

"You know, Marjorie, I planned to have him surprise Mary with it when he got home. He was always so glad to give her pleasure."

"Well, I don't think he even saw Erica," said Jack, "for the moment his eyes lit on Marie, what do you think, Marjorie?"

"Oh, Marjorie!" said Erica, "he said: 'Why, Jane, do I find you at last?'"

"Fancy, Marjorie!" said Jack, "Jane! plain Jane! Shades of her ancestors! He might have said 'Jean,' but Jane!" and Jack simulated a groan.

"Oh, Marjorie, don't listen to him! It is such a horrible affair. Marie stared at him. I was afraid she would faint."

"It was rich," interposed Jack. "Erica thought John had made a mistake, and tried to help him by saying, 'One is so often mistaken in faces,' but John was not abashed. He quietly replied, 'This is my niece, Mary Jane Gordon. I am not mistaken.' 'Mary Jane'—worse and worse! There is 'Lady Jane Grey' and 'Jane Seymour,' but 'Mary Jane O'Rafferty' is my only refuge. Can't you find