

for audience. The family could listen, of course, but with the understanding that there was to be no conversation. As the Major had an engagement which took him out immediately after dinner and Mrs. Melville had some friends drop in to call soon after, it happened that their audience was limited to one.

Now the one thing that Mary enjoyed above all others was hearing Phil sing, and quite the pleasantest part of her whole visit was that last evening spent in listening to him, with Roberta at the piano, and Gay improvising wonderfully soft and lovely accompaniments on her violin. Mary had heard two celebrated opera singers while in Washington, but in her opinion neither one equalled Phil.

Phil's surprise would have been unbounded could he have known that she was comparing his singing to the angel Israfael's, "whose heartstrings were a lute, and who had the sweetest voice of all God's creatures." It would have been a matter of still greater surprise if he could have known the exalted opinion that Mary had of him. Not that any sentimental interest entered into her regard for him. Despite her eighteen years and her womanly attitude towards the world in general, she was still a little girl, and a very humble little girl in her