

ent man, indeed, who had not fallen upon his knees in spirit, in company with this little household of faith, in mute recognition of the love and peace and order that crowned his days.

He kissed the laughing children as they clung to him, before she turned down the light. When she came out of the room he was waiting for her. He put his arm around her as he

said, with the darling tenderness that made her life:

"Come along, old sweetness. We've got to go down and stir up those lunatics again. Call *that* 'the happiest time of your life!' We know better than that, don't we, petty? I'll tell you what it is: I'll go to church with you next Sunday, if you say so!"

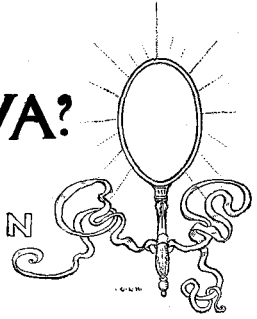


VENUS OR MINERVA?

BY

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

Illustrated by C. L. Hinton



IT was gratifying to be attached to a name again. As a Freshman, personality had been lost in the High School by reason of overwhelming numbers. The under-world seems always to be over populated and valued accordingly. But progress in the High School, by rigorous enforcement of survival of the fittest, brings ultimately a chance for identity. Emmy Lou, a survivor, found a personality awaiting her in her Sophomore year. Henceforth she was to be Miss MacLaurin.

The year brought further distinction. Along in the term Miss MacLaurin received notification that she had been elected to membership in the Platonian Society.

"On account of recognized literary qualifications," the communication set forth.

Miss MacLaurin read the note with blushes, and because of the secret joy its perusal afforded, she re-read it in private many times more. The first-fruits of fame are sweet; and as an Athenian might have regarded an invitation into Olympus, so Miss MacLaurin looked upon this opening into Platonian.

As a Freshman, on Friday afternoons, she had noted certain of the upper pupils strolling about the building after dismissal, clothed, in lieu of hats and jackets, with large importance. She had learned that they were Platonians, and from the out courts of the un-elect she had watched them, in pairs and groups, mount the stairs with laughter and chatter and covert backward glances. She did not wonder; she would have glanced backward too, for wherein lies the satisfaction of

being elect but in a knowledge of the envy of those less privileged?

And mounting the stairs to the mansard, their door had shut upon the Platonians; it was a secret society.

And now this portal stood open to Miss MacLaurin.

She took her note to Hattie and to Rosalie, who showed a polite but somewhat forced interest.

"Of course if you have time for that sort of thing," said Hattie.

"As if there was not enough of school and learning, now, Emily," said Rosalie.

Miss MacLaurin felt disconcerted, the bubble of her elation seemed pricked, until she began to think about it. Hattie and Rosalie were not asked to become Platonians; did they make light of the honor because it was not their honor?

Each seeks to be victor in some field of achievement, but each is jealous of the other's field. Hattie thought Rosalie frivolous, and Rosalie scribbled notes under the nose of Hattie's brilliant recitations. Miss MacLaurin, on the neutral ground of a non-combatant, was expected by each to furnish the admiration and applause.

Hattie's was the field of learning, and she stood, with obstacles trod under heel, crowned with honors. Hattie meant to be valedictorian some day, nor did Miss MacLaurin doubt Hattie would be.

Rosalie's was a different field. Hers was strewn with victims; victims whose name was Boys.

It was Rosalie's field Miss MacLaurin in her heart longed to enter. But how did Rosalie do it? She raised her eyes and lowered them and the victims fell. But every one could not be a Rosalie.

And Hattie looked pityingly upon Rosalie's way of life, and Rosalie laughed lightly at Hattie.

Miss MacLaurin admired Hattie, but secretly she envied Rosalie. If she had known how, she herself would have much preferred Boys to Brains; one is only a Minerva as second choice.

To be sure there was William. Oh, William! He is taken for granted, and besides, Miss MacLaurin is becoming sensitive because there is no one but William.

The next day she was approached by Hattie and Rosalie, who each had a note. They mentioned it casually, but Hattie's tone had a ring. Was it satisfaction? And Rosalie's laugh was touched with gratification, for the notes were official, inviting them, too, to become Platonians.

