

her that in him was reproduced not a particle of her side of the family. Disappointment after disappointment so wrought on her ambitious spirit that her disposition, never of the kindest, was so affected that one morning the servants decamped in a body. For a moment the good lady was in despair, then a valuable thought came to her.

"I'll do it!" she ejaculated. "He must be good for somethin'."

As a result of this soliloquy, Charles was pressed into dish-washing and general kitchen work. That the young man bore no malice was evident from the calm demeanor with which he moved about his duties, his elegant figure enveloped in one of his mother's morning dresses. While Mrs. Pattern was thus unhappy in regard to her son's future, an event occurred which in a measure restored her confidence. It had become a custom on St. Timothy's hill, in families where there were no grown daughters, that the lady of the house should attach to her establishment a companion. Mrs. Pattern had looked on this innovation with much disfavor. Nevertheless, it appeared that the new wrinkle was spreading, and that it had come to stay, consequently the lady swallowed her prejudice and advertised in one of the city dailies.

Among the many applications was one which stated that the writer was a French scholar and a musician; also that a home was more of an object than remuneration.

"That girl's got sense," commented Mrs. Pattern. "She's lookin' for a home first."

And Miss Marie Shewell was, without loss of time, made a member of the Pattern household. A change was observable in Charles from the night the new companion, her slender figure robed in black, her face pale, but lovely, with a sweet, wistful beauty, stood before the family.

"I hope I shall please you," she said. "I shall try hard, for I need a home very much."

"We'll soon be able to tell," remarked Mrs. Pattern. "If you can do all you say you can, why, I don't s'pose we can expect anythin' more from you."

The girl lifted her eyes at the sound of the cold, harsh voice, then, weary from travel and excitement, she sank into a chair and partly turned away her face, to hide the tears that trembled on her lids.

"Come, mother," said Little John, whose tender heart was touched, "better get the little lady to bed."

A grateful glance rewarded him, and master and maid were friends from that moment.

When the family had assembled again, Mrs. Pattern said, "Don't you go to callin' her a lady; it'll spile her at the outset."

"Well, if she ain't a lady I never see one," replied Little John, rather stubbornly.

"She is a lady."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Pattern turned in amazement. It was Charles who spoke. It was not what he said, but the way he said it. It was about the first time in his life he had ever uttered a statement in a tone of conviction; but it was not to be the last surprise.

Marie soon got the run of the house and became accustomed to Mrs. Pattern's words. It was not many weeks before her presence became manifest throughout the entire mansion. Pretty pieces of finery graced the elegant rooms, hitherto devoid of the touch of an artistic hand. Instead of repairing to bed early, as was his wont, Little John lay on the lounge and listened in delight to her music. She sang soft, low ballads for him. 'Charl' also soon became an attentive listener.

In her leisure she read to Little John and in other ways studied his comfort so patiently that she grew almost indispensable to him.

"You're makin' a fool of her!" angrily exclaimed Mrs. Pattern. "What if she is wuth her wages, do you want to spile her?"

"She's a different sort from us," Little John replied, slowly shaking his head. "She ought to be used easy."

Little John began to spend less time in the old storehouse and Charl returned earlier from the city. Charl watched the girl as she sketched or dexterously fashioned delicate flowers with her brush, while Little John sat beside her and told over and over again the story of how he got rich.

Mrs. Pattern's temper was in no wise improved by what she termed the "goins on" of the three. Not that the girl neglected her duties. She was also modest and quiet enough; but Mrs. Pattern considered that Marie had been engaged as a servant and should be kept in her place. The good lady did not mean for the girl to room with the cook, but, well, she had some difficulty in expressing her meaning, but she knew something was wrong, and vented her displeasure on the help, who left without warning again.

"You'll have to come into the kitchen, Charl," called the good lady with worried sharpness. "Come, get into my wrapper an' help clean up."

"You must excuse me, mother," replied Charl with impassive politeness, "I shall have to decline to assist you." He did not even glance at Marie, who was an unwilling listener.

"Well, I vum!" ejaculated Mrs. Pattern, squatting on the lowest stair in her astonishment. "What's gut into him, anyway?"

While she was puzzling over this question Marie gave her the required assistance, but before another evening the house was supplied with servants. Now, Mrs. Pattern secretly exulted at this opposition on the part of her son.