Where was it, Love? Just here? So wide
Upon thy cheek?
Oh, happy pain that needs no pride,
And may dare speak!

Lay here thy pretty head. One touch
Will heal its worst;
While I, whose wound bleeds overmuch,
Go all unnursed.

There, Sweet! Run back now to thy play;
Forget thy woes.
I too was sorely hurt this day, —
But no one knows.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

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ONE CHAPTER.

IT was a very short chapter, and I often wish there had been more of it. But this is all there was. It was while I was at Wiesbaden. The doctors sent me there when my rheumatism got so bad; and though I had my faithful Cummings with me,—she is an excellent creature, though a little short-spoken and careless about candle-ends,—I should have been lonely enough but for Phil Merritt. Phil was an American, and that is what she said they called her, though her real name was Phyllis—much prettier and more ladylike, to my notions. But American ways are, of course, not our ways, and I suppose I should only be thankful she had a Christian name at all. However, I'm old-fashioned, and have never been out of England before, and may not be quite up with the age. Anyway, I was particularly glad that Phil was an American, for, while I know more about that country than most English women, having read those remarkable works of Mrs. Whitney's and Mrs. Stowe's and Miss Wetherell's, still it is always pleasantest to study the peculiarities of other nationalities from personal observation.

Well, Phil and I were great friends, in

spite of my sixty winters and her twenty-four summers. We first met in the hall of the Hôtel des Quatre Saisons, as I was toiling laboriously upstairs one day after my mineral bath, and thinking what a wonderful cook Dame Nature was to contrive chicken broth out of pure chemicals, with not so much as the ghost of a hen thrown in; and Phil, being naturally a very good-hearted, amiable girl, always on the lookout to do a kind deed, gave me her arm to my room, which chanced to be quite near hers; and after that not a day passed but she ran in to see me.

She was an orphan, living with her uncle and aunt—enormously rich people, I presume, for all Americans are millionaires. Why, as a sample, there's one family named Vandertilt, all whose men are common engineers and dine every day in their smocks, whose wealth exceeds that of the Rothschilds and the crowned heads of Europe taken together. But Phil dressed as simply as any English girl, and though she must, of course, have had a trunkful of diamonds somewhere, she never appeared in them, or at least never when I saw her. Uncommonly quiet, pretty taste she had. She was a little bit of a thing, with the brightest, clearest, wisest brown eyes that ever were, and a face like a bird's, so quick and alert and knowing, and just brimming over with life and intelligence,—quite an American face I should fancy, it was so clear-cut and dark. I suppose she had a little Indian blood in her veins, as all old American families must have. She had an American voice too, wonderfully distinct and articulate, though lower-pitched than I should have expected, and with no perceptible nasal twang; and she had American hands and feet—there wasn't a glove or a shoe in the place small enough to fit her—and American manners, something altogether different from our girls, lady-like and yet positive, modest and yet independent and thoroughly self-possessed,—an air of always knowing exactly what she was about, and being provided with the very best of reasons for her every action. A most reliable, satisfactory, companionable girl she was,—a remarkable girl, indeed, in every way, and gave me a deal of information about her country, for there wasn't a thing the dear child didn't know something about, from politics down—or up, rather, since politics are at a vilely low stand in America. It whiled away the time delightfully to me, having her run in so to chat; for I hadn't a friend in the place besides, and owing to my rheumatism (it is not gout; none of our family have ever been high-livers) I wasn't able to leave my room except just for the baths.

"Don't you get tired reading?" she asked me one day. "Or shall I lend you some books? I have quite a little library with me." And she glibly ran over the names of a number of books written by people I had never heard of—Bryant, Aldrich, Howells, Hawthorne, Holmes, etc.—and whom, indeed, I didn't care to know. American literature is, I am afraid, on a par with its politics, and Josh Billings and Walt Whitman, who stand at its head, strike one brought up on our classics as very peculiar. It's safest to keep to their historians. Luke Twain and Cooper are really reliable, I am told, and the "Conquest of Mexico," by the latter, is said to read quite like Monte Cristo. Phil sat looking at me a moment through those glasses of hers that give her such a superhumanly wise aspect when she puts them on.

