

for rare books and autographs. He had, too, in an extreme degree the liking for method which all his people possessed. By descent and training a very courteous and formal man to those he did not know well, he was too often otherwise in his own home. Nature, latent gout, and having outlived the time of balanced faculties made him irritable and exacting, even to those he loved the best, or, perhaps I should say liked the best. He had preferences, but lacked affections. He had been left the guardian of the persons and moderate estates of the orphan children of a brother and sister; Mary represented the finer qualities of his race and was a woman of wide intellectual and human sympathies, while her uncle's were languid or had dwindled, owing to the atrophy of disuse. Kitty, despite her lightness, was apparently the person he came most near to loving, but she had not her cousin's power to influence his decisions. He was now beginning to feel the dependency of breaking health and was bitterly resenting it. As to what else he was, or became, this story may show.

The house which Kitty entered to visit her cousins, the Swanwicks, was far away from that Fourth Street neighborhood, which fashion was slowly giving up to commerce and finance. It was not large, and was built in a way peculiar to the city, with back buildings which left room for side-light and some space for the garden area behind it.

Kitty, who knew well her cousin Margaret's dislike to being pursued up-stairs, sat down in the parlor and looked about her. The room was too severely