

MEETING.

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Two that wrecked each other's hope,
Parting coldly in their prime,
Met upon the downward slope,
Taught by tears and calmed by time,
Under autumn's perfect trees,
Dropping bright remembrances.

There they spread their stories out,
Face to face and hand to hand,
Looking back with wistful doubt,
Into the forgotten land,
Where the wheels of life went fast,
Hardly seen till they were past.

Looking where the dawn had been
Till each gray and pallid hue
Shivers with a sun unseen
Which must never rise and shine,
And the moment, lost and vain,
Times before their souls again:

Saying softly, "Yes, I think
You were there—you came at ten."
"In your hair was something pink;
How I hate the hue since then!"
"Hate a harmless ribbon?" "Nay,
I have pardoned it to-day."

"I remember what you said."
"But you laughed, and I despaired."
"Did I laugh? I was afraid."
You might fancy that I cared
"Be content, your pride shall be
Beathless as your heart for me."

"Something in your voice assures
You have angry feelings yet."
"Something told me then in yours
That you would not quite forget
Just one foolish moment fit
Hope—that laugh extinguished it."

"Sure the flame was very weak!"
"Was your silence let it die."
"If a man's hope will not speak,
Can a woman's heart reply?"
"Had I spoken?" "Do I know?"
It was very long ago!

Face to face and hand in hand,
Looking at those eastern skies,
Is the light along the land
Only borrowed from our eyes?
Can the song of birds be drawn
From a memory of dawn?

So, the hill, the sea, the plain,
Flashing with familiar rose!
Look away, and look again,
But the color stays and grows!
Wherefore stand amazed and dumb?
Knew ye not that morn must come?

A BLUE STOCKING.

"My child, you have more than fulfilled every hope I ever formed of you. I know when I sent you to Gorton that you could not fail to acquire yourself well, but I did not look for this."

Magdalen Foster blushed with pleasure at her father's words, as well she might, for the letter in her hand announced that the papers sent up by her at the recent classical tripos entitled her to the ninth place in the first class. The fact of her valedictory address in the way of the B. A. degree being actually conferred on her, but that was of no consequence whatever to a girl who had worked solely for the love of knowledge implanted and fostered in her by a scholarly father.

"Well, Magdalen, I'm sure I congratulate you heartily," said her sister Nora, "and all the more so because now at last I suppose you will consider yourself blue enough."

The blush of pleasure now faded from Magdalen's cheeks.

"I never wanted to be blue," she said, nervously.

"Then I'm afraid you have succeeded without the wanting," laughed Nora. "Why, my dear, you are a blue of the very deepest dye, and you not only are it, but you look it. You don't go about in a cap and gown, or with spectacles and ink fingers, but there is no mistaking in you the model of a sweet girl graduate."

There was a certain amount of truth in this. Magdalen, especially by the side of the pretty if rather dollish-looking Nora, was studious-looking, to say the least. She was tall and stooped slightly, her complexion, though clear, was colorless, and she had the reflective, full look that is not infrequently the sign of habitual study. Yet her face was singularly sweet in expression, the open, tranquil brow seemed incapable of frowning, the brown eyes might be dreamy, but never irate.

"Magdalen," asked her father, after a while, "are you still willing to become my amanuensis?"

"Oh, papa!" returned the girl eagerly, "I shall be so proud if you will let me."

Mr. Foster was an eminent student of the classics, and it had always been Magdalen's great ambition to help him in the preparation of his valuable works.

She did not force all the results of her college achievements, and of this new relation to her father. It did not occur to the simple-minded girl that there was anything in what she had done to alienate her from her old acquaintances. Yet it was so. Quite unconscious she awed her contemporaries, who, girls and young men alike, fought shy of so distinguished a "blue-stocking."

Married women, again, found her ignorant of their domestic interests, while she was too timid to open out to older men. Children alone, unable to comprehend the talk about her learning, were guided by the simple sweetness of her face, and fearlessly made a plaything of her. With them she could be happy, but in the midst of people who insisted upon paying her compliments and treating her with deference, her manner became stiff and distant for very shyness. Society became distasteful to her, and gradually people left off inviting her, under the mistaken impression that she was above caring for any entertainment they could offer. She remained Miss Foster only in name; to all intents and purposes Nora was the elder sister. While Magdalen had been pouring over her books, Nora had studied the art of making herself agreeable, and had assiduously cultivated various useful gifts. She was musical and clever with her pencil, could ride and play tennis well; also she had the bright attractive beauty that troubles the value of all such social accomplishments. And above all she knew exactly how to turn every one of her good points to the best possible account. It will thus be seen how easy it was for her to keep Magdalen in the background, and by skillful insinuation throw her own good qualities into greater relief than ever.

