

“O, that’s what he was here for then,” remarked Minnie, “I met him as I was going up to Mabel’s.”

“Yes,” replied her father, smiling. “He seems to have fully made up his mind on one point.”

“What point?”

“That there is nothing and nobody worth considering in comparison with his daughter, and in that conviction his wife and he seem to be completely at one.”

Minnie laughed.

“I know somebody who is pretty nearly as decided in his opinions on a similar subject,” she hinted.

“Come, now, not quite,” protested he.

“Well, he’s a great deal older than Mr. Cameron, and consequently ought to have a great deal more sense.”

“And his daughter snubs him too much—I wonder if Miss Mona has as sharp a tongue?”

“I would advise you not to rouse it,” was Minnie’s reply, as she flitted away.

Next day the mid-summer holidays commenced, much to Minnie’s joy, for now she could sit by her friend many hours during the day, cheering her in her intervals of consciousness, and watching and soothing her at other times—thereby not only greatly aiding her slow recovery, but also rendering her aunt inestimable service in her present harassing position.

Mabel’s great danger did not lie so much in the ruptured blood-vessel, as in a sharp attack of brain fever, which had followed upon her late excitement, and the slackening of the strain she had borne so long.