

hopeless irreconcilable, whom neither kindness nor wisdom could subdue. This condition of things might lead to her leaving home by her own desire, and in the meantime gave Mrs. Acland a good deal of power. So Marjory was promoted to be nursery-governess and extra needle-woman, considerably relieving nurse, and enabling the nurse-maid to bestow more time on cook ; while her own chances of practising were few and far between, and finally ceased altogether, as Mrs. Acland resolved to keep the piano (the piano which belonged to Marjory's own mother) locked, as "such strumming was not good for so valuable an instrument."

Though coming round in some measure to her brother's estimate of Dick, Marjory was in too bad a temper to be either kind or courteous to him. She had, in her hasty judgment, set him down as a stupid, silent nonentity, not understanding the depths indicated by his uncomplaining endurance of her former taunts and occasional half-contemptuous notice. She had been better, certainly, he thought, since she returned from school, but she was still painfully variable.

"What has become of Dick?" asked Marjory one evening about fortnight after her return; "he always disappears after tea. Why does he go away?"

"Because he thinks his being here annoys you," cried George with some warmth, "so he goes and sits in our room; and you know what a miserable place it is."

"But that is nonsense," she returned; "I haven't been uncivil since I came back, and I don't want to be ill-natured to poor old Dick. I wish you would tell him to come down here."

"I have told him till I am tired," said her brother.

"Then I will go and ask him myself," exclaimed Marjory, throwing down some widths of brown merino she was diligently stitching together, and away she ran to the boys' room, which was an excrescence at the top of the kitchen stair. As to going into Dick's bedroom, she never hesitated; he was a sort of inferior brother, towards whom conscience told her she had been unjust. Moreover, she was possessed by a spirit of playful tyranny that made her impatient of losing a subject or a victim. Dick had no business to absent himself in that way when he saw, or ought to see, that she was willing, in school parlance, to "make up" with him.

"Come in," said Dick when she knocked at his door, but he did not rise or look round.

He had removed the looking-glass from the chest of drawers which served as a dressing-table, and had spread over it a sheet of paper, on which he was drawing diligently by the yellow light of a composite candle.