"Thinking it over," said Hattie, "I'll join; one owes something to class-spirit."

"It's so alluring—the sound," said Rosalie, "a secret anything."

Miss MacLaurin, thinking it over herself after she reached home that day, suddenly laughed.

It was at dinner. Uncle Charlie looked up at his niece, whom he knew as Emmy Lou, not, as yet, having met Miss MacLaurin. He had heard her laugh before, but not just that way; generally she had laughed because other people laughed; now she seemed to be doing it of herself. There is a difference.

Emmy Lou was thinking of the changed point of view of Hattie and Rosalie, "It's—it's funny—" she explained in answer to Uncle Charlie's look.

"No!" said Uncle Charlie. "And you see it? Well!"

What on earth was Uncle Charlie talking about?

"I congratulate you," he continued. "It will never be so hard again."

"What?" asked Emmy Lou.

"Anything," said Uncle Charlie.

What was he talking about?

"A sense of humor," said Uncle Charlie, as though one had spoken.

Emmy Lou smiled absently. Some of Uncle Charlie's joking which she was used to accepting as mystifying.

But it was funny about Rosalie and Hattie; she was smiling again, and she felt patronizingly superior to them both.

Miss MacLaurin was still feeling her superiority as she went to school the next morning. It made her pleased with herself. It was a frosty morning; she drew long breaths, she felt buoyant, and scarcely conscious of the pavements under her feet.

At the corner she met William with another boy. She knew this other boy, but that was all; he had never shown any disposition to have her know him better. But this morning

"At the High School gate Miss MacLaurin raised her eyes again"



things were different. William and the other boy joined her, William taking her books, while they all walked along together.

Miss MacLaurin felt the boy take a sidewise look at her. Something told her she was looking well, and an intuitive consciousness that the boy, stealing a look at her, thought so too, made her look better.

Her spirits soared intoxicatingly. This was a new sensation. Miss MacLaurin did not know herself, the sound of her gay chatting and laughter was strange in her ears. Perhaps it was an unexpected revelation to the others, too. William was not looking pleased, but the other boy was looking at her.

Something made Miss MacLaurin feel daring. She looked up—suddenly—and met the other boy's glance. To be sure, she looked down quicker, that part being involuntary, as well as the blush that followed. The blush was disconcerting, but the sensation on the whole was pleasurable.

At the High School gate Miss MacLaurin raised her eyes again. The lowering and the blush could be counted on, the only hard part was to get them raised.

She was blushing as she turned to go in; she was laughing too, to hide the blush. And this was the Elixir of which Rosalie drank; it mounted the brain. Intuitively Miss MacLaurin knew, if she could, she would drink of it again. She looked backward over her shoulder, the boy was looking backward, too. Hattie had said that Rosalie was frivolous, that her head was turned; no wonder her head was turned.

The next Friday the three newly elect mounted the stairs to the Platonian doorway.

Lofty altitudes are expected to be chilly, and the elevation of the mansard was as nothing to the mental heights upon which Platonian was established. Platonian welcome had an added chilliness besides, by reason of its formality.

The new members hastily found seats.

On a platform sat Minerva enthroned; no wonder, for she was a Senior as well as a President. The lesser lights, on each side, it developed, were Secretary and Treasurer; they looked coldly important. The other Platonians sat around.

The Society was asked to come to order. The Society came to order. There was no settling and re-settling and rustling and tardy subsidal, as in the class room, perhaps because the young ladies, in this case, wanted the order.

It went on, though Miss MacLaurin was conscious that, for her part, she compre-

hended very little of what it was all about, though it sounded impressive. You called it Parliamentary Ruling. To an outsider this seemed almost to mean the longest way round to an end that everybody had seen from the beginning. Parliamentary Ruling also seemed apt to lead its followers into paths unexpected even by them, from which they did not know how to get out, and it also lead to revelations humiliating to new members.

The report of the treasurer was called for. It showed a deficit.

"Even with the initiation fees and dues from new members?" asked the President.

Even so.

"Then," said the President, "we'll have to elect some more. Any new names for nomination?"

Names, it seemed, were unflatteringly easy to supply, and were rapidly put up and voted upon for nomination.

