



CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

They were not in the veranda when he went out, and he strolled further a way to where he knew some seats had been placed. Even then he did not see them; it was Jane's voice which betrayed their presence at the other side of a tent, near which he was standing.

"Oh, those are mere matters of education," replied Diana, carelessly. She had meant no invidious comparison, but Jane, who was unduly sensitive, flushed crimson.

"Let us have another match," said Major Larron, gayly, to cover her embarrassment. "Education and all the accomplishments—which is you, Miss Knollys, and Grey—against skill and natural talent, which modestly forbids me to more than hint is represented by my partner and myself."

THE FAMILY STORY

THEIR PUNISHMENT.

NIGHT was falling on the valley between the snow-capped peaks. The mountain tops, however, were still bathed in the splendid rosy light which the Alps are colored by the rays of the setting sun.

JENNY

CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

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