

spaces on the walls; a single small spring landscape by Inness hung over the mantel, and beneath it a cavalry saber. Below the windows were two very business-like tables.

Harry Swanwick picked up his still lighted pipe from the pile of leather-clad law-books.

"Well, Kitty, what is the news? Tom Masters told me you had returned. He says you have a new idol. I thought he was himself pretty well captured."

"Oh, that is an old affair," said Miss Kitty.

"Bother! I don't mean you. Tom is a lot too good for you, or any woman except one who is unattainable. Tom was radiating praise, the material for which he seemed to have absorbed at Newport."

"She is certainly worthy of it," said Miss Morrow, with emphasis of the nodded head; "a most remarkable woman, Harry; really, a woman with that rare quality of charm it is so impossible to define." Margaret cast a look of quickly controlled mirth at her husband, who knew better than to betray his own sense of amusement.

"Who the deuce is your charmer, Kit?"

"Mrs. Hunter," said Kitty. "Lucretia Hunter."

"Did she ask you to call her Lucretia?" said Margaret, with one of those too efficient glimpses of insight which, except for her husband, she rarely put in words, but with which she sometimes surprised people.

"How did you know that?" said Kitty, a trifle sharply.

"I did not know, I guessed," laughed her cousin.