

"I do not see, Mary, why you are so cross," said Kitty.

"Am I cross, dear?"

"Yes, you are; you shut up that tiresome diary the way Uncle John siams a door."

"I do not mean to be cross." As she spoke she rose, a strongly-built young woman, whose rather large features and unusual height would acquire new esthetic values as she came to middle age. She kissed her cousin and petted her with tender touches, saying pleasant things of her gown and her looks, knowing well her appetite for such food. The younger woman, satisfied with tributes to which she was well accustomed, regained her lost temper and began again to pour out her flood of quite harmless gossip.

As they stood, Mary Fairthorne looked down on the rosy, vivacious little cousin with now a kindly caressing touch, and now an uninterested but positive "Ah!" or "Really!" "Is that so, dear?" and the like.

This girl of twenty-three years was engaged in the construction of character out of strong but not very plastic material. The cousin known to her intimates as Kitty was as nearly an instinctive creature as evolutionary forces and educational training permit a young woman of her class to be. Life seemed as easy to her ready acceptances as it was difficult to the larger nature, which possessed far wider horizons both past and future. More womanly than her cousin Kitty, she was less obviously feminine, and was a person about whom people were apt to