

| It was midsummer in the moun tains and Lillian Ferguson had never seen a fairer scene than the billows of blue hills that lay stretched out before her, with here and there the flash of a half hidden lake, or the ribbonlike glitter of a tiuy river. <br> She stood leaniog against the ru-tic cedar post that formed the support of the botel piazza, while ber modest lit- |
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 silver watch.
"Not generally,', said Mrs. Peck,
But to-dathere waitiog, at Well
Station,
Stor the deaf-and.dumb gentle. man,
amarer whiom? ?", said Lillian,
amazment. "For the diafand.damb gentle-
man, mise," explained Mrs. Peek.
"A consin of our minister's up at Areat Hill. Hers been down to Nem
York for traement, but deary me,
there ain't no treatment can ever do there ain't no treatment can ever do
$h$ im any good. As deaf as a stoor miss, and never spoke as intelligent
word since he was born. But they
do any he's avery learned man, is spite of all hie drawbacks."
" "'m afraid he wont be a very live
It

Peck, in a matter-of fact sort of s way.
Just at that moment a box-wgon
drove up; the charioteer ban led out a valise, and asosisted a young lady to "Has the stage gone?" she cried,
finging aside her veil, and revealing s vory pretty brunette face ehaded
by jett friegs of hair and flushed with excitement.
Mrs. Peck, peering down the winding road, which her experienced dye could
 But Lillina Ferguron,
been gasiog at the newcomer carreast , milh an eage "Surely Iam not mistaken," "this is Eulalie Morton?" "Lillian Ferguson! Oh you da the stranger. But where on earth did you come from ?
And thus met the two lovely girls who had graduated just a year ago from Madame De Tournaire's fashoonable boarding-soloool in New York, and who had not seen each other since. there was no time for explanations ten generation. rolled up, with a creal of leathern curtains, tramp of horses, and a general confusion of arrival, the brond wooden steps of the hotel. The sun was already down. the twilight, Eulalie and Lillian could only discover that the stage contained but one other occupant, a man who leaned back in the far corner, with the top of his face partially hidden
by a large wide-brimmed hat, and it lower part wrapped in folds of a Pe He inclined his bead corter they entered, and moved a handsom traveling case which lay on the mid dlo seat, as if to make room for them 'Is there another pasenger ${ }^{\text {"' }}$ " said

| Miss Morton, with a little, nerveous s:at. <br> "Its only a deaf-and dumb gentlemen," Lillian explained, her eyes full of soff pity. "The landlady told me about bini." <br> "What a nuisance!" cried Eulalie. "I had hoped we should have the stage to ourselves. But now desr," as she settied herself in the most com fortable corver, "tell me what this unexpected encounter means." <br> "It mans" said Lillian, with ashy smile, "tha I am going to be nursery governess at Chessington Hall, up a mong the Adarondacks-that is, if I give satisfiction. I wan engaged by the Edueationa! Bureau, aweek ago." <br> 'What a singular coincidene - 1 ' said Miss Morton, shaking her cherry colored bonnet strings. "And I am gorg to be companion to od Mrs. Grove, of Grove Rookery, the very next place to Chersiugton Hall. How I do euvy you Lilhan. <br> "Envy me, Eulalie?" <br> "Yes. Havrn't you heard about it?" said the bruuette. "The Chessington children your future charges, are motherless, don't you know? They are under the care of an aunt, so Mrs. Grove told me ; and there is a bandsomewidower and interesting young | carriage of any discription seemed be waiting for him. <br> He disappeared into the woods like a shadow, and vanished from her sight. <br> "I suppose, puor fellow, that he live near here, thought she. How dread full it must be, thus to be cut off from all companionship with oue's fellow beings!" <br> But evon while there reflections passed through her miad, the stag atopped again, before a glittering facade of lights, half veiled in sway ing summer foliage-Chessingto Hall. <br> "Here you are, miss,"said the driver. <br> Through the summer evening dusk Liliso could see the marble railed ter race and the broad carriage drive while two child figures danced up and down, and uttered joyful exclamation of welcome-liule Blanch and Alice Cbeasington. <br> "Are you the new governess?" they said. "Are you Miss Ferguson? Wel come-welcome to the Adirondacks We are so glad that you have come!" <br> And in an instant their arms were twined around Lilian's neek. <br> At the end of a month Lillian Fer guson felt completely and thorongbly |
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They had ranged the woode, and
visited all the groteos and cascade-
they had surrounded her with an at
mosphere or the sweotest affection.
my desr, here is your career all chalk-
ed out for you. Sentimental widow-
er, nith lote of money-pretty gov-
erness-mutual facination-growing
tquall the interesting young uncle, had al.
ready taken into his confidence as to
the beautiful bride he was going to
bring home ooon.
But it certainly was very strange
"Eulalie, how cas you taly so?
ried Lilian, flushed and indignant
I am not on a husbasd-nunting ex
Dy own living."
"The more goose you are, to neglec
uch an opportunity as this," said
Rovery is only balf f mile from Chess-
ingon Hall, ster all : and a rich hos
band mould eolve the problem of my
"This is soo ridiculous, Eulalie?
aid Lilian. "I could uot respect my
know it is uujust ; but you have
arade medislike Mr. Cbesaington al
ready."
Morton. "There will be mill the bet
ing the twoave no old-maid aunts and inte .
"Euaslie, let us tulk of someihiag
alee," said Lilian, resolutely. "Tell
ne all that has happened to you sinc

## Eolalie laughed out a merry, ring

 ing laugb."Well, if
$\qquad$


## "Is

Is matrimony, then, the end and with queenly disdain.
 charming frankness.
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$\qquad$ generated frightfally since those dea old days at Madame de Tournaire's." Mies Morton yawned.
"How tedious all this is
Miss Ferguson turned lecturer, eh How I wish that poor follow in the firner wasn't deaf and dumbl I'
fith him, jast to aggravate you, Lily !"
Lilian made no nnswer. She leane watehed the purple dusk creep up the mountain side, counting the stars ai one by one they shone out. Anything
as better than Eulalie's shallon chatter !
Grove Rookery was soon reached and Miss Morton bade her old school mate an effusive farewell
"I see that the old lady has sent the
carriage to meet me," "aid she. "Good by, Lly. You must be sure to intro when I come over. Aurming widower

## a revoir!"

The deaf-and-dumb gentleman lefi watched with nome interest, but no

