

when no one was watching her, especially on stormy nights, for no reason in particular that she knew of, except that she felt so dry and comfortable. So clean too! There were a great many muddy people out that night; the sleet did not wash them as fast as the mud splattered them; and the wind at the corner sprang on them sharply. From her carriage window she could look on and see it lying in wait for them, and see it crouch and bound and set teeth on them. She really followed with some interest, having nothing better to do, the manful struggles of a girl in a plaid dress, who battled with the gusts about a carriage-length ahead of her, for perhaps half a dozen blocks. This girl struck out with her hands as a boxer would; sometimes she pommelled with her elbows and knees like a desperate prize-fighter; she was rather small, but she kept her balance; when her straw hat blew off, she chased headlong after it, and Perley languidly smiled. She was apt to be amused by the world outside of her carriage. It conceived such original ways of holding its hands, and wearing its hats, and carrying its bundles. It had such a taste in colors, such disregard of clean linen, and was always in such a hurry. This last especially interested her; Miss Kelso had never been in a hurry in her life.

"There!" said Fly.

"Where?" said Perley, starting.

"I've broken my fan; made a perfect wreck of it! What shall I do? No, thank you. Mr. Hayle, I am in blue to-night. You know you couldn't fail to get me a green one if you tried. You must bring me out—but it's too wet to bring fans out. Mother, we must go in ourselves."

So it came about that in the land of fans, or in the region roundabout, Maverick and the Silvers disappeared in the flash of a fancy store, and Perley, in the carriage, was left alone.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Silver, placidly, as the umbrella extinguished her, "we are making our friends a great deal of trouble, Fly, for a little thing."

Now Perley did not find it a trouble. She was rather glad to be alone for a few minutes. In fact, she took it very kindly in Fly to break that fan, and, as she afterwards thought, with reason.

The carriage door was left open, by her orders. She