

'people are so often injudiciously labelled.' How just you are, Mrs. Hunter."

"Lucretia, dear," corrected the elder woman;
"Lucretia, love."

Mrs. Hunter had come from Wiesbaden with the Wenhams, had made herself useful to an invalid daughter, and so agreeable to everybody that an invitation to spend a month with them at Newport had ended in its extension for another like term. Then her hosts went away to their city home and Mrs. Hunter felt that a promising campaign had ended without practical results. The Wenhams had parted with her civilly but without sign of deep regret, except in the case of their daughter, who, in her hysterical craving, foresaw the loss of demonstrative sympathy. Mrs. Hunter, considering in turn the sons, the father, and finally the mother, said to herself at last:

"I ought to have cultivated that doctor." She had enjoyed the game and now, regretting a partial defeat, was ready to play again.

After a while she began: "How one is tempted by a friendly heart and the silent confessional of night! If ever I tell my life story, dear, to you, it will be thus—alone, in the night, when you cannot see my face. You, also, I know have suffered. It is eloquently written on a too expressive brow; a tender riddle, my dear, which few know how to read."

If Kitty had been able to purr, it is probable that she would have vibrated with that instinctive signal of feline satisfaction. She was young, pretty, vain,