

first," and he steered toward the green room on the right.

"I've got a picture in here that I want to show you. I look on it as my very own, because I discovered it."



"Why, it is number twenty two—'The Girl with Violets,'" cried Elise, laughing.

"It is—you," he said rapturously.

"I? You are surely joking. I don't think it looks a bit like me."

"Not at a glance, perhaps, not as you are at any one moment; but it is the way I myself would have painted the dear face that has been with me all through my college years, and that has made a man of me, Elise."

"But I—I don't think the violets are very natural, anyhow—Archie," she faltered, casting down her beautiful eyes.

"They are dream violets too, dear," he said softly. "They aren't just ordinary flowers; they stand for all that's fine and sweet and—exalted. You go together because—oh, Elise, won't you be *my* girl with violets always?"

"Hush!" she whispered back, turning her beaming face from him, "there's some one in the doorway."

"Confound him! It's that bore, Maurice Griswell. What business has he to be hanging around here?"

Katherine S. Brown.

FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

THE woman in gray, crowded into a corner of the great drawingroom, gazed at the gay company of smartly attired individuals that barred her way to the door, and sighed dismally.

She was hot and tired and bored. She loathed a crowd—she detested these inane teas which nobody liked and everybody came to. She had met all the bores of her acquaintance, and none of her friends, and she was fretted and annoyed by the miserable little contretemps she had just taken part in.

It seemed a queer thing that, out of the entire throng about them, her hostess should have selected the one woman in the world she detested, to present to her.

The sudden flush that had burned her cheek when she and Martha had been so suddenly brought face to face, seemed to sting there still. A murmured word of acknowledgment to her hostess, a haughty lifting of the head and

lowering of the eyes, and a little step into the crowd, and they were parted. Now all there was to do was to forget it and think of something pleasant. She was annoyed at herself for finding this a difficult thing to do.

It had been three long years since she and Martha had been brought in such close contact—two persons may go daily to the same places and move in the same society, and yet, if they desire, avoid each other as easily as though a sea rolled between them.

Martha was changed. Even in that brief glance this afternoon she had noticed how much older and worn she had grown. She recalled now the fact that she had heard in some indirect way that her youngest child was sickly and had

"THEY ARE DREAM VIOLETS TOO, DEAR."

something wrong with its spine. Well, it was not her place to be sorry for Martha. There were plenty of people in the world she liked whom she could be sorry for if she pleased.

In her earnest endeavor to dismiss the subject from her mind, she forced herself to nod brightly to her many acquaintances in the room and listen to the conversation floating about her. The two women near her were discussing their hostess and entertainment with the charming courtesy of the day which permits one to take his friend's bread in one hand and throw mud at him with the other.

"It's a wonder to me," said one, "how on earth she gets all these people here, and how she pays for it when she does. Of course it's no mystery where her husband gets his money—wins it, I should say—but I imagine that little enough of it comes in this direction. Why, Mrs. Matthewson was telling me only the other day that her florist had gotten out a judgment against them, and she goes rushing from one shop to another looking for credit."

"And then, the way she gets professional people to these affairs of hers," said the other. "Promises to pay them and never does, I suppose. I understand that Russian protégée of Marlini's is to play this afternoon. That's why all the people are waiting. It can't be for the refreshments, Heaven knows! The food one gets here would disgrace a foundlings' home——"

The other interrupted her. "There's the girl now," she said. "Looks as though she had on a shroud, doesn't she?"

Mrs. Vernon's eyes followed theirs. She saw the people about the piano make way for a tall, slender girl in white, with curiously dressed golden hair and the gentle eye of the artist that sees everything and nothing.

Mrs. Vernon settled herself in her corner with a sigh. After this little diversion she would make her way out and raise her depressed spirits by a brisk ride in the park. In the mean time, why, this music was charming, exquisite, well worth waiting for—even the foolish gossips at her side were silenced.

The music was strange to her. She wondered what it could be, and, incidentally, how many of the people about her appreciated it. How Martha used to rave about the gilded idiots who profaned

music by going to an opera to be seen and not to hear! How she used—— Mrs. Vernon drew her breath sharper. Why should the thought of that woman haunt her this afternoon with such strange insistence? What right had her mind to



A TALL, SLENDER GIRL IN WHITE.

hold her more than the cook she discharged a twelvemonth ago? Well, if one must think about her, better make the best of it and think it all out and be done, as one has a good, steady cry and then dries her eyes and feels better; and this was good music to think to, even impersonal, with a wee minor chord deep down in its sweetness.

