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erick, good-humouredly. "I say, Rosamund, has she been putting on the steam like this ever since she came? How are you to-day, eh?" when at last he was allowed to make his way to her. "You looked pretty bright when I came in. What was it all about, eh?"

"The key of your sister's portmanteau." There was no brightness, now, however. "And they wouldn't give it up? Wanted no one to rummage about among their goods and chattels, I suppose. Well, here you are at last, you two," holding the sisters at arm's-length, and regarding them with such a look of affectionate approbation as compensated for all they had struggled through. "Three bonnie lasses; and by Jove! I am the only man for you all! I say, Rosamund, we must get over Hartland for the girls. As he is a lord, he ought to cut up into two, and let them go halves. Is he to be here to-night?"

"No."

"Humph! Well, I thought he might, that's all. He is here often enough, I am sure. Or at least he used to be," continued the speaker, "he has not been quite so much of late. I fancy he has taken to going the Stoneby's way. Oh, but we really cannot allow Hartland to throw himself away upon that little goody-goody twopenny-halfpenny Clemmy Stoneby."

Rosamund made no reply. The other two laughed, and looked for more.

"Aunt Julia is not half sharp," proceeded Gilbert, bent upon showing himself one of the family; "she is a good creature—"

"We need not discuss my aunt, if you please," said a voice that would have done credit to Lady Caroline herself; "your sisters have not yet made her acquaintance."

"They will soon, though, I hope. You will take them over to the Abbey tomorrow, I daresay? It will be a nice walk for you all, and the girls will like to see the place. They are as good as you at walking, Rosamund; they must start you again, for it strikes me you have been lazy of late. Of course there has been a reason," with a sudden turn to solemnity, "of course when there has been a death in a house—eh, what? Rosamund? Oh, she's off."

She was off. She could not endure more just then.

"Awfully sensitive, and all that, you know," nodded Gilbert, looking sagely after her. "Can't bear me even to speak of her mother; though, by George! I do my level best to speak civilly. I sail uncommonly near the wind, I can tell you. But Rosamund—well, Lady Caroline was her mother—and I suppose there's no more to be said. That sensitiveness is in the blood—and a great nuisance it is—but I ought to remember it. What do you think of her?"

On this point he could not but be satisfied; they had been greatly struck both with Rosamund's beauty and her air, and testified to the frank and pleasant welcome she had bestowed on them. To be sure, she had awed them a little, but—

"All right," said he, "I knew you would get on with her. Only remember the sensitiveness, you know;" and then the three drew together, for a long, close delightful confabulation, in which all were of one mind, and no one had any sensitiveness to beware of,—and it struck Em and Etta that even Frederick himself breathed more freely when out of the presence of his beautiful betrothed.

CHAPTER XX.

"How ridiculous of her!" cried Henrietta, the moment the sisters were alone. "I never knew anything more ridiculous in my life. As if we were anybody! As if it could have mattered before us! She had been as pleasant as possible up to the instant Frederick appeared; and then, Emily, then did you notice what a change there was?"

"No one could have helped noticing," said Emily, "and I must say I had thought Rosamund would have been above such affectation; but as Frederick did not seem to mind, it is not for us to pick holes."

"We don't pick holes; we only see them when they are there. To begin to play off her airs directly a man was by! And it was not as if she could have supposed he would admire them, for at one time he was almost huffy himself."

"You mean about Lord Hartland?"

"Why, she quite snapped at him."

"Oh, not 'snapped,'" said Emily with a swift perception that it would be out of keeping for an earl's granddaughter to 'snap'; "but Rosamund certainly did not like it. I wonder why, for Frederick said nothing she could have minded."

"She thinks this fine cousin of hers too good for us."

"Perhaps," Emily nodded thoughtfully. "Frederick said they made a great deal of him, as the head of the family."

