

to ask you to remind me to tell you about Mrs. Hunter."

Mary Fairthorne sat down. She had stood Kitty's amiable and too merry volubility for a large part of the day and had given up to the girl more hours than she cared to waste. She was, to tell the truth, again on the verge of vexed and futile remonstrance when, instinctively obedient to Mahomet, she sat down.

As she dropped into the chair Kitty's rosy face grew serious—she had a faint gleam of enlightenment as she said:

"Are you resorting to Mahomet's remedy?"

Mary laughed.

"I? No!" It was hardly true. "What else is there, dear?"

"I forgot to tell you, you would like her. Oh, you will be sure to like her. Mr. Masters knows her; he says she has charm—"

"He says that about everything that wears a petticoat," said Mary, resolute to control any sign of impatience. "But whom are you talking about, Kitty?"

"I told you, Mary—Mrs. Hunter. She is so gentle, so wise, so learned, and she carries her knowledge so lightly—" Here Mary recognized a phrase which Mr. Knellwood had with justice applied to Margaret Swanwick.

"But I must go, and I know you are tired of me. I really had to tell you."

"I tired of you, my dear Kit? You must not say such things—"