

"Oh, no. But you take a full-blood Alaskan, descendant of a line of chiefs running back to before the Flood, with family silver and a family crest dating to unimaginable antiquity, bring him up among British surroundings, imbue him with the true British pig-headedness about the empire on which the sun never sets, give him a seat in parliament, and you can't expect him to represent the class who base their claim to the inheritance of the earth on New Testament specifications."

"He must be horrid!"

"He is pronounced charming. He is one of the cleverest after-dinner speakers I ever listened to, for a young man. You know the British expect that in their public men."

"Then, socially, he is a success? How strange!"

"Oh, I don't know. When I was in New York last winter I met a full-blood Apache lawyer. He's coining money at his profession, but more than that, he is a howling society swell—and a down-to-the-ground good fellow, besides."

"I wonder if I shall come down with it after I have been exposed!"

"'Fraseritis?' I know of no sure preventive. It seems epidemic."

Desire, that same afternoon, after bidding Miss