One evening there was a surprise arrival by the unexpected arrival of Will Fairbairn, an old friend and playfellow. Dinner was just being served, and the young man took his seat among them, laughing and putting up his hands as if to petition against the volley of questions and exclamations with which he was saluted.

"I haven't distinguished a single word any one has said," he declared at last. "But I imagine you are asking where I sprang from and what I've come about. Briefly, then, I'm off to the cape in a month's time, and have come to bid you all a long farewell."

"Farewell! The cape!" exclaimed the Fosters. "What do you mean?"

"I've had £5000 left me by my aunt," Will proceeded to explain; "and a friend has strongly advised me to invest it in ostriches. He says they pay tremendously and the life is delightful. I have consulted every possible authority, and really don't see that I could do any better. I hate office work, I haven't the brains to take up a profession, and farming in England is no go. So I consider I am rather cut out for a colonist."

He ended in tones of modest self-approbation, which was not unwarranted, for he was a man of splendid physique. Beside which, all his tastes fitted him for an occupation demanding physical, rather than mental ability. He had never cared for study. So long as he could scrape on at school and college without disgracing himself he was content, and devoted his heartiest energies to the athletic sports, in which his soul delighted.

Dinner over, Mr. Foster rose almost immediately from the table.

"Can you spare me an extra hour this evening, Magdalen?" he asked.

"Certainly, papa, I will come at once," remarked Will, as he and Nora strolled out into the garden together. Nora offered her own explanation, taking care to speak in the most affectionate sisterly tone.

"Yes," she said; "you are right. You see ever since Magdalen returned from Gorton she has been encouraged in her devotion to study. People express the greatest admiration for her talents; then papa has made her his secretary, and so without being the least bit conceited, she naturally feels that she is superior to the girls she ordinarily meets. You know, Will, I can't help thinking it was a mistake to let her grow so very learned. I think it is a woman's part to be helpful and domestic, to take interest in the good management of small matters in the welfare of those about her."

"Why can't Magdalen be domestic as well as intellectual?" demanded Will, moodily. "I don't see the incompatibility."

Nora did not choose to tell him that Magdalen had begged to be allowed to take part in household affairs and that she herself had opposed the suggestion. She had gained a character for domesticity and did not wish to have her supremacy shared.

"I dare say there is no actual incompatibility," she admitted gently, "but Magdalen is so wrapped up in her work for papa that we never think of occupying her mind with matters which I am quite willing to see after myself. Why should she be bothered? She is not the girl to marry, unless, indeed, Nora laughed gayly—"she could find a man who was all intellect and had no bodily needs to be administered to."

Poor Will! Magdalen joined them in the garden later on, but for his own sake he held aloof from her. The girl was greatly hurt, as of old she had been his special friend. Too shy to complain, however, she shrank into herself, and with a pang of regret saw Will fall into the way of the world—treat her, namely, with distant respect, and Nora with familiar friendliness. He had not been at Foster's many days before his name was coupled with Nora's by all the match-makers in the neighborhood. The good people were much mistaken. Will might walk, ride and play tennis with Nora, or even constitute himself her cavalier on every possible occasion, but secretly his heart went out toward Magdalen. Yet, how, after Nora's words, could he think of betraying his devotion? How could he, a man whose only attainments were those of physical strength and agility, hope to please a girl throw both by training and natural bent into the midst of purely intellectual interests? Sadly he told himself that she was not for him.

And Magdalen as sadly told herself that somehow she had forfeited Will's friendship, by which, had he been known to her, she set great store. He seemed to her the perfection of a gentleman, and perhaps his want of learning was the thing she liked best about him, so cordially did she hold her own blueness in abhorrence.

Thus were the two kept apart by a phantom barrier raised between them by Nora, who, without caring for Will herself, resented his preference for Magdalen. She was under no misapprehension as to his feelings, and yet a petty jealousy barred her from doing what lay in her power toward bringing about a better understanding between him and her sister.

