

**TWO PRETTY GIRLS.
IN THREE
VOLUMES. VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649726608

Two Pretty Girls. In Three Volumes. Vol. II by Mary A. Lewis

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MARY A. LEWIS

**TWO PRETTY GIRLS.
IN THREE
VOLUMES. VOL. II**

TWO PRETTY GIRLS.

TWO PRETTY GIRLS.

BY

MARY A. LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "A RAT, WITH THREE TALES."

"All the endless occupation without purpose, and idleness without rest, of our vulgar world, are not, it seems to me, enjoyments we need be anxious to communicate. . . . To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plough-share or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray,—these are the things that make men happy."—JOHN RUSKIN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1881.

(All rights reserved.)

251. i. 281.

TWO PRETTY GIRLS.

CHAPTER I.

"It seemed as if the day were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which shed to earth above the sun
A light of Paradise."

SHELLEY.

DURING this time Christine and Maude had drawn together a good deal. We know the thoughts that were uppermost in the mind of each, and different as they were, there was still enough similarity in them to give the two girls a sort of fellow-feeling. Christine had paid several visits to Mrs. Menteith's, and Peter's attentions

had become so marked that she could hardly have misunderstood them; but every time she saw him she became more and more sure that she never could like him. Whether or no she could marry him she had not decided, and she determined to defer as long as possible the evil day on which she would be called on to make up her mind. All this she confided to Maude; and she, who at the moment felt that, if a man were not Eustace Simmonds, it did not much signify who he was, received the communication sympathetically. It was a relief to discuss some one's love affairs, though she would not mention her own. But Christine, after Mr. Simmonds had called two or three times more in Hertford Street, and had assumed a position of increasing intimacy, had guessed the state of the case; and so, although Maude did not openly talk about the matter, Christine

entered enough into her ideas to be able often to say little things that fitted into Maude's mood, and she in return grew more and more fond of her.

The cousins were both the better for the experiences they were going through. There is always something wanting in a girl who has never given or received affection of that sort. Till then they look upon loving and being loved, either as an excitement, a triumph, a road to a good marriage, or (and this among many of the better sort) as an intensely comic thing; a temporary aberration of intellect, to be treated with scorn and mockery by all persons of sense. Till lately Christine had longed for admirers as a means of release from her Falconbridge life; and Maude had looked at her engaged neighbours, and thought how supremely ridiculous they were. But now it was different with

both. Christine was beginning to feel very apologetic to her poor vulgar friend, who, spite of his freckles and dust-coloured hair, she could see was growing sincerely attached to her, and for whom she could not conjure up the least responsive feeling. His admiration, instead of pleasing, burdened and bored her, and often she would have been glad if he would have restored his allegiance to Miss Esmé Beech. Maude had, on the other hand, grown suddenly tolerant of the follies she had once scorned, and could even witness without a laugh that most peculiar symptom of the malady, the impulse of two young people to sing in church from the same hymn-book, when there are plenty of spare ones in the seat. The whole thing struck her in a new light, and she began to perceive the beauty and pathos underlying this and other kindred sillinesses.