

Marjorie played on, forgetful of aught but her own enjoyment, till at last, as one awakening to present duties, remorseful for some forgotten task, she left the instrument and rejoined her friend.

Mrs. Graham was silent for a while, and Marjorie, understanding so well her moods, refrained from speech, waiting for her to break the spell of quietness.

"Dear Marjorie, how thoughtless of me ! We have waited longer to-night ; you must be almost famished. Ring for Katy ; we will have tea served here. And you have not told me how school passed off to-day. Those little boys and girls—who are so interesting to me—have they disappointed you ? And then, dearest," and Mrs. Graham spoke hesitatingly, "you must listen to me. I have been thinking much, and I feel that to-night I must tell you a story which will either make you a truer friend, or turn you from a peevish, uncompanionable old lady."

"The last is among the impossibilities," laughed Marjorie.

The entrance of a servant, bearing a daintily