
OPINIONS OF MARY

of her statement). "You surely wouldn't like me to put a bit of turned-down lace around my neck when everyone else has ruffles up to the tops of her ears, or stiff linen collars! I'd sooner choke myself to death than look like that long-necked Smith girl!"

"Well, well," said I, stemming the torrent of her eloquence, "wear what you like—only don't come grumbling to me about it."

Mary regarded me with a displeased gaze.

"Thank you, I will," said she, with stony dignity; "and what's more" (relapsing into her usual impetuosity), "I'll come to you and grumble all I like, you nasty, cross old thing!—trying to talk in that superior way and pretending you've more sense than I have!"

When we had decided that the day was warm enough without any heated argument to liven things up, and a truce had been declared between us, Mary sat back in an easy chair and was silent for some minutes.

"Do you know?" remarked she, presently, with rather plaintive intonation, "I think summer is a very disagreeable time of year. Winter is much nicer."

"That's because you are feeling the heat just now," returned I, unimpressed by this dictum. "Most people consider summer a most delightful season."

"Well, I don't. Get out, you horrid animal!"—this to an attentive fly that, refusing to be