

Primrose Hall

Dorinda what she thought about it. And as Miss Dorinda's opinion always coincided with Miss Priscilla's it would be impossible to say what would have happened if it had n't.

On this particular morning, then, when the sun was baffled in his attempt to fade even a streak on the blue satin sofa, and was so provoked about it that he went behind a cloud to sulk, and stayed there quite a little while, Miss Priscilla and Miss Dorinda sat in the morning-room holding their after-breakfast conference.

"It seems to me," Miss Priscilla was saying, "that spring has really come at last. I saw a fly in the library yesterday morning. I did n't speak of it to you, for I thought I might have been mistaken, as I had on my near-glasses, but Martha says she saw it too, so there can be no doubt about it. And I think, Dorinda, that as we go to the sewing-society to-morrow, and it may rain the next day, I think that to-day we will clean the attic."

"Yes, sister," said Miss Dorinda, "it