

"But you are tired of me," repeated the girl, with dull persistency; "and yet, Mrs. Hunter is so like you—in some ways, I mean—that—"

"Then I shall surely hate her," exclaimed Mary, laughing.

"Oh, no! You must like her for my sake; and now, we will leave the rest until to-morrow. Don't look so resigned."

"My dear child," said Miss Fairthorne, "I have some right to be tired to-day, but I am not tired of you, only of these numberless people who interest you and do not in the least interest me."

"There is nothing human that should fail to interest us, Mary; we are all the children of one Father."

"*Vide* somebody," thought Mary. A touch of the comic always cured her mild attacks of impatience and the young cause was pretty sure, soon or late, to supply the remedy. She was a trifle disappointed that Kitty had not answered her crossly. It would have seemed to excuse her own brief failure of temper.

Kitty's weaknesses appealed to the stronger girl, who had an unusual charity for moral defects and who found in her cousin what everyone found—the attractiveness which childlike and too natural women possess. Despite nearness of years, Mary Fairthorne was more mother than cousin to this self-spoiled, unstable beauty, who was now pouting a little, and feeling, as she was apt to say, that she was not sufficiently considered. Turning again to go, she said: