

cordiality, and as it were by accident dropped several mysterious parcels in her lap. She looked at them in the uncertainty of surprise; then with wide wondering eyes surveyed the gentleman, who, as he returned her scrutiny, thought her the very image of another Florence for whom long centuries before he had gathered rasps. Opening a paper bag gingerly, as if it might be a trap designed to catch her fingers, the little lady peered in, beamed, pecked eagerly at the contents, and then all at once remembering herself, for thanks held out her pursed rosebud of a mouth. The kiss she gave and received was no pretence. The train moved away and she nodded blithely, waving a dimpled hand to her unknown friend. Then with the air of one who has business to get through she settled to her paper bags.

"Do you know that gentleman, dearie?" asked her guardian, a staid Scotch nurse who had long been a personage in the Quinton household.

Miss Langham could not answer because her teeth were deep and fast in Turkish Delight, so she shook her head, her manner indicating that her ignorance really didn't matter.

"Well," said the guardian, "feel yourself proud, for it's not every little girl who is kissed by Sir Evan Kinloch."

She did not know how that might be, she managed to intimate, but the Turkish Delight was very good.

In the first flush of joy and excitement over a new home the incidents of the journey were forgotten; but when she was alone with her mother she suddenly remembered something important.

"Oh, mama," she cried, "Sir Tinlock gave me sweets and kissed me. Who is Sir Tinlock?"

"Who is Sir Tinlock?" she repeated, finding her mother did not answer.

"Mama's friend, darling."

"But you told me mama had no friends," came with the mercilessness of a child, and then immediately, "why do you cry, mama? Poor mama, do not cry and I will be dood to you."

"Come to me, darling," said her mother. "There. Mama had forgotten about her friend. Mama forgets things."

Four days afterwards Kinloch himself went down. The interval was spent in a kind of dream. In a dream he came