

Her father laid down his paper, and arose.

"Come to breakfast, Katherine," he said, more coldly than he had ever spoken to her before in his life, "and be kind enough to drop the subject. Your flippant manner of speaking of—of your mother, is positively shocking. I am afraid it is true what they say of you here—Indian nurses—the lack of a mother's care—and my indulgence, have spoiled you."

"Very well, papa; then the fault's yours and you shouldn't blame me. The what's-his-name cannot change his spots, and I can't change my irreverent nature any more than I can my looks. But really and truly, papa, *do* I look like mamma?"

"No—yes—I don't know."

"No—yes—I don't know. Intelligible, perhaps, but not at all satisfactory. When I am left a widow, I hope I shall remember how the dear departed partner of my existence looked, even after thirteen years. Have you no portrait of mamma, then?"

"No! In Heaven's name, Katherine, eat your breakfast, and let me eat mine!"

"I am eating my breakfast," responded his daughter, testily. "I suppose a person can talk and eat at the same time. Haven't you rather got a pain in your temper this morning, papa? And I must say I think it a little too hard that I can't be told who I take my ugliness from. I'm much obliged to them for the inheritance, whoever they were."

Sir John again laid down his paper with a resigned sigh. He knew of old how useless it was to try and stem the torrent of his daughter's eloquence.

"What nonsense you talk, my dear," he said. "You're not ugly—you don't want your father to pay you compliments, do you, Katherine? I thought your cousin Peter paid you enough last night to satisfy even your vanity for a month."

Katherine shook her head impatiently until all its red-brown tresses flashed again.

"Peter Dangerfield—wretched little bore! Yes, *he* paid me compliments, with his hideous little weasen face close to my ear until I told him for goodness sake to hold his tongue, and not drive me frantic with his idiotic remarks! He let me alone after that, and sulked! I tell you what it is, papa—if something is not done to prevent him, that little grinning imberile will be asking me to marry him one of these days—mark my words!"

"Very well—suppose he does?" The baronet leaned back