Will's last day arrived. A large tennis party was to take place at Foster's in the afternoon, as a sort of farewell entertainment for him, and he did his best to throw off the despondency which oppressed him.

"Will you play to-day, Magdalen?" he asked, very hesitatingly, in the morning.

Magdalen shook her head.

"No," she said, shyly, "I don't play tennis."

"Of course not," laughed Nora. "Will, what an extraordinary idea! As if you didn't know that Magdalen was above tennis."

"It is not that," said Magdalen, coloring, "but tennis is above me. I tried it again and again at Gorton, but it was never any good. I only spoil every set I play in."

"Oh, well, you can't play, or you won't," said Nora impatiently; "it's all the same."

Nora's sudden ill temper seemed very unbecoming, but she was irritated by the look of disappointment on Will's face. Presently, however, her equanimity was restored, and she said, putting out her hand:

"Forgive me, Magdalen; I am talking a heap of cross nonsense. Of course you need not play, but you can talk to the people—that is, if papa can spare us his walking Dictionary of Antiquities."

Another allusion to her blueness! Magdalen gave her sister an appealing look and left the room. Will fell into a brown study.

During the afternoon he played a great deal with Nora as his partner, and the two became an invincible couple. As Nora was occupied with the game, Mag-

dalen was called upon to do her share in receiving and talking to the guests. They were more than ever impressed with her intense blueness, for the poor girl had the heartache, and found it strangely hard to look bright and smiling.

Many were the remarks made to her about Will and Nora, who certainly played admirably together. In the middle of one exciting set a young married lady, who was sitting next to Magdalen, whispered confidentially:

"Those two are made for one another, aren't they? Depend upon it, they will be partners in earnest before Mr. Fairbairn leaves."

Magdalen went a little pale as she answered evasively, "Every one likes to have Nora for a partner."

"Yes, yes, I know; but not in the sense I mean. What a loss she will be to us all! Now, tell me—do you think Mr. Foster will let her go out with him, or will they have to wait?"

This was going too far, Magdalen thought.

"The question has not been discussed yet," she replied, distantly, and, awed by her manner, the young lady subsided into silence.

Magdalen went up to her room, when the party was over, in a very miserable frame of mind. As she cast a retrospect over her life of late, it seemed to her that her success at Cambridge had cost her everything she most cared about. She did not know how much her three years at Gorton had done for her. She was not in a position to realize the all-important difference between her unworldliness and Nora's worldliness. It is worthy of note that these so-called Gorton and Newham "blues" are, for the most part, especially simple girls.

The twilight deepened, and at last Will could delay the inevitable leave-taking no longer. Magdalen kept out of the room. Will's going was the most terrible thing that had ever happened to her, and she would rather not say goodbye to him at all than to have to do it carelessly before them all.

"Where is Magdalen?" asked Will presently.

"She was looking out something in Herodotus for me just now," said Mr. Foster. "Eva, go and call her; tell her that Will is waiting to say good-bye."

Poor Will! It was a bitter thought that she could not leave her Greek of her own accord, even to bid him farewell.

"Magdalen is not in the study, papa," said the child, returning. "Jane says she saw her go down into the garden and into the copse."

"I will go to her there," said Will, hastily.

The copse referred to was a small preserve just outside Mr. Foster's garden, and it was not many minutes before Will found Magdalen. She was lying on the ground in the dusk, her face buried in her hands, and her whole frame shaken by violent sobs. In a moment he was kneeling beside her.

"Magdalen," he exclaimed anxiously, "what is it?"

At the sound of his voice Magdalen rose and checked her tears.

"Nothing, Will," she said, with quivering lips.

"Don't say nothing when you mean something," said Will. "Maggie, tell me what is the matter?"

He was the only person who ever called her Maggie, and now the old pet name, used for the first time this visit, renewed the confidence that had existed between them as children.

"I'm so unhappy," said Magdalen. "I'm so dull, and blue, and stupid. I'm no good to any one, and nobody cares for me."

"Now, Maggie," said Will, "you have told at least half a dozen lies. You are not dull, you are not stupid, you are not blue—at least, if you are blue, blueness is particularly charming, you are good for a great deal, and everybody cares for you."

Magdalen shook her head.

