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ter is not at home; but perhaps, this time, I can act instead?"

In Miss Pastonbury's outraged soul, incredulity and thousandfold suspicion, and a resolution for ac-tion which was now quite objectless wrought and contended together. But she was able to speak at last. "This is my cousin, Mrs. Gloyden." "Oh! oh, indeed." There was a

deadly echo in that intonation. "We-we came a little early," said Mrs. Gloyden, timorously.

"Yes, so good of you, wasn't it?

You must stay for breakfast." "Thank you," said Miss Pastonbury, "thank you! We did not come for breakfast!"

The lines have been drawn with The lines have been drawn with much fineness as to what one lady may say to another. But when the first lady knows that the second is not a lady, and she would only be putting herself in her power to treat her like one, much more latitude is obviously allowable. "Oh-h-quite so!" said Mrs. Carter. "You merely came to rubber?"

"What?" said Miss Pastonbury, paling; "I—I beg your pardon? What does she mean, Maria?"

MRS. GLOYDEN had begun to was not her hour for conundrums. "You can see, Adeline, that your things are there! And if you wouldn't be warned—" "In any case I can feel how atroc-

ious the expression is, and whether you stay or not, Maria, now that I have come, I intend to satisfy my-self." She already felt herself more furiously heated than the day before when she had been coolly in possession of every faculty. She took a step towards the pumpkin-coloured

bag. With one spring Mrs. Carter placed herself in front of it, and awaited her in an attitude that was reminis-cent of basketball.

The attacking force fell back gasp-ng. "Good gracious! I-I never in ing. my life-!"

"No, I guess you never did! You needn't think because you can bully Morton you can bully me. And you shall be satisfied, too. I don't intend you shall leave until you're satisfied. you shall leave until you're satished. I intend to make it my business that you're satisfied !" She passed her down the shepherd and the Sevres bowl. She followed them with the Gouda vases, taking the second from the bag and unhusking it with tremu-lous haste. Then she came to the lous haste. Then she came to the silver. And it also she made Miss Pastonbury examine piece by piece,

r'astonbury examine piece by piece, from tray even unto tankard. "There!" she said, with a gleam-ing eye, "that's done with! But it's only the beginning. You took poor Morton when he was alone. Now it's my turn! I want you to question, and heckle, and cross-examine me" Morton, in the dressing room.

Morton, in the dressing room, found himself becoming acquainted with a bride who was entirely new to him.

For her part, the gargoyle could only gasp anew. "You know, I told you, Adeline-"

said Mrs. Gloyden. "Go on," commanded Mrs. Carter;

"You seem to think- He told me there were places where you didn't appear to believe him."

Miss Pastonbury's narrow bosom heaved like the English Channel. But she still sat speechless. "Very well! Then I'll let Mrs. Gloyden know without your asking me!"

"Why, I'm sure," deprecated Mrs. Gloyden, "I said again and again last night that I felt she must be mistaken

"Mistaken! It wasn't merely a mat-



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