

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, under her breath, "I could do nothing like it if I tried a hundred years. I am not afraid of her in anything else, but if she sends this, I may give up hope."

Then a strong temptation seized her to hide the manuscript, and so not only be revenged on Minnie for her humiliation, but also secure the certainty of her success in the examination.

"Why should she have everything?" she asked petulantly, "Is it not enough for her that she has sweet temper, and popularity, and—Christianity," and her lip did not curl at the word now that she was alone as it certainly would have done had there been others by. An expression of deep pain came into her beautiful face, and putting down the manuscript where she had found it, she laid her head on the dusty table and something like a sigh escaped her.

"No!" she said, in her excitement speaking aloud. "Minnie *shall* have the prize. She deserves it as she does all the gifts my selfish heart so wickedly envies her; we may not be friends, but at least we can be fair rivals."

A step was heard in the room, and without looking round to ascertain whose it might be, Mona snatched up her gloves and disappeared.

Minnie, for it was she, stood staring in a dazed sort of way at the place where Mona had been, not a moment before, in such an attitude of dejection as no one had ever believed her capable of yielding to, and thoroughly mystified by her last words which had reached her ears. All at once she