"Don't be unreasonable," remonstrated Will. "What about me? Don't I care for you?"

His voice was full of tenderness which Magdalen shyly ignored.

"You used to," she said.

It was all over with Will; no power on earth could have held him back now from pouring out his confession to her.

"Magdalen," he said, "if I tell you I love you, worship you, think of nothing but you day and night, could you answer anything but that you don't care a straw whether I do or not?"

It was out now. Magdalen stood and gazed, as if she could not believe her ears, at the hand that had grasped hers. At last a smile of wonderful happiness stole about her lips.

"Why, Will," she said, raising her eyes to his, "it was just you I minded most of all about; but you don't, you can't really mean—"

But Will did "really mean" it, and he took Magdalen in his arms, and without further words they both understood that each loved the other.

A LOST KEY.

Edgar Arnton had made a highly important discovery, and one that troubled him. He was a surgeon, and one giving to examining hearts. For a full hour, in the gathering summer twilight of the park avenue he had applied his sternest faculties to the testing, in another sense, of his own. The decision to which, very unwillingly, he came was that his dim suspicions of the past three months were well founded. He was in love. The thrill which had gone through him as he clasped Kate Gerrow's hand on leaving her uncle's gate that very evening pointed in that direction. The expansion of soul and the exhilaration of mind which he continually experienced in her presence, the longing that often seized him in his moments of professional disgust and weariness to feast his eyes, if only for an instant, on Kate's bonny face, all drove home the unwelcome conviction.

In the course of his final turn along the broad path between the whispering poplars, Edgar formed a resolution. Entering Brixby he encountered the very friend he had desired to consult.

Mr. Trent was a solicitor, many years the young medical man's senior, and his only confidant in all the country-side.

"If you are disengaged for ten minutes or so, Mr. Trent," said Edgar, "I should like to have a talk to you about Mr. Gerrow's niece."

"I am entirely at your service. You are smitten by a great appreciation of Miss Gerrow's charms. I have seen it coming a long time."

Edgar smiled a little sardonically in the dimness.

"It's a lawyer's business to be far-sighted," he said. "I have found it out now—the fact of which you speak—and I am afraid only just in time."

"A harshness was in his tone which surprised the listener."

"I do not understand," said Mr. Trent.

"Why, I mean that, had the disease gone further, I might have proved unable to overcome it, as I mean to do now."

"You astonish me more and more. Miss Gerrow is beautiful, of good birth, well educated. She is an heiress into the bargain; and, if she cares for you, and her uncle consents, what possible obstacle can intervene?"

"You have said," returned Edgar, moodily, "she is an heiress."

The lawyer bit his lips to keep from a loud explosion of misplaced merriment.

"The very thing that, whether she were pretty or plain, would make her quite an attraction to most suitors."

"I am aware of it. But I am not like the majority. I am poor, my prospects are barren enough; all the world would say I was fortune-hunting—marrying for money if it came to a marriage. She might learn to think so, too, and that I could not bear. I have seen plenty of this already—in my own family."

The concentrated pathos of the last sentence, with the involuntary sigh which concluded it, touched the solicitor. His meditated words of bantering remonstrance were not uttered.

"What shall you do, then?" he asked.

"Shun the danger, fight the temptation, work harder. I cannot run away as in other circumstances I might be tempted to do; my living lies in Brixby. But you can help me considerably in the struggle, if you will."

"I'll try."

"When you see me running any risk of a tete-tete with Miss Gerrow and you can possibly interfere, do so."

"And make you hate me for it. I will not promise."

"I shall not hate you—I shall be very grateful. I must meet her frequently at the houses of mutual friends. You will be able to make me your debtor in the way that I say."

The route the pair had taken brought them at this point within the cordon of habitations again.

With a few more words of less special interest they parted for the night. As Edgar's tall, athletic figure disappeared amongst the mingled shadows of tree and cottage, the lawyer turned and gazed for a moment.

"Poor fellow! there's been misery in his lot in earlier years, I know," he muttered to himself; and he is by no means sure of his own power to withstand in this matter, or he would not appeal to any friend."

CHAPTER II.

It was even so; Edgar Arnton mistrusted himself despite the apparent firmness of his resolution. As fate would have it, a week later he was thrown into Kate Gerrow's company even more constantly and more intimately than before. Mr. Gerrow was taken suddenly ill. Edgar had to attend him and to labor hard to ward off an attack of probably fatal apoplexy.

