

especially at this time of the year. I wonder you could give it up, Marjorie."

"It was Mrs. Graham's wish for me to continue my studies, and I could not very well at Fern Villa," Marjorie quietly answered.

"Well, I should be glad that you left it. I have explored every nook and cranny with the exception of papa's rooms, and he only allows Katy access to them to keep them in order. Did I ever tell you about my picture and my loss, Marjorie? I was exploring as usual, and in the attic came across some old music and some books. Probably I should not have touched them, but the old songs bewitched me, and after glancing through the music, I opened some books—old novels and poems, with the fly-leaf torn out, giving no clue to ownership. Well, out of one of the books a small picture fell, and, Marjorie, it may amuse you to hear it, but I thought it resembled me—only it was the picture of a woman much older, about forty."

"What did you do with it, Erica?"

"That is the funniest part. I brought it to show papa, and just then papa was taken quite