

Greeks would call you something — I forget! I should really like to understand the psychology of it. It might be useful."

Lydia bantered her a little — rather sorely. But the emotions of her family would always be so much "copy" to Susy; and the fact did not in the least prevent her being a warm-hearted, and, in her own way, admirable little person.

Finally, Lydia turned the tables on her, by throwing an arm round her neck, and inquiring whether Mr. Weston had not paid her a very long call the day before. Susy quietly admitted it, and added: "But I told him not to call again. I'm afraid — I'm bored with him. There are no mysteries in his character — no lights and shades at all. He is too virtuous — monotonously so. It would be of no technical advantage to me whatever, to fall in love with him."

That evening came a note from Lady Tatham:

"MY DEAR LYDIA:

"We expect you to-morrow at 11:30. Mr. Faversham has asked that we — and you — Cyril Boden, Doctor Undershaw, old Dixon, and Felicia (her poor mother is *very* ill, and we hear news to-day of the sudden death of the old grandfather) — should meet him at that hour in Harry's library. And afterward, you will stay to lunch? My dear, you have in this house two warm friends who love you and long to see you. Each hour that passes grows more thrilling than the last. . . .

"I have been spending some time with old Mrs. Brand — and I told her I knew you would go to her to-morrow. They have given her her dead son — and she sits with his