

had been intended to convey a gentle reproof; Nature had compelled the reiteration on her own account.

"I'm happy enough," said Emmy.

"I wish you could say that with more conviction, dear. 'Happy enough' generally means 'pretty miserable.' Why should you be miserable?"

"I'm not. I have more happiness than I deserve. I don't deserve much."

Zora put her arm round her sister's waist.

"Never mind, dear. We'll try to make you happier."

Emmy submitted to the cares for a while, and then freed herself gently. She did not reply. Not all the trying of Zora and all the Ladies Bountiful of Christendom could give her her heart's desire. Besides, Zora, with her large air of smiling *dea ex machina*, was hopelessly out of tone with her mood. She picked up the furs.

"How lovely! They're new. Where did you get them?"

The talk turned on ordinary topics. They had not met for a year, and they spoke of trivial happenings. Emmy touched lightly on her life in Paris. They exchanged information as to their respective journeys. Emmy had had a good crossing the day before, but Madame Bolivard, who had faced the hitherto unknown perils of the deep with unflinching courage, had been dreadfully seasick. The boy had slept most of the time. Awake, he had been as good as gold.