But suddenly a Platonian was upon her feet; she had been counting. The membership was limited and they had over-stepped that limit. The nominations were unconstitutional.

The treasurer at this was upon her feet, reading from the Constitution: "The revenues of said Society may be increased only by payment of dues by new members"—she paused, and here reminded them that the Society was in debt.

Discussion waxed hot. A constitution had been looked upon as invulnerable.

At last a Platonian arose. She called attention to the fact that time was passing, and moved that the matter be tabled, and the Society proceed with the programme for the day.

Fiercer discussion ensued at this. "Business before pleasure," said a sententious member. "What's a programme to a matter concerning the Constitution itself?"

The sponsor for the motion grew sarcastic. (It developed later she was on the programme.)

"Since the business of the Society was only useful as a means of conducting the programme, which was the primary object of the Society's being, she objected to the classing of the programme as unimportant."

But the programme was postponed. When people begin to handle red tape, there is always a chance that they get enmeshed in its voluminous tangles.

It was dark when the Society adjourned. Platonians gave up dinner and Friday afternoons to the cause, but what Platonian doubted the worth of it?

Miss MacLaurin and Hattie walked home together. At the corner they met a boy. It

was the other boy whose name, as it chanced, was Chester. He joined them and they walked along together. Something made Miss MacLaurin's cheek quite red; it was her blush when the boy joined them.

A few steps farther on they met Miss Kilrain, the new teacher at the High School. It was just as Miss MacLaurin was laughing an embarrassed laugh to hide the blush. Miss Kilrain looked at them coldly; one was conscious of her disapproval.

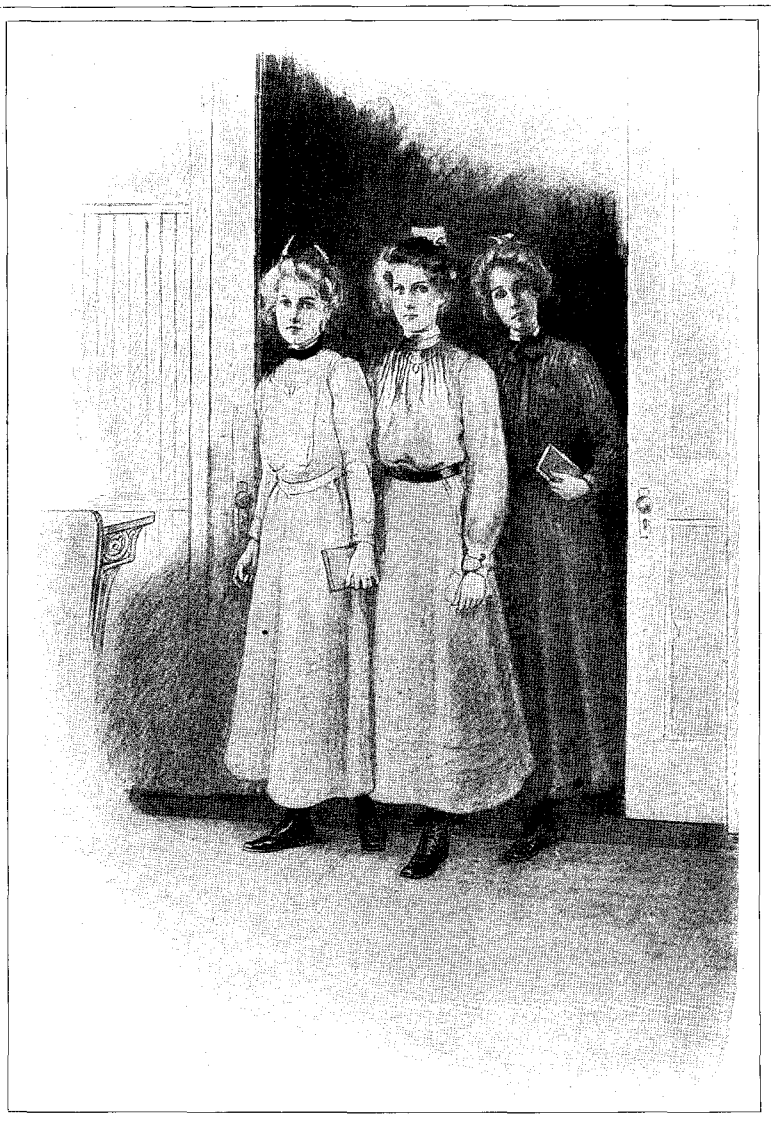
Miss Kilrain's name had been up that very afternoon in the Society for honorary membership. All teachers were made honorary members.

