

ing her skirts, Kitty fled as ordered. This sort of mild vexation was a more frequent thing in her life than Mary Fairthorne liked. While outspoken anger was rare with her and like a storm in its physical and moral consequences, her daily encounters with two antagonistic and unsympathetic natures merely resulted in irritation and never disturbed her long. She looked up at the clock, closed and locked her diary, and sat down to resolute work on the task from which Kitty had fled.

The table at which she seated herself was of unusual size, and was nearly covered with portfolios, each carefully labelled and numbered. She laid aside one after another, lingering with interest over the labels and contents. At last she found the one she was looking for; on it lay a sheet of note-paper upon which was written, "Arrange chronologically, J. F." They were letters of Lord Byron, a dozen or more, some to women, an angry missive to Lord Carlisle, etc. As she ended her simple task, she said to herself:

"He needed a woman friend who was not in love with him. He must have been interesting. I should like to have known him. I suppose there never was a thoughtful woman who has read his letters who did not wish she had known him." As she closed the portfolio, and wrote under the label, "Arranged in order of years," she heard a step, and, rising, said:

"I hope you are feeling better, Uncle Johu."

"There is nothing the matter with me," he replied. "I hope you have been careful as to those dates."