"You must find the days very dull, Miss Andrews," she said, sitting down on the floor in front of my china stove and peering in to see if it needed more wood. "I must find you some amusement. Why don't you write a book?"

"My dear!" I cried. "Me write!"

"Why, yes," she answered. "Just to fill up the time, you know. You can't read forever, or crochet forever, and you must get dull with only Cummings for society."

"I'm never dull when I have you, my dear," I said. "Only please, Phil, don't put on any more wood; it's rather too hot here now!" (The dear child, with her American extravagance, would have emptied my whole wood-basket into the fire at once, and I expected it to hold out another day, at least.) "But what ever put the idea of me writing into your head, my love? Though, to be sure, I had quite a pretty talent for making verses when I was a child, but I think I've outgrown it now; one mostly does."

"Coax it back," said Phil, folding her tiny hands in her lap, and gazing meditatively at the fire, which brought out the red lights in her dark-brown hair in a very pretty way. "Coax it back. One mostly can. And truly, Miss Andrews, you have read so many books you must have a world of facts, and plots, and incidents, stored away in your brain by this time. Why don't you stir them all together and mix us up one good, new, fresh novel worth the reading?"

"With you for the heroine, my dear?" I suggested, laughing. "Indeed, I think that might do very well."

"No," said Phil, with that emphatic tone of hers that there is never any use in gainsaying. "I wont be a heroine. I decline to be put in a book. I wont stay in it if you put me there. I warn you I'll walk right out of the first chapter and spoil it all. You'll have to take somebody else."

"And whom shall I take?" I asked. "I think you are the very one."

"No, I'm not," answered Phil, screwing up her pretty lips: she had a sweet, charming mouth, though it was easy to see by it, too, what a will my young lady had of her own. "I haven't a particle of sentiment about me, you know; not the scrappiest bit. I'm matter-of-fact and prosaic through and through. I couldn't fall in love, and I couldn't flirt to save my life. Anyway, I just wont be written about."

whom else shall I write about, my love?" said I, still laughing at her earnestness—Phil was always so energetic and decided about everything.

She got up and walked to the window. "What a pity you can't come down to the table d'hôte," she said; "there is any number of characters ready-made there, every day. There's the old Russian countess—if only you knew her! She's a whole comedy and foot-lights in herself. And—and—let me see—that Mme. Latoux and the little German Fräulein—really, they *must* go into books some day. They were born to have histories. It's their destiny."

"And how about heroes?" I said. "Women by themselves wouldn't do, would they, dear?"

"Well, as for heroes, Miss Andrews;—" Phil mused a little, then suddenly sat down and began winding a skein of worsted for me. "I really don't know," she said, with her head bent down over her work, "that you could find a better hero anywhere, for a thrilling three-volume novel, than in the young man who sits next to me."

"Why, my dear!" I exclaimed, "this is something new. What young man? Why haven't you mentioned him before?"

"He has only just come."

"Is he English?"

"No."

"American?"

"I can't say. He might be German from his looks, American from his manners, French from his dress, and cosmopolitan from his language."

"American from his manners!" I repeated, at the moment forgetting the nationality of my young friend. "My poor, dear child, what a trial it must be to have him next you!"

Phil looked up at me with a little smile. "I meant that he had perfect manners," she said, quietly. I recollected myself, and was mortified enough.

"What does he look like?" I asked hastily, to change the ground.

"Tall, slight, soldierly, with light hair and mustache, and blue eyes," replied Phil, dreamily. "An aristocratic face, and small, well-shaped hands. He must be an American."

"Has he spoken to you?"

"Not yet; he will, though."

"My dear——"

"Oh, certainly," interrupted Phil, rising to light my candles. "He's very nice, and the only young man in the house. It would be neglecting my chances not to know him. At home, of course, we shouldn't speak without an introduction and credentials being given on both sides; but over here it's different. One can so easily let an acquaintance slide, you know, if it turn out badly. By the way, I suppose you don't know what slide means in that sense, Miss Andrews?"

