

Scotch say. You always look as if you could surmount any difficulty, and rejoice in it."

"Then I'm a fraud, I fear. I have my cravings for the idle life of other women; as to-day, for instance, when desire has failed, the grasshopper has been a burden, and so on."

"Your digestion is out of order," I ventured to remark boldly; "and anyhow, I am not in the least sympathetic to-day, except towards myself. I'm swallowed up in this new idea. Don't you want to hear it?"

"I shall have to hear it, I suppose, whether I do or not," she said resignedly, and leaned back in her chair with her elbows on the arms, and her long, slender, strengthful fingers meeting at the tips, "so go ahead; and if I shut my eyes, pray don't imagine I have gone to sleep."

"You won't shut your eyes, I promise you. I've got the title for my new series of short stories. Will you make a guess at it?"

"No; time, and leisure, especially, are too precious to be so scandalously wasted. Don't treat me like a baby, or try to whet my curiosity. Be honest, as it is your nature to be, and tell me what you mean."