

moment when she began to think at all, she has ceaselessly occupied herself with her own soul-states and traversed one or two heart-crises. Having nothing much external to interest her, she is driven to introspection, and becomes, as a matter of course, a little priggish and pedantic, exaggerating the importance of conditions about which the normal healthy outdoor girl of another race never troubles herself.

Yet she is worth knowing for all that. She may be a little tiresome, but she is a good, honest girl, who has not had the best of luck, who, indeed, has come from a home where everything seems opposed to her own instincts and inclinations. Her father's business is perpetually on the downgrade, and his little commercial enterprises invariably fail, and leave him worse off than he was before. The mother, of course, is always on the verge of tears,