

proper material for candles to be used on the altar. Mrs. Swanwick was not rash enough to inquire if she had put the question to her rector in this shape; she imagined her sister Mary's amusement, and since she was wise enough to know her cousin for one of the many daughters of Sir Forcible Feeble, she wasted no mental ammunition in intellectual contests with Kitty. Not listening to Kitty, who followed her, she went along the hall thinking of what the girl would be at forty and only recovered consciousness of what Kitty was saying when she asked about the children. She had toys for them, and might she not return to dine? Margaret said no, that it was a man's dinner, a lot of old army comrades; nothing but war talk; she herself would be the only woman, and her table was full. Kitty, laughing, declared that she would come and sit at a side table, and who could she have with her? Then, feeling that she had been very witty, she asked if Margaret had any errands down-town. As she lingered on the stair, a masculine voice called out, as its owner descended:

"Halloa! Kitty Sunshine! Why did n't you call me, Margaret?" His wife made no reply. "Come up-stairs," he said.

They went up to the second story of the back building.

"I like this better," said Miss Morrow. "I hate your parlor."

The room was full of books; on one wall were law reports and treatises, on the other all manner of books. A half dozen good prints filled the vacant