

Thus musing, she sat down, took a pen from the table, and, unlocking the clasp of a rather large diary, was soon husily engaged in the transfer of her thoughts to its pages.

A few minutes later her lips parted with a slight expression of annoyance. A much younger and ve ; pretty girl announced her presence by a merry laugh as she stood in the doorway.

"Ah!" she cried, "I have been looking for you everywhere. You told me you had to talk to the cook." The tone was reproachful.

"It was true, Kitty; hut, also, I have now and then to talk to myself, and really, dear, in this house, what with my uncle's wants and the endless procession of people who waste my time and their own, I find it hard to get leisure to read a page, or to think in peace."

"But," said the girl, with excess of emphasis, "my dear Mary, what is there to think about? I have so much to tell you. There was Long Branch, and then Newport—"

"But, Kitty, you really wrote a good deal, and I lay awake last night until one o'clock, while you sat on the hedside and told me no end of things about people in whom I have less interest than in Felisa, the cat."

"But I did not nearly finish," said Miss Morrow; "I met Mr. Masters on the boat."

"That must have been interesting—I should say, exciting. Well, go on, Kitty."

Miss Fairthorne gave up in despair and shut her diary with a sharp movement.