It was not her fault that Martha and she had quarreled. Hers was always the softer disposition of the two. It was Martha who flared and burned and resented so bitterly the slight word that less sensitive ears would be deaf to. And what an independent creature she was! Why, in their school days, when Martha was a wee mite, head and shoulders below herself, she was always the protector,

always the one to go before and fight the battles for two.

How gently the music flowed along! Why, thinking of her now as she had been then was like thinking of some little friend who had died when she was a child.



"MARTHA DEAR, I AM SORRY; I HAVE BEEN SORRY EVER SINCE."

That woman standing near the piano had nothing to do with the little comrade whom she had known and loved. Such friends as they two had been! She saw them sitting at the same desk in the little green school house, sharing the same lunch basket. She saw them playing in the old barn; she remembered the funny little confidences they exchanged that seemed so important then. Why, they had been like very sisters.

Then Martha and she had gone to their first ball together. The fun they two had had—not she and that woman by the piano, but the dear, merry young girl who had shared her flirtations and frolics. Oh, the jolly, dear, innocent old days, with their dances and philanderings! Why, it was Martha who had introduced her to

her husband. (How many years since she had thought of that!) It was Martha who had dressed her for her wedding. It was Martha who had cried and laughed and choked when she went away. Who could have prophesied the gulf that separated them now?

And, after all, what had caused it? If she had only refused to listen when the gossip was brought to her! If she had not lent an ear to the scandalmongers and believed and retorted! And then the growing coldness, the quarrel, the dislike—

No, how could one lie even to oneself, with that music in his ears? She had never disliked Martha, though she had said and forced herself to believe it all these years. Oh, her curse and the curse of all honest men and women on those vultures of mankind, the scandalmongers, and another on the poor fools that believe them! She had never had another friend that was worth the name. She and Martha had lived so close in that dear woman intimacy that no man can understand, that there was no room for a third. No; she had never disliked her; she had done worse—she had missed her. What was the brief anger compared to these years of loneliness? Oh, the pathos of the music, the exquisite sympathy of the minor chords! Why, Martha had helped her with the first wee clothes for the baby; she was the first to lay the tiny soft bundle in her arms, and it was Martha who had folded the cold little hands and filled them with roses. Oh, a man means well, but he forgets and there are so many things in the world for him, and a woman's tears bore him after a little. If she could only talk to Martha about the baby! She would know; she would understand; she would cry with her. Oh, to be able to stand by her side now, to go through the crowd and claim her before them all! The little child, the girl, the woman, she had loved, were embodied in that woman by the piano, whose eyes were on her now. Could a malicious word part her from all three?

The music ended in a grand, triumphant chord that drowned for a moment the hum of conversation in the room. The young pianist rose amid the conventional burst of applause and was gathered in the midst of a flattering circle, but Mrs. Vernon passed her without a glance. Afterward she thought of her as a young

St. Cecilia crowned with her heavenly roses; now she thought of her not at all. Her eyes were on the little woman who stood apart from the rest and who made a faltering step toward her as she came.

Anne Vernon's face was pale; there were great tears in her eyes, but she forced herself to speak clearly.

"Martha dear, I am sorry," she said;

The old Dutch clock on the mantelpiece struck the hour of eleven. Softly the sound died away into the night, and there was silence again. No need was there for conversation. Each knew the thought of the others, for were they not his own?

The curiously carved hands of the old timepiece had gone almost half way on



"FELLOWS, I THANK YOU FOR YOUR WELCOME."

"I have been sorry ever since. Will you forgive me? May I come and see you soon, Martha?"

The other woman fought with the sob in her throat. Her dark eyes smiled through her tears; she laid both her hands in Anne Vernon's trembling ones.

"We—we have so much to talk about," she said. "Won't you let me go with you now, Nancy?"

Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

BEFORE COMMENCEMENT.

It was a night in May, about a month before commencement. In Jack Lawton's room three seniors (including the host) were stretched around ungracefully but comfortably. A table stood in the center of the room, and on it were a few glasses, a bottle of cognac, and a jar of tobacco.

their midnight round, and had just given that peculiar click which is a warning that the bell is about to strike, when the door opened, and there entered the room a well built fellow, tall, with a sharp, clean shaven face, and a high intellectual forehead from which flowed back a disheveled mass of light brown hair.

The silence was broken by his entrance. It was a saying around college that Tom Eaton was equally welcome in a party of rich men or poor, of earnest students or sociable loafers, at any time of day or night.

"Glad to see you, Tom," cried one of the fellows, as the door closed.

"Just in time, Tom. You always are," added Lawton. "We were getting blue thinking of the old days, which are almost over. Give us a sample of your valedictory to brace us up. Tell us of the bright fields that lie before us, and the success