With the Sophomore year High School pupils had met several new things. Higher Education was one of them. They met it in the person of

Miss Kilrain. It looked forbidding. She lowered her voice in speaking of it and brought the words forth reverently, coupling it with another impressively uttered thing, which she styled Modern Methods.

Miss Kilrain walked mincingly on the balls of her feet. She frequently called the attention of her classes to this, which was superfluous, for so ostentatiously did she do her walking one could not but be aware of some unnatural quality in her gait. But Miss Kilrain, that they might remember to do the same, reminded her classes so often, they all took to walking on their heels. Human nature is contrary.

She also breathed from her diaphragm, and urged her pupils to try the same.



"The three newly elect mounted the stairs to the Platonian doorway"

"Don't you do it," Rosalie cautioned Emily; "look at her waist."

Miss Kilrain came into the High School with some other new things—the new text-books.

There had been violent opposition to the new books and as violent a fight for them. The papers had been full of it and Emmy Lou had read the particulars of it.

A Mr. Bryan had been in favor of the change. Emmy Lou remembered him as a Principal way back in the beginning of things. Mr. Bryan was quoted in the papers as saying: "Modern methods are the oil that lubricate the wheels of progress."

Professor Koenig, who was opposed to the change, was Principal at the High School. He said that the text-books in use were

standards, and that the Latin Series were classics.

"Just what is a classic?" Emmy Lou had asked, looking up from the paper.

Uncle Charlie had previously been reading it himself.

"Professor Koenig is one," said he.

Professor Koenig was little, his beard was grizzled, and the dome of his head was bald. He wore gold spectacles, and he didn't always hear, at which times he would bend his head sideways and peer through his glasses. "Hey?" Professor Koenig would say. But he knew, one felt that he knew, and that he was making his classes know, too. One was conscious of something definite behind Professor Koenig's way of closing the book over one forefinger and tapping upon it with the other. It was a purpose.

What then did Uncle Charlie mean by calling Professor Koenig a classic?

"Just what does it mean, exactly—classic?" persisted Emmy Lou.

"That which we are apt to put on the shelf," said Uncle Charlie.

Oh—Emmy Lou had thought he was talking about Professor Koenig; he meant the textbooks—she understood now, of course.

But the old books went and the new ones came, and Miss Kilrain with them.

She entered mincingly on the balls of her feet the opening day of school, and took her place on the rostrum of the chapel with the faculty. Once one would have said with "the teachers," but in the High School one knew them as the faculty. Miss Kilrain took her place with them, but she was not of them. The High School populace, gazing up from the groundling's point of view, in serried rank below, felt that. It was as though the faculty closed in upon themselves and left Miss Kilrain with her Modern Methods outside and alone.

But she showed a proper spirit, and proceeded to form her intimacies elsewhere, becoming quite intimate and friendly with certain of the girls.

And now her name had come up for honorary membership in the Platonian Society.

"We've always extended it to the faculty," a member reminded them.

"Besides, she won't bother us," remarked another. "They never come."

Miss Kilrain was accorded the honor.

But she surprised them. She did come; she came tipping up on the balls of her feet the very next Friday. They heard her deprecating little cough as she came up the stairs. When one was little, one had played "let's pre-

tend." But in the full illusion of the game, if grown-up people had appeared, the play stopped—short.

It was like that, now—the silence.

"Oh," said Miss Kilrain, in the doorway, "go on, or I'll go away."

They went on lamely enough, but they never went on again. Miss Kilrain, ever after, went on for them, and perforce they followed.

But to-day they went on. The secretary had been reading a communication. It was from the Literary Society of the Boy's High School, proposing a debate between the two; it was signed by the secretary, who chanced to be a boy named Chester.