"Yes, yes, my dear; it's slang for cut. I understand well enough, though I'm a little set against using those nasty words myself. We considered slang a beastly habit in my strait-laced days. We'll let that second candle slide too, however, Phil, please. One is quite enough for this little room." (I am persuaded that dear child couldn't so much as spell the word economy.) "Are you going now? Well, I hope you'll eat your dinner to-morrow with better appetite for your fine company, my dear."

The next day Phil appeared again, establishing herself in her usual place in front of the stove-door. I had taken care to have Cummings hide away most of the wood in the closet, so that there wasn't much left for her to dispose of, and I didn't mind.

"And how about the young man?" I asked. "Is he still here?"

"He will be here till I go," answered Phil. "He is a very nice young man, indeed. He has lovely brown eyes, soft, and dreamy, and kind-looking,—eyes just like a dog. I love dogs' eyes, don't you?"

"You said he had blue eyes yesterday."

"Did I? Oh, yes. I said he looked like a German. Well, I got a better look at them to-day, you see, and they're not blue, but brown, and full of expression. I'm afraid he's a flirt. Flirts' eyes always are full of expression."

"You haven't been flirting with him, I hope, Phil, and he an utter stranger too, my dear? I am sure your aunt couldn't allow that."

"Oh, I never flirt, Miss Andrews. I'm not that style at all. But he's not a stranger now. Why, I know him quite intimately. I asked him for the salt as soon as we had taken our seats, and after that we talked steadily on right through till dessert. I know all about him,—enough to write his biography. I was right. He's an American. He's from Philadelphia."

"Ah, that's east of the Rocky Mountains, isn't it, my dear?" I asked, glad to show my geographical acquaintance with her country. Phil hesitated a moment, as if to locate it in her mind. She is always so exact.

"Well, yes; a little east," she said presently.

"Is it near where you live?" I continued.

"Yes, rather near," Phil answered, poking at my fire. "Only a few hundred miles off. I live in Rochester, in Western New York, you know."

"So you told me, my dear. Western New York. That's where the gold mines are, I understand, and the Indians. By the way, I wonder if you ever met a friend of mine; his name was Phipps, George Montague Phipps; his family sent him out for his health and he settled there,—Dallas, I think the place was,—he liked it so much."

"Dallas is in Texas," said Phil. "The young men don't come over to Rochester from there much, but I'll keep a lookout for him. I don't believe he is as nice as my young man here, however."

"And why *is* he here, my dear? For his health? Nobody ever comes here in October excepting for his health, you know."

"He is here for his mother. She is an invalid and doesn't appear at table. His name is Oscar Heyerman."

"Why, that's a German name, Phil."

"His father was German, I believe. He's really a charming young man, so intelligent, so cultivated, so handsome. You would lose your heart to him at once."

"Don't lose yours to him, my child."

"Better not, I think," replied Phil, with a sage shake of the head. "There's a wonderfully pretty little German girl sits the other side of him. He looked at her a great deal to-day, quite stared at her, in fact,—and he spoke to her just as we left the table. I foresee she is going to be my rival."

"She must be very nice and bright indeed, my dear, to be any proper rival of yours," I said, looking at Phil affectionately. "I am sure any man would rather talk to you than to most any other girl I know. You have so much common sense too, Phil, as well as looks."

"Yes, common sense is rather my forte," Phil acknowledged gravely. "The romance and sentiment were altogether left out, and the place filled in with good, plain, ugly common sense. But it's much less attractive to outsiders than nonsense, in the long run. I don't stand a ghost of a chance beside that simpering little German mädchen with her pink cheeks and baby ideas. You see, if Oscar says a word to me to-morrow. I shall break my heart."

"Don't say that, Phil, please," I begged. "There's so many a true word spoken in jest."

