

not even Margaret's scones will lure me to stop to-day !”

“Sit down, you spitfire, and let us talk over this utterly unfeasible scheme rationally. Don't you foresee a thousand complications that might arise—complications from which, clever women though we account ourselves, we might find it difficult to escape ?”

“Oh, there are difficulties in everything, if you go to look for them,” I interrupted lamely.

“Besides, I am a sane woman, if a trifle erratic, and I'm not going to walk open-eyed into mischief.”

“There is such a thing as changing names and disguising facts, is there not ?” I suggested mildly.

“Here comes Margaret, timely interruption,” said my friend with assumed relief ; and the gaunt, keen-eyed, faithful servant-woman, who had gone into exile for love of her mistress’ “dear bairn,” came marching into the room, bearing the tray.

Those who did not know Margaret Inglis abhorred her ; those who did, adored her. There was no middle course. I belonged to the ranks of the latter class, and she had so far overcome her prejudice against a woman who wrote *novells*, as she pronounced it, with an indescribable, inimitable accent of scorn, as to