

"Oh, but we should! I should have written to New York—you know I have your address."

"Ah, dear child! You would have quite forgotten me in the joys of a happier life."

"Oh, no, no!"

"Pardon me. No, you would not. How a night like this sets one to thinking. This sad world is full of broken friendships. One meets a woman like you, a person of force and character, and then—the accidents of life part them and they meet no more—" she paused—"no more on earth."

Miss Kitty sat up, conscious of a form of appreciative consideration to which she was not elsewhere accustomed. Her appetite for flattery was boundless. She had the avarice of praise, and was willing to pay for it in her own feebler coinage.

"Oh, to have *you* say so," she said; "a woman like you, Mrs. Hunter—"

"I felt, my dear, when we first met that—well, there is such a thing as friendship at first sight, just as, alas! there is such a thing as love without second sight."

"Oh, what a clever idea, Mrs. Hunter."

"Why must you call me Mrs. Hunter? In the colder world of misapprehending people it may be as well, but when we are alone, dear, alone, let it be Lucretia. It seems to bring two kindred hearts more near together." Much amused, she smiled under the veil of shadows.

Miss Morrow murmured:

"Lucretia! I will try; but you do seem so far above me, so much older—"