They were a lonely couple, the wealthy eccentric owner of Brixby Lodge and the fair young girl who was reputed his heiress. Kate was an only child and an orphan. Neither she nor her uncle had any kinsfolk in the neighborhood. Consistently, Kate believed she had somewhere in the north; but there had been an estrangement in the family, and these she had never seen.

"Is it anything dangerous, Mr. Arnton? My uncle will recover, will he not?" Kate asked, as, after a careful examination of his patient, Edward stood for a moment or two in the wide, old-fashioned hall.

"I sincerely trust so, Miss Gerrow," he replied; "of course I dare not disguise from you that there is a risk—grave risk that is inseparable from such cases; but I see not the worst reasons for despair. Pray do not worry yourself unnecessarily."

"My uncle is the only relative I have living in the whole west of England," she said. "You will not conceal his real condition from me at any time, I beg, Mr. Arnton," she subjoined.

"No, Miss Gerrow, I will be quite frank, although it is a medical privilege to be discreet, you know. You will need a trained nurse; the work will be too degrading for ordinary servants, and too wearying for farly nurses."

"If you think that that will be the best course to take. But I shall certainly wait upon my uncle principally myself."

And so Kate did. And day by day in his visits Edgar Arnton met her and fell

more deeply in love. Not that he abandoned in any degree his determination to refrain from becoming Kate's suitor. That resolve was firm as ever. He simply elected to drift with the tide. The patient gradually recovered and bore great testimony to Edgar's professional skill.

The mend was not long, though; a message in the dead of night some few weeks after took Edgar hurriedly away to Brixby Lodge, to find that another seizure had proved fatal.

Kate's grief was intense. Edgar must have appeared cold and distant in the dark days before her uncle's funeral, for he now felt himself compelled to keep down his sympathy with an iron hand and to breathe condolence in the most conventional of phrases. But for so doing he felt morally sure that his vow of personal silence would have been irretrievably broken.

But in the course of time an odd rumor reached him. The old man's will had been read, and Kate was not an heiress after all. With a chaos of conflicting emotions within his breast, Edgar called on Mr. Trent and learned the truth.

"The document is dated ten years back, before Miss Gerrow came to live with her uncle," said the solicitor; "there is no doubt as to its genuineness. Every one thought he had made a later one—I did myself—but none can be found beside this. I suppose he put the business off, as so many people do, until it was too late. The property all goes to a wealthy Lancashire manufacturer."

"How does Kate—Miss Gerrow—take it?"

"As quietly as you may guess. Some girls would have been almost killed by the disappointment, but not she. You had better go up and see her; she is not an heiress now. Indeed, she'll have barely sufficient to live upon, unless this cousin does something for her."

Edgar took the advice and went up to the desolate great house the same afternoon. Some commonplaces passed, and then that old, old story burst forth which somehow always seems to me far too sacred to be written in detail. Edgar made a full confession, and not in vain.

"The saddest experiences of my youth," he said, "came through marriage for money, and through misplaced confidence. Very early I vowed that that mistake should in no shape ever be mine; that nobody should ever throw fortune-hunting of that kind in my teeth. And yet—with a smile of infinite content—I am not certain, Kate, after all, whether love would not have beaten me in the end."

"I hope so," the maiden answered, shyly.

CHAPTER III.

There was a sale at Brixby Lodge, and in due course one of the Lancashire manufacturer's sons, who had recently married, came down and was installed as his father's representative.

Edgar Arnton had arranged that Kate Gerrow should reside in London with his sisters, until such an interval had passed as to quiet the prescribed. At the sale he was a large purchaser, and poor as by comparison, he had once styled himself, the house he furnished was one of the best in the village.

Wedding and honeymoon were both over. Edgar had just come in from his day's round of visits, and was standing with his wife at the window, gazing out at the fast-falling snow flakes.

Suddenly there was a crash behind that caused both to look round. A Persian kitten, gamboling mischievously on the top of an escritoire, had knocked down the plaster figure of an antique cupbearer. The fragile article of vertu was broken into dozen fragments, amidst which a tiny silver key revealed itself.

"That is where the key of uncle's Japanese cabinet went to, then," said Kate; "the hand and arm of the image must have been hollow, and the key, once put into the cup, slipped through into the interior."

