

of her mouth, which, especially in repose, gave it a touch of humorous feeling and formed its final charm : it seemed less a trait of face than of character. That fine positive grace, which is called style, and which is so eminently the gift of exquisite nerves, had not cost her too much ; she was slim, but not fragile, and her very motionlessness suggested a vivid, bird-like mobility ; she stood as if she had alighted upon the edge of the step. At the opening of the door behind her she turned alertly from the perusal of the policeman's retreating back, and sprang within.

"How d' do, Margaret?" She greeted the cook in a voice whose bright kindness seemed a translation of her girlish beauty into sound. "Surprised to see me?" She did not wait for the cook's answer, but put down her bag and began pulling off her gloves, after shaking out her skirt, and giving that penetrating sidelong downward look at it which women always give their drapery at moments of arrival or departure. She turned into the drawing-room from the hall, and went up to the long, old-fashioned mirror, and glanced at the face which it dimly showed her in the close-shuttered room. Her face had apparently not changed since she last saw it in that mirror, and one might have fancied that the young lady was somewhat surprised at this.

"May I ask *why* policemen are coming and going, in and out of our house, Margaret?" she demanded of the cook's image, which, further down in the mirror, hesitated at the doorway.

"He come home with your father, Miss Helen," answered the cook, and as Helen turned round and stared at her in the flesh, she continued : "He had one of his faint turns in the Common. He's laying down in the library now, Miss Helen."

"Oh, poor papa!" wailed the young lady, who knew that, in spite of the cook's pronoun, it could not be the policeman who was then reposing from faintness in the library. She whirled away from the mirror, and swooped