

express decisive opinions of rather varied character. Her patience seemed to be near to its reward when Kitty said:

"Now I must go and see Margaret Swanwick."

She turned at the doorway:

"What were you writing in your diary?"

Miss Fairthorne smiled.

"Do you really want very much to know, Kitty?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"And you will never tell?"

"Never."

Mary opened her diary and read:

"Mahomet says, 'When one of you getteth angry, he must sit down, and if his anger still endure, let him lie down.'"

"I don't think," said Kitty, "that there was any need to promise secrecy if that 's all."

She was as nearly without sense of humor as the slumbering Angora on the hearth-rug.

"Try it when Uncle John is at his worst," laughed Mary.

"But I never get angry without cause, and then, as Mr. Knellwood says, 'There is a righteous anger and an unrighteous anger.'"

This sort of vagueness, the quoting of other folk's wisdom and the lack of sense of the comic, were apt to exasperate the tall cousin. Now she merely said:

"Well, by-by, dear. Try Mahomet's receipt."

As she spoke she playfully pushed Kitty through the doorway. Then she stood for a moment, and reopened her diary.

"I forgot," said Kitty, turning back, "I forgot