

"I suppose you very superior people think me foolish. Mrs. Hunter says I have an analytic mind."

"What!" exclaimed Mary Fairthorne; "you have many, many gifts, dear, but—"

"Oh, don't scold me!" cried Kitty. "I do not mind Margaret, but I do love you, and when you lecture me, I—I am getting to be too old to be lectured by the entire family. Kiss me, and don't scold." She was herself demonstrative in her affection, and was prone to take as evidence of want of it her cousin's disinclination to physical expressions of a very real attachment. It was real, but the nobler woman would have found it hard to explain why she liked this girl. Few of us can sufficiently analyze many of our attachments, perhaps because they are attachments, the offspring of habit, propinquity, and the claims which weakness makes on the higher nature.

Kitty had that surface amiability which is a little uncertain and very far from the self-sacrificing heroism of really good temper.

"You shall tell me all about Mrs. Hunter, dear, another time," said Mary; "it is I who was foolish." She did not say how or why. Rising, she kissed the girl tenderly.

"I think I hear Uncle John."

"Then I must run; I shall go down the back-stair. He has been at me all day—my first day at home—to arrange those new autographs, such stupid, tiresome trash."

"Run, dear," cried Mary, laughing, and, gather-