

"Then it's very singular how you can have forgot it at all," retorted Miss Jenkins, significantly, "for when school-girls get together they *do* talk."

The tone brought heat into the temper of Miss May. She cast a look of scorn on the offender, and coolly turned her back upon her.

"It is not agreeable to me to be troubled with strangers to-night," she said, more curtly than politely. "I am tired with my sea-voyage, Miss Jenkins, and the company of my father and mamma is as much as my nerves will support."

"Then I'll make myself scarce," said Miss Jenkins, who was more inclined to laugh than to take offence, "and come in some other time when you are in company cue, Sophia."

Sophia gave only a cold nod in answer.

"How *can* I ever again support the companionship of these wretchedly low people?" ran her thoughts. Miss Jenkins was inwardly making her comments on *her*: tit for tat.

"I say, Esther," whispered Mrs. May, following Miss Jenkins up stairs to fasten the door, "she don't mean no offence; she's only knocked up after the sea-sickness."

"Where no offence is meant, none is took," replied Miss Jenkins. "I know what the little tempers of young folks is. We was young ourselves once."

"But ain't she beautiful?" pleaded Mrs. May. "And such style! Nobody could take her to be anything but the real lady."

"Thorough braid," responded Miss Jenkins. "Good night."

"Good night, Esther. Oh—I say! I wish you'd tell your Martha to beat her mats of a morning towards the house on your other side, instead of on this. She's later than I am, and her dust makes my steps and pavement in such a mess. One day Mr. Lyvett asked if I had cleaned them. Good night."

"I wish 'em joy of her, Martha," were the first words of Miss Jenkins to her sister. "Such an affected, stuck-out fine lady you never saw. What they'll do with her in that kitchen, I can't tell. She wants a saloon and a pair of footmen."

"What can they do with her!" debated Miss Jenkins. "If they've only a kitchen they can't put her in a parlor."