Miss MacLaurin, in spite of herself, grew red; she had been talking about the Platonians and their debates with him quite recently.

The effect of the note upon the Platonians was visible. A tremendous fluttering agitated the members. It was a proposition calculated to agitate them.

Rosalie was on that side opposed to the matter. Why was obvious, for Rosalie preferred to shine before boys, and she would not shine in debate.

Hattie was warmly in favor of it, for she was one who would shine.

Miss MacLaurin did not express herself, but when it came to the vote, Miss MacLaurin said "Aye."

The "Ayes" had it.

Then, all at once, the Platonians became aware of Miss Kilrain, whom they had momentarily forgotten. Miss Kilrain was sitting in deprecating silence, and the Platonians had a sudden consciousness that it was the silence of disapproval. She sat with the air and the compressed lips of one who could say much, but since her opinion is not asked—

But just before adjournment her lips unclosed, as she arose apologetically and begged permission to address the chair. She then acknowledged her pleasure at the compliment of her membership, and expressed herself as gratified with the earnestness with which some of the members were regarding this voluntarily chosen opportunity for self-improvement. These, she was sorry to see, were in the minority; as for herself, she must express disapproval of the proposed Debate with the young gentleman of the Male High School. It could but lead to frivolity, and she was sorry to see so many in favor of it. Young ladies whose minds are given to boys and frivolity, are not the material of which to make a literary society.

As she spoke, Miss Kilrain looked steadily

at two members sitting side by side. Both had voted for the Debate, and both had been seen by Miss Kilrain, one, at least, laughing frivolously, in company with—a boy. The two members moving uneasily beneath Miss Kilrain's gaze were Hattie and Miss MacLaurin.

Miss Kilrain then went on to say that she had taught in another school, a school where the ideals of Higher Education were being realized by the use of Modern Methods. The spirit of this school had been Earnestness, and this spirit had found voice in a school paper. As a worthier field for the talents she recognized in the Platonian Society, Miss Kilrain now proposed that this society start a paper, which should be the organ for the School.

It was only a suggestion; but did it appeal to the talent she recognized before her, they could bear in mind that she stood ready to assist them with the advice and counsel of one experienced in the work.

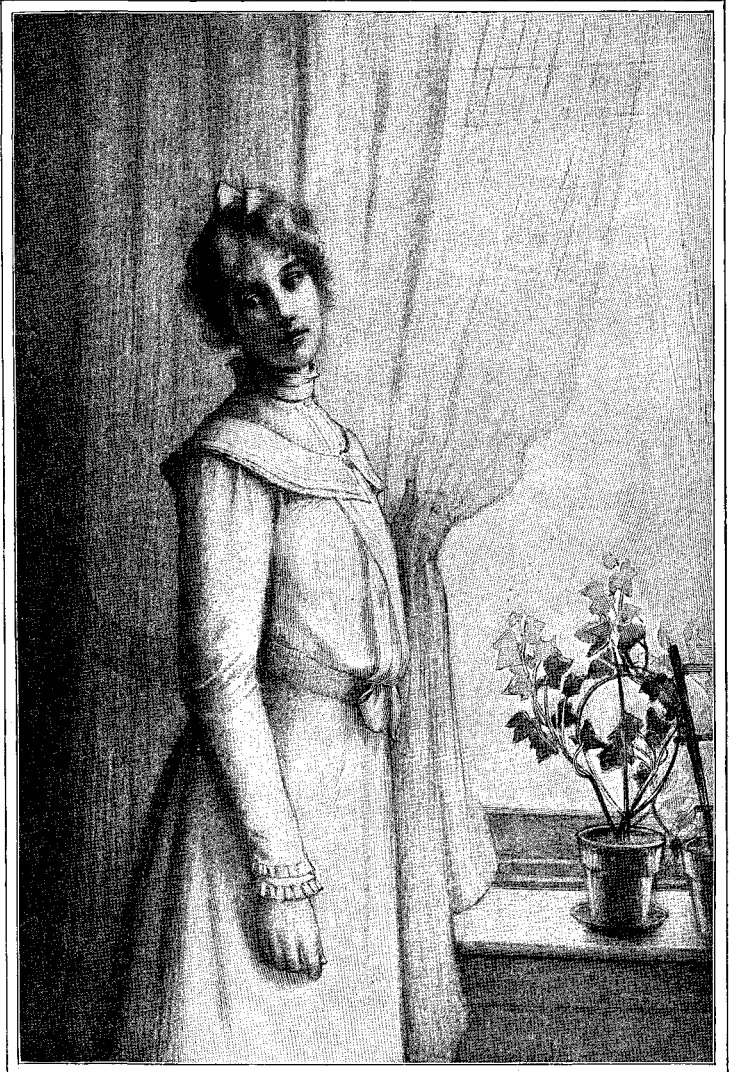
Going down stairs Miss Kilrain put her arm about one of the girls, and said it was a thing she admired—an earnest young spirit. The girl was Rosalie, who blushed and looked embarrassed.

