is voing "We luckless Baster or more such as the strike about the point of mortification is voing "We luckless Baster or more such as the strike about the point of mortification is voing "We luckless Baster or such as the strike about the strike about the point of mortification is the strike about the point of mortification is the strike about the strike

young man decidedly interesting. Stasan had come back and had resumed her work, the rhythmical sweep of the broom being distinct eyes blazing with excitement. "Oh, what a afraid."

ucky thought !" wo rooms. "Then you are?" she repeated. She walked about the little room for a few moments, beating her hands together and laughing softly to herself.

To-morrow I' she thought eagerly. " If

l have time, I will set about it to morrow "I thought you had decreed that we were not to remove our masks during this inter view?" he said good humoredly. Miss Thrale must work hard and get Ada's polonaise inished this evening ; and to morrow-"

might be, and by all accounts was, a contemper stitching, her blue eyes full of happy dreams.

pretty; and George "Aha, my poor gray gown !" she said, gether so sensible as nodding down at the skimpy sleeves above

One side of the heavy curtains was looned ing room ; but Jack was speaking now in a take this money. I should not know what to do with it !" of course : but she could not help thinking that she would like to be there too.

"I have nearly finished Ada's polonaise, aunt Letitia," she was saying. " I think it will look very pretty.

Mrs. Ludlow sighed.

"At least it will on her," continued the child, with a coaxing little air. " Ada looks

to say. Indeed, as you know, the meney would have to wear turned dresses." Lucy it would be affectation on my part to persist and no one can say that she deserved the mis-it would be affectation on my part to persist and no one can say that she deserved the mis-

"It is better borrow it for a little while." whange. I have "Borrow? Nonsense !" cried Lucy gaily, that it was best and kindest not to attempt

ber shapely gray gowing into a rose above any reply. so I promised Susan I would go on with the drawing room while she ran and got me some more silk." "Can you be Miss Thrale?" asked Doctor "Can you be Miss Thrale?" asked Doctor times? The money is yours. Ada; se please But now it was the widow's turn to be

silent; and then in the hush that fell upon talk beyond the curtains reached Lucy's ears.

men to come in. Of course we are pleased to see any friend of yours, but we are such a

"Stupid I'' cried Jack reproachfully. "How could any house be stupid that you lived in?"

" And I should not have asked Ted or any body else, Miss Ludlow, only that you said

" Do have some more tea and consider yourself forgiven," interrupted Miss Ludlow with a light laugh. "Your big 'Ted' is just a shade uninteresting, though I know it is among the bulbs and roots she was nursing rank heresy to hint at such a thing. But in the old tool house against the spring. And isn't he now? I confess to liking a man to "You are not young Mr. Throgmorton," she was determined not to ask Ada for money be spiritual above everything else. Any one ntinued, carrying on the conversation in until she was absolutely compelled, lest there can become rich nowadays, but so few people talk well." A gentle little twinkling of chine " Of what use would all the new gowns in and silver and then the young lady continued. Pray do amuse me a little Mr. Throgmorton. I have been so dull all day; but I felt sure somehow that you would come in, and I have been looking forward to our usual little chat

An indistinct baritone murmur followed this speech, and Miss Ludlow laughed again

### TO BE CONTINUED.]

-Alexander Dumas rises at six, and imme diately proceeds to warm a plate of soup which has been prepared the night before, and consume the same. On the strength of is soup he works until noon, when he break-Down she sat again, and went on with fasts. He composes all these hours, and eldom reads. French literature -at least the gay part of it -he knows by heart. With other languages, including English, his ac