"Oh," said Phil, and for all further comment made a succession of horrible grimaces with such rapidity and astounding diversity that I nearly died with laughing at her, though I shook my head rebukingly all the time.

There proved to be no immediate danger, however, of Oscar's becoming interested in the little German girl. He devoted himself, on the contrary, entirely to Phil. She had something new to tell me about him every day when she ran in. Either she had met him by chance at the Kursaal, and had such a pleasant whispered talk with him while her aunt droned over the papers; or he had sat by her during the afternoon outdoor concert, or walked with her about the beautiful Kursaal grounds; or he had been shopping with her down through the long, pocket-despoiling arcades, and had helped her choose the pretty little trifle she brought to me.

"Do you like it?" she would say roguishly in the middle of my thanks. "It is Oscar's taste."

He made the fourth too, I fancy, on their drives to the Russian chapel, and the Robber's cave, and to Biebrich and other outlying places of interest, though I only knew it by Phil's accidentally repeating some remark or droll comment that he had made at the time. I don't think she quite liked me to know just how often he was invited to accompany them. She looked a little confused one

day when I confessed how I had been watching at the window to see them start out, and was so disappointed to find they had gone in a close carriage. Indeed, after that I don't think he was invited so much. She didn't speak of his driving with them again. However, he walked with her uncle and herself to Sonnenburg Castle one day; she told me that. Her uncle was old, and I imagine left the two young people to scramble about the ruins quite by themselves,—Americans are so lax as guardians!—and she had a dainty little bunch of wild flowers pinned coquettishly in with the lace at her throat when she came back. She was fond of wearing flowers, and generally had a rose or cluster of violets somewhere about her dress, and if I chanced to ask where it came from, the answer was invariably the same, said with a demure twinkle of her pretty eyes: "Oscar, of course. What other young man is there here to give it to me?"

It was really wonderful how much interest her talk of Oscar lent to our meetings, and how eagerly I waited for the next bit of news, whatever it might turn out to be.

"He's certainly getting very much interested in you, Phil," I said anxiously one day. It was pleasant, but it troubled me a little too, living so right in the midst of a love story.

Phil laughed and shook her heavy braids.

"Indeed he is," I insisted. "I can see it plain enough, for all I'm not there to watch you two foolish young things with my curious old eyes. Old maids can put two and two together better than some clever arithmeticians, may be; and I only hope, my dear, that your aunt approves."

"Aunt Anne has nothing to say about me; I am quite independent of everybody," Phil rejoined with that determined look coming to her mouth that suited so well with her glasses and her straight, square way of holding her trim little figure. "I may make what friends I choose."

"It's that that worries me about you, my dear," I said as gently as I could. "I feel as if you hadn't anybody to look after you rightly, my poor child. And now this young man,—why, he may be a gambler for aught we know. He may have dreadful habits."

"One little half-bottle of cheap Hochheimer every day for dinner," interposed Phil with a laugh.

"But, my dear child, there's no knowing how many whole bottles of Cliquot, besides any number of awful American drinks with wicked names, he may consume upstairs in private. One can't judge entirely about young men from just their down-stairs doings. I wonder if he is high-principled,—if he is a really good young man? You never mention seeing him at church. Oh, my dear, somebody ought to look after you a little, I do think. Somebody ought to look after you."

"Come and look after him instead," said Phil, who was standing in the window. "There he goes now. Don't you want to see him? He is almost as good to look at from

the back as from the front."

She pushed aside the window curtain as she spoke; and though it is such pain to move, curiosity so far overmastered me that I hastily left my easy-chair, and dragged myself across the room to her side.

"Where?" I said breathlessly, straightening my cap as I best could, lest the young fellow should chance to look up. Even at sixty one doesn't like to be seen all awry.

"Such a pity!" said Phil, dropping the curtain again almost in my face. "You're just one second too late. He's gone around the corner. It's a great pity you didn't see him. You would never have suspected him of anything bad again. He has a charming face, so good, so trustworthy, and so—affectionate, one might say. I'm sure he is a lovely character. You should only hear the way he speaks of his mother. He is a devoted son."

