

the only member of the family who had been silent during the conversation.

“O, it’s a girl in our school—Mona Cameron—a deadly enemy of mine,” said Minnie with a laugh as she made the last assertion, “Some of the girls call her ‘Soda’ and me ‘Magnesia,’ because we always create a ‘phiz’ when we come into contact.”

She opened the letter carelessly and found it to contain, as she had expected it would, some information relative to an examination for which they were both working. She put the note in her pocket when she had read it, but left the envelope on the table.

Nothing more was said on the subject, but when Minnie came into the dining-room about half-an-hour afterward for something she had left there, she found Charlie standing by the window with the envelope in his hand, gazing at it with a look that was more than merely critical. He put it down hastily as she entered, and remembering his former indifference, she enquired laughingly if he was trying to discover the writer’s character from her caligraphy. He laughed too, but it was not a mirthful laugh, and soon after, went out; Minnie observed, however, that the envelope no longer lay where he had laid it, and turned back to look for it, thinking it must have fallen, but it was not to be found.

“Charlie must have taken it with him,” she thought. “Is it possible that he has fallen in love with Mona’s writing without knowing Mona herself. Well, when one thinks of it, Mona’s writing is almost Mona’s self, and any one who