

carefully reared them. But this had its root, with much of the seriousness which made her presence somewhat awe-inspiring, in the sorrow that darkened her life in the loss of her older children, and made her more anxiously thoughtful of the cultivation of the physical powers of those who were left. But they understood that all of such sports must stop in the house when Dr. Lewis needed rest after his arduous labors, and his little niece, Bet, poured out to him her feelings with a familiarity and confidence, expressing perfectly her intimacy and his affectionate understanding—but very different probably from what the little lady would have dared in the presence of her Aunt Betsy's austere dignity—"I'm so glad when you go away, because when you are here we can't play bear!" Another anecdote of this lively niece's playing on her gentle uncle's confidence gives another glimpse of the happy life at Brecknock. She dressed herself to personate a beggar—forgetting such small incongruities as her gold ring and delicate slippers, and all closely bonneted and duly, and, as she thought, consistently shabby, presented herself at the door, to which her knock brought the Doctor from his reading, while the group of girls, her fellow-conspirators, watched the interview from an adjoining room with eager delight. The kindness of his benevolent manner to the unworthy beggar, his inviting her to come in and sit down, his secret uneasiness about contagion being possibly brought into the house, his asking her name, and her desperate rising to the unexpected emergency with "Jenny Collad," were morsels of rapture to the laughing group of girls, and when he at last told her with great kindness that as it did not suit the family to entertain her at night, she might get shelter at the tavern with the money he gave her—a shout of delight revealed to the astonished Doctor his mischievous niece betrayed.