

sick of it. Marie exhausted her vocabulary long ago and I get the same stale remarks about 'blue blood' and a 'thousand years to grow,' etc., till I think her only song should be 'Oh ! for a thousand tongues' that she might at least treat us to some new quotations. It is a shame, Marjorie, the way she cramps her speech as well as her actions."

Erica sat silent for awhile, and then with a look of sudden joy in her hitherto clouded visage, exclaimed:

"Marjorie, why couldn't I live with you ? How delightful it would be ! I wonder I never thought of it before."

Marjorie's face took a rosier tint as the possibility was forced upon her. And why not ? she reflected. Why should she deny herself this pleasant companionship ? What mattered it what Miss Gordon might say ? For Marjorie had already felt her stinging inuendoes as to her musical sirenic influence as she noticed Dr. Graham's frequent calls.

"But, Erica, your father might not wish you to leave 'Glenarden.' And your aunt, too, what would she think ?"