

"Oh-h-h-h-O!" called Moira in reply.

"She looks positively happy. Ugh! Disgusting! And so lovely too."

"Did you want me, Mandy? I am so sorry I forgot all about the tea."

"So I should suppose," snapped Mandy crossly. "I saw you were too deeply engaged to think."

"You saw?" exclaimed the girl, a startled dismay in her face.

"Yes, and I would suggest that you select a less conspicuous stage for your next scene. Certainly I got quite a shock. If it had been Raven, Moira, I could have stood it."

"Raven! Raven! Oh, stop! Not a word, Mandy." Her voice was hushed and there was a look of pain in her eyes.

"But Smith!" went on Mandy relentlessly. "I was too disgusted."

"Well, what is wrong with Mr. Smith?" inquired Moira, her chin rising.

"Oh, there is nothing wrong with Smith," replied her sister-in-law crossly, "but—well—kissing him, you know."

"Kissing him?" echoed Moira faintly. "Kissing him? I did not——"

"It looked to me uncommonly like it at any rate," said Mandy. "You surely don't deny that you were kissing him?"

"I was not. I mean, it was Smith—perhaps—yes, I think Smith did——"

"Well, it was a silly thing to do."

"Silly! If I want to kiss Mr. Smith, why is it anybody's business?"