That meeting was the last of the Platonian gatherings that might be called personally conducted. The Platonians hardly

knew whether they wanted a paper or not, when they found themselves full in the business of making one. Miss Kilrain was the head and front of things. She marshalled her forces with the air of one who knows what she wants. Her forces were that part of the Society which had voted against the Debate. Miss Kilrain was one who must lead, at something; if she could not be lead-

er on the rostrum she descended to the ranks.

Miss MacLaurin was deeply interested and felt she had a right to be, for these things, newspapers and such, were in her family. Considering her recognized literary qualifications she even had secret aspirations toward a position on the staff. On a scrap of paper



"She stood, fingering the window curtain, irresolute"

in class she had surreptitiously tried her hand on a tentative editorial, after this fashion:

"It is our desire to state at the start that this paper does not intend to dabble in the muddy pool of politics."

Miss MacLaurin heartily endorsed the proposed paper, and like Miss Kilrain, felt that it would be a proper field for unused talent.

But her preference for a staff position was not consulted. Rosalie, however, became part of that body. Rosalie was a favorite with Miss Kilrain. Hattie, the hitherto shining light, was detailed to secure subscribers. Was this all that honors in Algebra, Latin, and Chemistry could do for one?

Miss MacLaurin found herself on a committee for advertisements. By means of advertisements, Miss Kilrain proposed to make the paper pay for itself.

The treasurer, because of a proper anxiety over this question of expenditure, was chairman; in private life the treasurer was Lucy—Lucy Berry.

"Write to this address," said Miss Kilrain to the committee, giving them a slip of paper. "I met one of the firm when he was in the city last week to see a friend of mine, Professor Bryan, on business." Miss Kilrain always gave the details of her private happenings to her listeners. "Just mention my name in writing, and say I told you to ask for an advertisement."

The Chairman gave the slip to Miss MacLaurin to attend to. Miss MacLaurin had seen the name before on all the new text-books this year introduced into the High School.

"How will I write this?" Emmy Lou inquired of Uncle Charlie that night. "This letter to the International School Book Company?"

"What's that?" asked Uncle Charlie.

Emmy Lou explained.

Uncle Charlie looked interested. "Here to see Professor Bryan, was he? H'm. Moving against Koenig faster even than I predicted."

Miss Kilrain had instructed her committee further as to what to do.

"You meet me on Saturday," said Lucy to Emily, "and we will do Main Street together."

She met Lucy on Saturday. Lucy had a list of places.

"You—you're chairman," said Emmy Lou, "you ask—"

It was at the door of the first place on the list, a large, open doorway, and it and the sidewalk were blocked with boxes and hog-heads and men rolling things into drays.

Lucy and Emmy Lou went in; they went on going in, back through a lane between sacks and things stacked high; it was dark and cellar-like, and smelled of sugar and molasses. At last they reached a glass door, which was open. Emmy Lou stopped and held back; so did Lucy.

"You—you're chairman—" said Emmy

Lou. It was mean, she felt it was mean, she never felt meaner.

Lucy went forward; she was pretty, her cheeks were bright and her hair waved up curly despite its braiding. She was blushing.

A lot of men were at desks, dozens of men it seemed at first, though really there were four, three standing, one in his shirt sleeves. They looked up.

