



without you, dear? Thanksgiving has often been a dull day for me. I can't be thankful enough I have you here this year." The bright black eyes under the white hair grew suddenly dim as Mrs. Fitzgerald kissed Marjorie's soft cheek. "I can't be thankful *enough* your father and mother went honeymooning off to Europe and left you to me. I shall tell the rector that, *anyway*." And with an emphatic little nod of approval, and the swish of softly emphatic black silk, Mrs. Fitzgerald bustled off to interview black Martha Washington in the kitchen.

When she was alone, Marjorie took the violets and sat down for a moment in one of the big chairs by the window. A few adventurous snow-flakes were already floating down from the gray sky. It would snow hard before night.

As she looked down the quiet Caryville street, Marjorie thought of Jack Wilmott and his disappointment that she had decided not to visit friends in New York this Thanksgiving time. He would, of course, take some other girl to the big football game, the last of the season!—Then she smiled in some self-amusement as she proceeded to count her blessings. She had enjoyed the two months she had spent in Caryville; she was glad she was here to-day; and—she had the violets. Perhaps, before Christmas, she might be gone.

The thought reminded her that time, too, was going. She sprang to her feet with the bright eagerness, the quick, birdlike lifting of her dark head that always heralded her interest in new duties. She loved to be useful. For the next fifteen minutes the mirror above the mantelpiece in the dining room reflected charming glimpses of a slim, dainty figure in brown; of a little head crowned with lovely brown waves of hair; of brown, sparkling eyes and small piquant features. If the mirror had only had phonographic connections, it might have recorded sweet snatches of song as well.

After church she hurried back to forestall, if she could, Miss Huntington's proverbially early descent. Miss Huntington, a lonely little ex-teacher, had from time immemorial been invited to Thanksgiving dinner at Mrs. Fitzgerald's; and, from time immemorial, Miss Huntington had always come too early. So, after a moment's