I looked at Phil anxiously. She did not look at me, but stood with her forehead pressed against the window, tapping her little fingers on the sill.

"Don't, Phil, dear," I said gently. "It makes me nervous." She stopped at once, and glanced up at me with her head bent on one side like a little bird. Her eyes were brighter than any stars, and there was an odd, provoking smile on her clearly chiseled lips. "Phil," I said, laying my two hands on her shoulders, "I've not been young in my time for nothing, dear, and I see—I see."

"See what?" asked Phil. She banished all the knowingness out of her face, and put on a look of innocence that would have become a year-old babe, in less than no time.

"Don't be vexed," I said, "but how can I help seeing that, for all your pretended lack of romance, you are getting interested in that young man day by day."

Phil broke suddenly away from me and dashed to the wood-basket, bending over it with a little inarticulate sound.

"Don't put any more on, dear," I entreated, piteously. "Really, you don't know how little it takes to keep a fire alight in those stoves. And you aren't vexed, are you, Phil? I couldn't help speaking, dear. I don't doubt he's all that's honorable and worthy if you think so, only you are so young, and—and—in England things are so different. I cannot get quite used to your American independence. It seems so odd parents and guardians should never have anything whatever to say in the matter of the children's marriages."

"Oh, but they do,—a little," said Phil, frowning gravely at the stove as she ran her finger absently along its cracks, knocking out the plaster upon the floor. "We always invite them to the wedding."

"And if they wont come?"

"We disinherit them. But it doesn't generally happen. But, my dear Miss Andrews, you are worrying about Oscar Heyerman and me. Now let me set your dear, kind heart at rest at once. He isn't thinking of me at all. I told you he would like that simpering German girl better. He does."

She spoke very low, and dropped her head a little. Something in her attitude or voice touched my heart, and reminded me of the days when—well, when I found out Jack cared for Hannah. My foolish old eyes got moist all of a sudden, and I crossed the room to her quickly, as if I hadn't an ache in my miserable bones, and tried to take her in my arms. "My dear, my dear," I whispered, all of a tremble, "don't give up hope yet. May be it isn't so. May be it isn't so. May be he'll come back to you yet." And then I remembered how Jack never did come back, and I sort of choked, and Phil just gave that queer little sound again and fled out of the room. How I longed to follow and comfort her! I felt so troubled about her I could scarcely sleep all that night. Poor, dear child, it had indeed gone far with her! It seemed very hard to stop quietly upstairs and know that all the time that inane little German miss was fooling my Phil's lover away just with two silly pink cheeks. "As if any man couldn't choose better than that!" I said indignantly to myself; for somehow, when I had found out that my poor child loved him and had lost him, all doubt of his worthiness instantly vanished from my mind, and I only fell to wishing I could do something to bring him back and make her happy. I never closed an eye till three o'clock, and after that the whole time I was dreaming and dreaming of how Phil stood at the altar all in white, and blazing with diamonds from head to foot, and how Oscar stood by her side with his back to me, so that I didn't see his face even then, and how he called out right in the middle of the service for a gin cocktail (I think that was it), and how it was poor old I, in my dingy wrapper and cap, who had to come hobbling up the chancel-steps to give the bride away.

I didn't see Phil all the next day. Poor child! she saw I had surprised her secret, and though I didn't expect this delicacy of feeling on the part of an American girl, still I admired it in her, and only loved her the better for it. How *I* should have felt, had any one ever so much as suspected what I felt for Jack!

But by the day after, when still Phil did not come, it seemed as if I couldn't stand it not to know anything; and when the dinner was begun, I sent Cummings down-stairs just to peep in through the door and see which one Mr. Heyerman was talking to the more—my Phil, or the little tow-headed German idiot. Cummings didn't like being sent down on such an errand, and sniffed very disagreeably, and said she had never been engaged to do spy's work, and may be there was them as would do spying better, who wouldn't be so willing as she was to turn an old dress for me as had better be give away at once and done with, and not waste more time over it. However, she went down at last, though still expostulatory, and back she came in less

than no time, her tongue clacking angrily all along the passage-way.

