

a reader herself, and it interested her inexpressibly to have speech with this young man of whom she had heard much which had already claimed her attention. While she was listening to his quietly-expressed words she did not forget, woman-like, to take some note of his personal appearance. She saw that the badly-cut, homespun suit could not altogether hide the ease and manly grace of his figure, nor did she fail to observe that his hands and feet were more gracefully fashioned than those usually found in his own walk of life. Then his manner, though quiet and unassuming, had little of awkwardness in it. In noting this, however, Adair forgot to take into account her own singular gift of putting those with whom she talked completely at ease.

"Do you read German?" she asked presently. "Mr. Fletcher told me that you could talk several languages. I can lend you German books. You know I was three years at school in Weimar, and I have quite a little German library in my own room. I am reading Hegel."

"You read Hegel," he exclaimed, in surprise. "He does not write women's books."

"Perhaps not; but you see the lady with whom I lived in Weimar was very exceptional; she had quite a philosophical—what you would call a man's mind," she added, with a smile; "and, fortunately for me, she took a great interest in me, and introduced me to the very best literature of her country."

"I have often wished I could get some German books. They are so scarce and so dear," he said, simply; "I have never felt that I should be justified in spending so much money on them."

"I understand. Well, if you will come up another