

"I ran away when Uncle John came in, and I have so many things to tell you. Imagine it, he wanted to see my accounts."

"Is it so, dear?" said Margaret, as if it were a novelty. "But not to-day, dear; I cannot talk to you now. Harry has some men to dine, and I am busy." It was true, but, besides this, Margaret well knew that Kitty's desire to pour out her flow of disconnected social items would lessen after she had sufficiently repeated them to others. Margaret, who had an orderly and trained mind, hated few things so much as Kitty's mild flow of gossip.

"I think," she once said, "that I could stand it better if it were even a bit wicked; but Kitty is good because she is not bad." Margaret was herself valuably and variously sweet tempered. Seeing Kitty's look of disappointment, she said:

"Come up to the library and see Harry. If I let you go without seeing him I shall hear of it. How is Mary? I have not seen her for nearly a week."

Miss Kitty said that Mary was quite useless as sister or cousin; that between Uncle John and charities and this and that it was impossible to get her to listen to the most serious things.

"Such as—?" asked Mrs. Swanwick, demurely.

"Oh, last night, about a question of dogma. Mr. Knellwood wrote to me—you see, I had asked him about it before I went away."

"Dogma!" said Mrs. Swanwick, vastly amused. Miss Kitty assumed an air of gravity and related at length that the question of dogma concerned the