The fourth man was in a revolving chair; he was in shirt sleeves, too, and had a cigar in his mouth; his face was red, and his hat was on the back of his head.

"Well?" said the man, revolving just enough to see them. He looked cross.

Lucy explained. Her cheeks were very red now.

At first the man was testy, he did not seem to understand.

Lucy's cheeks were redder, so Emmy Lou came forward, thinking she might make it plainer. She was blushing, too. They both explained; they both gazed at the man eagerly while they explained; they both looked pretty, but then they did not know that.

The man wheeled round a little more and listened. Then he got up. He pushed his hat back and scratched his head and nodded as he surveyed them. Then he put a hand in his pocket and pursed his lips as he looked down on them.

"And what am I to get, if I give you the advertisement?" he inquired. He was smiling jocosely, and here he pinched Lucy's cheek playfully between a thumb and forefinger.

Emmy Lou had kept her wits. She carried much paraphernalia under her arm. Miss Kilrain had posted them thoroughly as to their business.

"And what, then, do I get?" repeated the man.

Emmy Lou was producing a paper. "A receipt," said Emmy Lou.

The man shouted. So did the other men.

Emmy Lou and Lucy were bewildered.

"It's worth the price," said the man. He promised them the advertisement, and walked back through the cellar-like store with them to the outer door.

"Come again," said he.

On the way to the next place they met Emmy Lou's Uncle Charlie. It was near his office. He was a pleasant person to meet down-town, as it usually meant a visit to a certain alluring candy place. He was feeling even now in his change pocket as he came up.

"How now," said he, "and where to?"

Emmy Lou explained. She had not happened

to mention this part about the paper at home.

"What?" said Uncle Charlie, "you have been— Say that over again—"

Emmy Lou said it over again.

No more advertisements were secured that morning. No more were solicited. Emmy Lou found herself going home with a lump in her throat. Uncle Charlie had never spoken to her in that tone before.

Lucy had gone on to her father's store, as Uncle Charlie had suggested she ask permission before she seek business farther.

There were others of Uncle Charlie's way of thinking. On Monday the Platonians were requested to meet Professor Koenig in his office. Professor Koenig was kindly but final. He had just heard of the paper and its methods. He had aimed to conduct his school on different lines. It was his request that the matter be dropped.

Miss Kilrain was indignant. She was excited; she was excited and unguarded. Miss Kilrain said more, perhaps, than she realized.

"He's only helping to pull the roof down on his own head," said Miss Kilrain; "it's only another proof of his inability to adapt himself to Modern Methods."

Next month was December. The High School adjourned for the holidays. But the Platonians were busy. They were preparing for a debate, a debate with the High School boys. Professor Koenig had thought it an excellent thing, and offered his library to the Society for use in preparation, saying that a friendly rivalry between the two schools would be an excellent and stimulating thing.

These days Miss Kilrain was holding aloof from the Society and its deteriorating tendencies. She shook her head and looked at the members sorrowfully.

The debate was set for the first Friday in the new year.

One morning in the holidays Uncle Charlie looked up from his paper. "You are going to have a new Principal," said he.

"New Principal—" said Emmy Lou, "and Professor Koenig?"

"Like other classics," said Uncle Charlie, "he is being put on the shelf. They have asked him to resign."

"And who is the new one?" asked Emmy Lou.

"The gentleman named as likely is Professor Bryan."

"Oh," said Emmy Lou, "no."

"I am of the opinion, therefore," said Uncle Charlie, "that the 'Platonian's Mercu-rial Gazette' will make its appearance yet."

"If it is Professor Bryan," said Emmy Lou, "there's no need of my working any more on the Debate."

"Why not," said Uncle Charlie.

"If it's Mr. Bryan, he'll never let them come, he thinks they are awful things—boys."

Miss MacLaurin was right about it; the debate did not take place. Platonian affairs seemed suddenly tame. Would a strictly feminine Olympus pall?

She came into Aunt Cordelia's room one afternoon. "There's to be a dancing club on Friday evenings," she explained, "and I'm invited."