"But we must see him and speak to him some time," quoth Etta, recovering. "He will not keep away from the house because we are here. And I do think that if Rosamund is going to be ashamed of us—"

"Hush! Nonsense! How you do run on! Who said Rosamund was going to be ashamed of us? Just because she colored a little when Frederick jested about Lord Hartland cutting up into two—"

"But why should he not? Why should Frederick not? Why—"

"Why—why—why," cried her

sister, impatiently. "If you are going to say 'why' to everything you meet with here, it is a pity you came. How am I to tell the 'why' of things any more than yourself? Here we are, and we must make the best of it—"

"Make the best of it! And I thought we were going to be so happy and so comfortable, once we were safely in our own room, unpacking all our nice things, and talking over everything!" cried poor Etta, almost in tears. "I declare I don't feel happy a bit. I wish I was at home again. I wish we had never come."

"Rubbish! Don't be silly," exhorted Emily, with a suspicious little choke in her own voice. "I suspect we are both a couple of simpletons. We feel rather out of it somehow in this great big place, where everything is so stately and solemn, and so unlike our own ways at home; besides, Frederick's not meeting us at the station gave us the shivers, and we got upset; and so, because he and Rosamund did not fall into each other's arms—"

"That was it, I daresay," assented Etta, somewhat comforted. "And I am tired too, Em; aren't you? And my head aches with that hot hat; and then, though I drank the tea, I could not eat one atom of my bread and butter, and I have such a sinking inside me now. Yet it isn't hunger. I don't believe I shall be able to touch a morsel of dinner, unless—unless Rosamund is different."

"She did give me one cross look, I own. But you know, Etta, every one says we are a good-natured family, and we don't understand cross looks. Oh, we may be quite sure, certain, positive, it is all right between them. Of course it is, or would he have looked so content and well satisfied? There, now; that settles the question. Now, Etta, roll up those empty papers and put them back into the basket, to be ready for the return journey, and we will begin to dress in earnest."

Dressing in earnest meant dressing speedily and satisfactorily. Accustomed to waiting on themselves, the sisters had refused all proffers of aid, and now arranged their own hair, selected their own ornaments, and fastened each other's frocks—and insensibly their spirits revived beneath the process.

It was a lovely autumnal evening, mild as summer, though the season was mid-November and the balmy air came through their open windows long after darkness had settled down over the land, and had rendered candles imperative within; while the peaceful stillness of the hour was broken only by the tinkling of the sheep-bell, or the faint rumble of a solitary cart in the distance. To ears accustomed to the ceaseless hum of a suburban neighborhood, whose nearest approach to silence was the cessation of near and dominant sounds, the absolute hush which at night-fall pervaded the precincts of the old country mansion, surrounded by its own woods and glades, and with a thinly peopled, far-stretching rural district beyond, was a new experience. The youthful strangers had never before imagined anything of the kind, and in the present bewildered state of their thoughts and feelings the repose of nature had a soothing and tranquillising influence.

"We must go down-stairs, I suppose," said Emily at last, with a sigh. "I wish we could have stayed quietly here a little longer; but I suppose it would not be polite. I suppose it would hardly do. If we had anybody to tell us these things,—but as we have not, it is best to be on the safe side."

"And I think I am quite ready for down-stairs again," responded her sister cheerfully. "I feel brightened up; and I want to see all that is to be seen, and find out all that is going on, and get over our next meeting with Rosamund."

It was got over sooner than she thought, and as unexpectedly as the first had been. They ran against a light figure on the staircase, and it appeared that while they were in all the glory of blue silk, smart sashes, embroidered slippers, brooches, bangles, and lockets, Rosamund was still in her plain morning dress, and was only now beginning to pull off her rough outer jacket, while her hat swung on her arm. All betokened haste and lateness. She had been out in the dusk, she explained hurriedly; had stayed later than she new; was flying to dress now; would not be a minute; and would they go down-stairs to the drawing-room, where there were sure to be some one, probably her next sisters Catherine and Dolly, who had been promoted to appearing there, and would be so delighted—and the end of the sentence was dropped from the banisters of the upper landing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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