The head waiter had espied her peering through the crack of the door, and ordered her away. 'Twas no place for ladies' maids at no time, he had said, unless may be she wanted to come in and help serve the tables. Such an indignity had never been put on her at no time of her life before, she said, and that's what came from doing a nasty job at some one else's bidding. I had the greatest ado in the world to soothe her down, and get anything else out of her. Miss Merritt? Yes, she snarled, she *had* seen Miss Merritt, and Miss Merritt had seen her, and had nodded to her; that's what had directed the head waiter's attention to her, and the impertinence of that man she should *never* forget, not to her dying day. The German young lady? Yes, she had seen her, too. A sweet pretty dear she was, much more lady-like and genteel-looking than Miss Merritt. The young gentleman? There wasn't any young gentleman. There was an old man seated between the young ladies, if that's what I wanted to know,—a white-haired, deaf old gentleman. She heard Miss Merritt screeching at him that it didn't matter, when he upset his soup-plate over her dress. And if I was ever going to ask her to go down to that door again, I might look out for another maid at the year's end, if I pleased. She had spoke her mind, and that was all she had to say.

I didn't know what to make of it,—not of Cummings's anger (that would wear off with time and judicious treatment, and a maid must be allowed tantrums as well as a mistress), but of her report; and I worried and worried, till late that afternoon Phil came in. She was in one of her brightest, gayest moods. I knew in a moment she had put it on as a mask. Women are always up to such little innocent hypocrisies, and it takes a woman to catch them at it. I didn't mean to say anything, but I couldn't help blurting it right out:

"My dear, Cummings says he wasn't there."

Phil never changed color nor winced when I spoke of him so suddenly. She is a brave little thing. She looked right up at me.

"No," she said. "Oscar dined out to-day. It was lonely for the little Fräulein."

And she never alluded to him once again the whole afternoon, though I several times skillfully led the conversation that way, in case she might like to unburden her poor heart to me. I wished her at least to feel that I was all readiness and all sympathy. But she is a very self-contained, reserved, intensely proud little creature, and I am afraid it was gall to her to feel how much I had already guessed of the truth. Poor child, I almost wished I could tell her about Jack, so as to take out the sting of it to her, letting her know that others had felt just the same. But never a word more would she speak that day of Oscar. She laughed, she joked, she made fun; her clear voice never wavered; her bright eyes never drooped; she was as cheery and sweet-tempered as if she had never known a sorrow. It seemed to me that my old heart must break for her. I haven't forgotten even yet how I behaved—how I danced and laughed with the best that very day when Jack was married! Only once her courage gave way a little,—the poor, overburdened young thing. It was in the dusk, and we were both very still, I thinking compassionately of her, and she—ah, well, I could guess, when I heard a little faint sigh from where Phil sat, or, rather, what started to be a sigh, and was checked in the rising. I put out my hand and touched hers. It seemed as if I *must* tell her how I felt for her. She gave a start, and then her usual little gay laugh.

"You have caught me," she said. "I am fain to confess it, Miss Andrews. I am homesick to-night,—awfully homesick."

I pressed her hand without speaking. There are moments when words seem so cold.

"Do you know," she continued, looking at me gratefully, and a little wistfully, "I would give all Europe—yes, all Europe and a good part of America besides, just for five minutes with my dear, dear little dog Dandy again!"

Her dog Dandy, indeed! Ah, poor child, poor child! Heaven looks leniently, I am sure, upon such innocent, womanly lies as these.

So the days slipped by, and I never came any nearer her confidence. If I asked about Oscar, she would frankly answer, and she occasionally mentioned that she had met him in the street, or seen him at the concert, or run across him in the reading-room flirting outrageously with the pretty German girl, right under her mamma's ugly nose. But she was very guarded in all that she said about him now, and in the way she said it. No stranger would ever have suspected that any deeper feeling underlay the careless tone in which she said his name. *But I knew.*

And so time wore around till one night she ran in later than usual, just as I was going to bed. Cummings looked thundery at once. She is like clock-work, and whoever puts her back, by so much as a minute, throws her all out of beat, and like as not stops her short.

