secret joy than any of these more or less sincere tokens of regard, was the daily bunch of roses that was sent up to her room, with no card, to be sure, but whose sender she hadn't much doubt about.

At last she was told that the next day she might walk down stairs with the assistance of a cane.

Of course it was natural that she should be pleased, but nobody but herself knew that the mere fact of her being able to leave her room was by no means the main cause of her pleasure. She could now hope to thank Mr. Eustis in person for his kindness, and then she thought that perhaps she might apologize to him for various little acts of rudeness. That depended upon his conduct, however. And so she told Nell to say to Mr. Eustis that she would be very pleased to have him call, and she waited anxiously until her cousin returned to luncheon.

"Well, did you see him?" she inquired, rather eagerly than otherwise.

"No;" answered her cousin. "He has been in his room all morning packing. He and Mr. Tilton leave to-morrow, you know. But I saw Mr. Tilton, and he promised to deliver your message."

All that afternoon Bessie lay in the hammock, whence she could see the gate without turning her head, and pretended to read a novel. But the novel must have been very dull, as her eyes never remained on the page for any length of time, and the slightest sound without caused her to raise them towards the gate.

The long afternoon hours stole by, but no Mr. Eustis. And at tea they all wondered what made Bessie so especially quiet and inattentive. She left the table before any of the others, and, throwing on a shawl, walked out onto the veranda, and sat down on the steps. "I really wonder if he doesn't mean to come," thought innocent Bessie, and the reader will perceive from this that she was a very inexperienced maiden. She acknowledged to herself, though most unwillingly, that Mr. Eustis certainly had good reason to keep away.

If one could only have read Bessie Carleton's thoughts during the next few minutes, one would certainly have been afforded a striking example of the wayward character of womankind. Here was this girl, who hardly three weeks ago had been doing her very best to keep out of a certain person's way, now anxiously awaiting the appearance of this same person, in accordance with an earnest request from her.

But a step on the gravel put to flight these thoughts, and out through the twilight she saw the tall figure of Mr. Eustis. And thereat a blush stole over her face, which she was very glad to know Mr. Eustis would be unable to perceive in the dim light.

"Good evening, Miss Carleton," said the latter, lifting his hat. "I'm awfully glad to see you out again. Your ankle doesn't give you any further trouble, does it?"

"Oh, no, thank you! it's quite well; only a little weak." Then: "Mr. Eustis, I want to thank you for your kindness that evening,—and—I also feel that I owe you an apology for my rudeness to you. Will you accept a great, great many?"

"Rudeness! Nonsense, Miss Carleton; I know I must have given you a great deal of annoyance. You see it's an unfortunate way I have of always thrusting myself upon people whom I like, whether they like me or not. Of course it was very foolish of me to think for a moment that you could care anything for me, and I am sure I owe you an apology for such presumption." Mr. Eustis said this in a methodical sort of fashion, and Bessie's heart sank.

"But I don't want you to call it presumption. No one could help being grateful to you for all you did for me, and—and liking you—a little," she hastened to add, as Eustis looked up quickly into her eyes.

And he must have seen a great deal there, for—