

Their friendship thickened until he distinguished himself by climbing up the pillar of a side veranda to call "good morning" through the window to her while she was still in bed; and she, at dinner, refused to eat stewed eorn, a dish of which she was ravenously fond, because he had told her that it had once made him ill. She was a most unusual young lady, especially in affairs of the heart: she was impulsively positive in her likes and her dislikes, and she expressed either always unreservedly. She treated Don's elder cousin, Conroy, with a coldness which the boy demanded an explanation of: and she explained simply "I don't like your face." She crossed the veranda to a visitor—to whom she had not been introduced—and sat herself on his knee, smiling the frankest admiration; and when she was asked to excuse her abruptness, she replied "He's niece." She flattered Don with an adoration that went to his head.

She had already given him a handkerchief worked with her monogram in pale blue silk—for his sticky fingers, though she did not say so—and she came one afternoon to their playroom in the broken "summer house" with a photograph of herself in her winter furs. He was busy making preparations for the burial of a lead hero who had been killed in the wars. He accepted the picture with a brief condescension and directed her to line up, in funeral procession, the wooden animals from his Noah's ark. She obeyed him silently, but not with her usual enthusiasm; and when the last strain of martial music had died away,