"It's going on half-past nine, Miss Andrews," she said stiffly, as if I had begged for a little extra grace that I shouldn't have, and she immediately laid out my night-gown and cloth slippers with most suggestive and unbecoming conspicuousness.

"I wont stay a minute," said Phil, with an intelligent glance toward the articles, and an appeasing nod to Cummings, who, with a grim determination not to be appeased, looked with fixed disapprobation at a nail in the wall, and pretended not to see Phil at all. "I leave so early to-morrow morning, I thought I would say my real good-bye to-night."

"What!" I cried aghast. "Oh, Phil, dear, are you really going to-morrow?"

"So it seems," answered Phil. "And none too soon. Why, we sail from Liverpool in

three weeks, you know, and Paris is to be bought out first. And right glad I am to get away from this rainy old Wiesbaden. May I never have the ill luck to be at a German watering-place again out of the season. I should have died of *ennui* but for you, Miss Andrews."

"And oh, my child, think what you have been to me!" I said, with my eyes all at once getting weak, and my voice uncomfortably husky. "I have just lived on your visits. I don't know how ever I am to get along without you. And—and how can others spare you any better?"

"Others?" repeated Phil, opening her bright eyes with that questioning look which seemed always to turn her whole face into an interrogation point.

"Yes, dear," I said, sinking my voice a little because of Cummings, who, under pretense of arranging my bed, was pushing forward the chair with the night-gown into yet more unavoidable range of vision. "I mean Oscar."

Phil dropped her eyes suddenly. I saw her face change.

"He's gone," she said bluntly.

"Gone?" I gasped. "My dear, when—where—you don't mean it?"

"He went this morning," answered Phil, her voice as steady as mine was shaky. "I really don't know where he went, but probably the little Fräulein does. She left yesterday."

"And you really don't know?" I echoed incredulously. "Phil, child, don't you expect to see him again? not to meet him anywhere ever again?"

"Not ever again," repeated Phil steadily. "It is good-bye to Mr. Oscar Heyerman forever."

And she kissed her little atom of a hand saucily toward the window. The action jarred on me. It seemed like such a mockery of the poor dear's real feelings. I could not bear to have her so brave. It would have been more natural to seem weaker. I shook my head and sighed.

"Ah, Phil," I said, thinking of Jack and of the long pain that that word *forever* covered,—"Ah, Phil, things seem mysterious and life looks long when one is young; but it's astonishing how short the same thing looks seen from the other end, dear. Even forevers lose their sting before one is quite through with life."

Phil stood looking at me. She was smiling a little, and gradually the smile spread and deepened. "You dear old Miss Andrews," she said, coming suddenly close and putting her arms about me, "I wish there might not be any forever about my good-bye to you. I've brought you one of my American books as a parting souvenir. It's a sweet little story, and will help you to think of me. And don't be too lonely when I am gone. Whom will you miss more, me or Oscar?"

"Don't talk so lightly, Phil, dear," I whispered. "Not just at the last like this. Don't you think I know?"

"No," answered Phil aloud. "I don't think you know at all. Good-night. Good-night, Cummings." And she was gone before I knew it.

"Poor child, poor child!" I murmured, as I surrendered myself to Cummings's not over-tender mercies. "So young, too. It's very hard on her."

"What's hard on her?" said Cummings, snatching off my cap with a venomousness which seemed to say she fancied it Phil's head.

"Oh, nothing," I answered, unwilling to betray my brave child's secret to any unloving ears. "I was only thinking it was hard that those two young people—she and that young man—shouldn't really ever meet again. I can't help hoping they may, even yet."

"What young man?" said Cummings, in her hard unsympathetic voice, pulling off my shoes as if she were a dentist and each foot were a tooth she was extracting. "I never see any young man. There aint any young man."