"Odd, certainly," answered Edgar; "let us try if it is the one."

He went out, and from the next room fetched a small, inlaid cabinet of exquisite workmanship. The key fitted at once.

"I was sure it would. I knew it again at first sight," said the lady. "It is fortunate we waited and did not trouble to force the box open; that would inevitably have spoiled it. I don't suppose there is anything in the casket, though."

"Oh, but there is!" ejaculated Edgar, as at that instant he poised up the delicate lid and caught sight of a tight little roll of paper.

Kate watched in silent surprise; Edgar slowly unrolled the bundle, a shrewd suspicion of what he had found flashing upon him, and making his ordinary firm, white fingers hot and bungling.

"It is your uncle's real will, his last and leg I will, I should say, rather," said Edgar with a gasp, "found just where he might have been expected to have placed it, and where searchers might equally have expected to miss it. Quite a wonder that I bought the cabinet!"

And then he read slowly, till the full moment of the discovery had been realized by both brains, how land and houses, and money snugly invested in consols, had all been devised, without reservation or qualification, to Mr. Gerrow's beloved niece, Kate, "the companion of his old age, and the faithful guardian of his interests."

Hubb and wife gave each other a long, earnest look, which ended in a mutual smile and a caress.

"Despite all precautions you have married an heiress, then, Edgar," said Kate, merrily; "the pity of it is it's quite too late in the day to disown her now."

"As if I could possibly wish to!" Mr. Trent laughed likewise.

"All's well that ends well," he said. He was specially put in possession of the recovered document, acquainted Mr. Mubury with the circumstances, and convinced the manufacturer how futile it would be to contest his cousin's claim. In a very brief space the Lancashire gentleman returned in disgust to his own district. Brixby Lodge became the residence of the Arntons and their children.

Both husband and wife treasure the once lost key above its weight in gold. But for its opportune disappearance two loving souls might have remained apart. To Kate says she owes her husband, and by it Edgar thinks, truly that he has both kept his vow (in the spirit) and won a wife with a fortune.

A Bear Fondling a Baby.

Henry Flynn who resides up in the hills near Inskip, is in town to-day and had the following incident to relate, in which a bear of the cinnamon species abducted his three-year-old daughter, not with any desire to harm the child. It appears that Mr. Flynn started one morning to take a horse to pasture, about two miles distant from the house, and as his little girl seemed anxious to go, he put her upon the horse's back, and let her ride a short distance, and perhaps forty rods from the house, where he put her down and told her to run home. He noticed that she continued standing where he left her, and on looking back after going a little farther, saw her playing in the sand. He soon passed out of sight and was gone about an hour, expecting of course, that the child would return to the house after playing a few moments. On returning home he made inquiry about her mother, who said she had not seen her and supposed he had taken her along with him. On going to the spot where he left her, he saw huge bear tracks in the sand, and at once came to the conclusion that the child had been carried off by the bear.

The family immediately made search through the forest, which was grown up to almost a jungle, rendering their search very slow. All day these anxious parents searched for traces of their child; nor did they stop when darkness came on, but remained in the woods, calling her by her name. Morning came, and their search was fruitless. A couple of gentlemen from below, who are traveling through the mountains buying stock, came to the house, and being informed of the circumstances, immediately set out to find her. The gentlemen wandered about, and as they were passing a swamp spot where the undergrowth was thick, called the child, or were talking loud, when one of them heard her voice. He then called her by name, and told her to come out of the bushes. She replied that the bear would not let her. The men then crept through the brush, and when near the spot where she was, they heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. On going to her, they found her standing upon a log extending about half way across the swamp. The bear had undertaken to cross the swamp on the log, and being pursued, left the child and got away as rapidly as possible. She had received scratches about the face, arms and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body; but the bear had not bitten her to hurt her, only the marks of his teeth being found on her back, where, in taking hold of her clothes to carry her, he had taken the flesh also.

The little one says the bear would put her down occasionally to rest, and would put his nose up to her face, when she would slap him; and the bear would hang his head by her side, and purr and rub against her like a cat. The men asked her if she was cold in the night, and she told them that the old bear lay down beside her and put his "arms" around her and kept her warm, though she did not like his long hair. She was taken home to her parents.—[Ch