

wise, it might strike one as the least little bit dreary. So very little tune, you know."

"Yes, I know what you mean. Sybil, do you know you're getting very discursive?"

"I dare say, dear," said Lady Argent placidly, "a train of thought is such a very difficult thing to follow, I always think—I mean another person's, of course. One's own is naturally easy enough."

Bertha did not look as though she shared this conviction—nor did she where the tangled skein of Lady Argent's meditations was concerned.

"I've got a little train of thought in my own head at the present moment," she said tentatively. "I wonder if you can guess what I'm at, Sybil."

"No, dear, I'm sure I can't. I never was the least bit of good at guessing anything at all. Don't you remember when riddles were so much the fashion, and people were always asking one why did Rider Haggard, and ridiculous questions of that sort? I never could get the answers right, even then, and there was one dreadful thing that dear Fergus was so fond of—about a ton of lead and a ton of feathers. I'm sure you must have heard it, Bertie."

"I don't think so—a ton of lead? Are you sure you don't mean a herring and a half?" laughed Bertha.

"Oh, yes, though I know that one too. The question, I mean—not the answer, of course. But this was something about a ton of lead and a ton of feathers being upset out of a boat or somewhere, into the sea, and which would sink fastest. And, of course, I always answered 'Lead.' Because one knows perfectly well that feathers float and lead sinks. But it always turned out to be the wrong answer."

"My dear Sybil!" Bertie laughed helplessly.

"Yes, indeed," said Lady Argent, still in melancholy retrospect, "I once thought I would be very clever and surprise Fergus—so silly, my dear, because nothing ever surprised dear Fergus, not even when one of the mares had twin foals—he said he'd always expected it all along, which one knows was quite impossible, but so very Scotch of him, wasn't it? Anyhow, one day I thought

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