

When Johnny Gets His Gun.

There's counting up the path of Time a gracious... The better motives of the heart shall rule the deeds of man...

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

"Of course, it was very little," hesitated Miss Belinda; "but—but I could not help seeing that he was drawing comparisons, as it were. Octavia was teaching Mr. Poppleton to play croquet, and she was rather exhilarated, and perhaps exhibited more—freedom of manner, in an innocent way—quite in an innocent, thoughtless way—than is exactly customary, and I saw Mr. Barold glance from her to Lucia, who stood near, and when I said, 'You are thinking of the contrast between them,' he answered, 'Yes, they differ very greatly, in fact, and of course I know that my poor Octavia could not have the advantage in his eyes. She feels this herself, I know. She shrank me, the other day, beyond expression by telling me that she had asked him if he thought she was really fast, and that she was sure he did. Poor child; she evidently did not comprehend the dreadful significance of such terms.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

Mock to her own astonishment, Lucia found herself allowed new liberty. She was permitted to spend the afternoon frequently with Octavia, and, on several occasions, that young lady and Miss Bassett were invited to partake of tea at Oldfellow in company with no other guests than Francis Barold.

Barold does not wish to show emotion, and he is so determined to hedge himself around that one can't help suspecting that he is always guarding himself against one. He always seems to be resenting interference; but you don't appear to care as all, and so it is not natural that one should suspect you. I did not suspect you.

"What do you suspect me of now?" "Of thinking a great deal," answered Lucia affectionately. "And of being very clever and very good." "And of being very good?" Octavia was silent for a few moments. "I think," she said, after the pause "I think you'll find that's a mistake."

"I think that's a splendid idea," she said. "Are you sure?" faltered Lucia, "are you sure you won't mind the things I may have to say? Really, they are quite little things in themselves—hardly worth mentioning."

"It is something—I think I would do if—if I were in your place," Lucia answered. "A very little thing indeed." "Well?" remarked Octavia, anxiously. "Lucia lost her breath, caught it again, and proceeded cautiously, and with blushes at her own daring.

three minutes, she felt herself a criminal of the deepest dye; after the three minutes had elapsed, however, she began to reason, and called to mind the fact that she was feeling as usual under her cousin's eye.

"Do you think that any one who was used to seeing it the other way would—would think I looked horrid?" she inquired, anxiously. "I think you look very much—nicer."

Whether or not Lucia was right in assuming Octavia's Basest of being clever, and thinking a great deal, is a riddle which those who are interested in her must unravel as they read; but whether the surprise was correct or incorrect, it seemed possible that she had thought a little after the interview.

"I must admit," he replied, "that they don't. In the first place, you know, they haven't any, and, in the second, I am under the impression that Lady Beauchamp—wouldn't permit it if they had."

feelings she assumed an air of mild but preternatural seriousness. "No," she remarked, "that is true—you haven't, of course."

"I wish you would look at yourself again," she said. "You do not. You forehead—you have the prettiest forehead I ever saw, Octavia," said Lucia, eagerly, and your eyebrows are perfect. I wish you would look at yourself again."

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"I must bid you good-afternoon," he said. Octavia did not rise. "Sit down a minute, while Aunt Belinda is talking about red flannel night-caps and lumbago," she said. "I want to ask you something. By the way, what is lumbago?"

"Really," he said, after it, "I can scarcely believe that my opinion can be of any value in your eyes. I am—can only tell you that it is hardly customary in an Englishman for young people to wear a profession of ornament."

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