

"Well," Miss Dalywood had remarked as she had given a peck at Mrs. Ambrose's smooth cheek and had tucked the large newspaper parcel under one arm, "if *you* won't say something to your husband about that lad, I shall!"

"Oh! Agnes dear!" The other woman spoke now hurriedly and appealingly: "You mustn't upset Nigel, he has some *very* important work on hand. We none of us disturb him. You don't know how unhappy I shall be if you talk to him about Dick—or—anything. Just give me a little while longer," she pleaded. "You know I kind of believe I shall be able to manage Dick myself. I don't think he really hates me! He isn't as difficult as Silvia. I'm ready to confess to you that Silvia *is* a bit trying; but then I guess I always did get on far better with boys than with girls."

"You are much too easy-going," Miss Dalywood had said with a sniff, "and you are always in such a hurry to do things for other people. Where is Silvia? Why didn't she show up to-day?" she demanded abruptly.

"She's been staying with Isabel Matheson: she went yesterday and stayed the night. They had to get up so early as they were to go cub-hunting this morning. I have been expecting Silvia home for the last hour."

"She will probably stay another night," had been Miss Dalywood's reply and then Mrs. Ambrose had slapped back:

"Well, if she does, can you blame her? This is a mighty dull home, you know. Goodness! when I was her age, I wanted to do just all the things she would