

to do, and what use we mean to make of our lives."

Anna Trent laid down her portfolio, and looked up with expectant interest. After a minute or two Isabel hung up her dress and came over to the window, looking slightly bored.

"You always want something absurd, Ursula," she said. "Well, go on, we are all waiting to hear the programme of your future life."

"We will take yours first, Mary," said Ursula, stooping to pull her friend's black locks as she knelt by the open window.

"Mine!" echoed Mary, her pleasant face rippling with amusement. "Oh, I am hopelessly commonplace. I shall go home to Market Drayton, I suppose, to-morrow, and then there will be six weeks' delightful romping with the boys before they go back to Eton. Then I shall settle down quietly at home with papa and mamma, relieve her of half the worry of three small females in the nursery and schoolroom. I shall learn to wash, bake, cook, and mend and darn, and do sick visiting, as I shall need them all when I go to keep house for John. He will settle somewhere likely in spring."

John was Mary's elder brother, who had just received his diploma in medicine at Cambridge, and