

you can't wait, Madge, even that long, go down to the parlor, and under the big Dresden bowl—”

Before he could finish she was out of the room and on the stair. Moods of childlike joy and gaiety were a part of the pleasantness of this woman, who had also the grave good sense of the Fairthornes, with more sentiment, wit, intellect, and definiteness of mind than ever a one of the breed since John, the first, sat in the house cave he had dug on the banks of the Delaware. Unlike the rest of her race, she was slight and small.

Mr. Swanwick was invalided, unfit for war and, after declining a brevet as he had before refused promotion, he married this Margaret Fairthorne, the much elder sister of Mary. She nursed him into sound health, and in the two years it required, as he meant to go to the bar, she began to read law-books to him. She soon found satisfaction in the lofty reason and equity on which the great structure has risen. She enjoyed the accuracy of it, of what she startled Harry one day by calling the mathematics of right and wrong. When, at last, he could use his eyes and task his head, she quietly let the study drop, and for wise reasons of her own made believe to have quite forgotten Kent and Blackstone. It was a sacrifice firmly made. She had readily assimilated the law, and surprised herself by the ability with which she anticipated the judgments and decisions of great jurists, as she and her husband read and talked. About the time that she began to suspect she possessed a better legal mind than Harry Swanwick he had regained his usual vigorous health.