"Oh, but Cummings," I expostulated gently, "I mean Mr. Oscar Heyerman, you know. He's gone away."

"I'm thinking he can't be gone when he didn't ever come," retorted Cummings, stubbornly. "There's a Mr. and a Mrs. Oscar Heyerman on the *liste des étrawngers*, right enough; but there aint any young man as ever I see. And so you needn't be worriting about him when you ought to ha' been asleep this half-hour gone, and me a-waiting all the time to put you where you should be."

"Cummings," I replied with dignity, "you are speaking very unbecomingly. Will you hand me my night-cap?"

"I'd just like to ha' seen her young man, that's all," said Cummings, jerking open my top drawer with a vindictive snap. "I don't believe there never was a bones-and-flesh young man at all, for I aint seen him."

"It isn't to be supposed you should have seen him, Cummings," I returned. "You have other things to occupy your attention than looking out for young men, I hope. And now you may put out the candle. The moonlight is bright enough for me to go to bed by without it."

But somehow I couldn't sleep that night either. It was such a very queer idea this of Cummings, that there wasn't any young man. It was just like her sour, cross-grained nature to take such a cynical stand. She'll never get to Heaven, I'm afraid, if her getting there is to be entirely a matter of faith. Still, it was an uncomfortable idea certainly, and gave me a shock like a cold-water bath.

Phil ran in bright and early the next morning, all dressed for the journey in her trim, close-fitting ulster, with her broad felt hat set jauntily back of the saucy little curls over her forehead, that were just as obstinate as she was, and would always go their way and not hers; and as she bent over me in the bed, the very first thing I said to her was, "Phil, Cummings says there wasn't ever any young man."

Phil stopped short on her way down to

kiss me. "Cummings doesn't know," she said quietly.

"But there was, wasn't there, dear?" I entreated helplessly. "Phil, dear, there certainly was, wasn't there?"

Phil pursed up her lips and meditated some little time with her head on one side. Then she put on her glasses and looked down at me, wise as any Minerva.

"You will never know either," she said. "*I* know, of course, but I am never, never going to tell. Good-bye."

"Phil—oh, Phil!" I cried, catching at her dress in desperation. "Oh, indeed, you must not leave it so,—you *must* tell me! Wasn't there any young man? not any young man at all?"

"Was there or was there not?" said Phil, backing off toward the door, with always that provoking little smile on her lips and a defiant brightness in her eyes; "what can it possibly matter to anybody living but only me? It is my secret. I have a right to it. And I shall not ever, ever tell."

And that's the way she left it. That is why there isn't any more of it. You see she kept to her word and walked right out of my story at the end of the first chapter, and how the story ended I never knew myself. When I look at the book she left me (it's by a Mr. Aldrich, and indeed it's a clever little tale, though very disappointing), I wonder if it is possible she got any inspiration from that? But I don't know, and I never shall know, and I am still puzzling over it. Was it true or was it false? Was there or was there not a young man? When I think of Jack, I am sure that there must have been; and when I think of Phil, why I really do not know.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

THE CENTURY

JANUARY, 1884.

Good-bye.

We say it for an hour or for years;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this,—
Good-bye.

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end,
And scars our soul with going; thus we say,
As unto him who steps but o'er the way,—
Good-bye.

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond Earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night,—
Good-bye.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

THE CENTURY

OCTOBER, 1884.

THE PRICE I PAID FOR A SET OF RUSKIN.

In days long past I bought a beautiful set of Ruskin with a book which I wrote myself. And I paid something besides,—more, I think, than any edition on earth is worth. I will put the case before you. Judge for yourselves.

My father was a widowed clergyman, with the clergyman's usual baker's dozen of children, of whom I was the oldest, so that I was wife to my father, mother to the children, and sister to all the parish, before I was well under way in my teens. As a family, our needs were naturally in the customary clerical disproportion to our means; and as to wants, from our childhood we were instructed to forego those altogether.