

"I have been so," she returned. "Is there anything else, sir?"

"Where is Kitty? I have had no account of her expenditures while she was away. She is very careless. Send her here."

"She has gone to Margaret Swanwick's."

"She ought to have been here; I told her to be here."

Mary made no reply, and he added:

"I am constantly neglected. I shall have to hire a secretary, and that with two idle girls in the house." Again receiving no answer from the tall girl, who stood beside his chair, he said:

"Why the devil don't you say something?"

"I should only have to repeat, sir, what I say every day."

He did not reply to this, but asked again to have Kitty sent to him, and again his niece said:

"She is out. I think I mentioned that she has gone to see Madge."

"I suppose," he replied, "that you think I am losing my memory."

"Hardly, uncle; it is altogether too good." It was for all causes of irritation, but for other matters it had become, of late, irregularly uncertain. He was a slowly failing old man.

"Well," he said, "that will do just now. See if this account be correct. Write to Mr. Pilgrim that I should like, at his leisure, to talk to him about the Kanawha coal lands. Ask when he will be in the city. I shall dine in my room, Mary. I am going to lie down now. As to Kitty— Oh, I forgot!