Which was doubly true, for both William and Chester had asked her. She was used to having William say he'd come round and go along; she had had a boy join her and walk home—but this—

"You can't do it all," said Aunt Cordelia positively. "That Society keeps you till dark."

Emmy Lou knew when Aunt Cordelia's tones were final. She had feared this. She stood, fingering the window curtain, irresolute. In her heart she felt her literary qualifications were not being appreciated in Platonian circles anyway. A dancing club—it sounded alluring. The window was near the bureau with its mirror—she stole a look. She was—yes—she knew now she was pretty.

Late that afternoon Miss MacLaurin dropped a note in the post. It was a note tendering her resignation to the Platonian Society.





"A buzz of whispering . . . followed Miss Carewe and her partner around the room"

Drawn by HENRY HUTT

See page 443

THE TWO VANREVELS

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HUTT

SUMMARY OF CHAPTERS I-IX—In the spring of the year that saw the outbreak of the Mexican War, Miss Betty Carewe, the daughter of the rich old widower, Robert Carewe, comes home to Rouen, Indiana, from the Convent school, and captures the hearts of all the young men in town. Most sorely smitten of all are the two law partners, Tom Vanrevel and Crailey Gray. Vanrevel, however, has had a bitter political quarrel with Miss Betty's father, who has threatened to shoot him should he ever catch him trespassing on Carewe property. Crailey Gray, on his side, finds as serious an obstacle to the furtherance of his suit, in the fact that he is already engaged to Miss Fanchon Bareaud. The situation is further complicated by the circumstance of Miss Betty's having confused the two gentlemen in her mind—mistaking each of them for the other.

This mistake Crailey Gray is the first to discover

—being apprised of it by the young lady herself, as he is escorting her home from the great fire, at which she had saved both his life and Vanrevel's. Instead of undeceiving her, he takes adroit advantage of the opportunity, to make love to her in the character of Vanrevel.

The next morning Miss Betty's father flies into a fearful rage over the account in the Rouen "Journal" of his daughter's heroism and rescue of his bitterest foe. His denunciations naturally serve only further to raise in Miss Betty's estimation the gentleman whom she supposes to be the subject of them. Mr. Carewe leaves that day for the country, and an old friend of the family, Mrs. Tanberry, arrives to chaperon his daughter during his absence. That evening Vanrevel serenades Miss Betty from her garden. Miss Betty recognizes the voice, and very properly despises the serenader for what she considers his infidelity to his betrothed, Miss Bareaud.

CHAPTER X

Echoes of a Serenade

MORE than three gentlemen of Rouen wore their hearts in their eyes for any fool to gaze upon; but three was the number of those who told their love before the end of the first week of Mr. Carewe's absence, and told it in spite of Mrs. Tanberry's utmost effort to preserve, at all times, a conjunction between herself and Miss Betty. For the good lady, foreseeing these declarations much more surely than did the subject of them, wished to spare her lovely charge the pain of listening to them.

Miss Carewe honored each of the lorn three with a few minutes of gravity; but the gentle refusal prevented never a swain from being as truly her follower as before; not that she resorted to the poor device of half-dismissal, the every-day method of the school-girl flirt, who thus keeps the lads in dalliance, but because, even for the rejected, it was a delight to be near her. For that matter, it is said that no one ever had enough of the mere looking at her. And her talk was enlivening even to the lively, being spiced with

surprising turns and amiably seasoned with the art of badinage. Also, to use the phrase of the time, she possessed the accomplishments—an antiquated charm now on the point of disappearing, so carefully has it been snubbed under wherever exhibited. The pursuing wraith of the young, it comes to sit, a ghost, at every banquet, driving the flower of our youth to unheard-of exertions in search of escape, to dubious diplomacy, to dismal inaction, or to wine; yet time was when they set their hearts on "the accomplishments."

Miss Betty Carewe at her harp, ah! it was a dainty picture: the clear profile, with the dark hair low across the temple, silhouetted duskily, in the cool, shadowy room, against the open window; the slender figure, one arm curving between you and the strings, the other gleaming behind it; the delicate little sandal stealing from the white froth of silk and lace to caress the pedal; the nimble hands fluttering across the long strands,

"Like white blossoms
Borne on slanting lines of rain,"