

confidentially to Minnie, "was nothing more than a delusion on aunt's part. I have really no more influenza than she has herself, but she must have some reason for my being ill, and there would be no use contradicting her, unless I could supply a reason myself, which I can't. I thought it just as well to let it be influenza as anything else."

Minnie agreed that perhaps it was, and conjuring her to "shake herself up" and be out to-morrow, departed.

That night, after tea she was sitting in the parlour with her two brothers, Archie and Seymour, the one of whom, Seymour, was older than she, and the other, Archie, a year younger.

"I say, Min," began Archie, "aren't you going to tell us what the row was on Saturday night? What mysterious traffic is going on between you and Charlie? I was teasing him to tell me yesterday, but he was as silent as the Sphinx."

"And what if I intend to be as silent as that famous monument also?" Asked Minnie.

"O, come now!" Replied he, in a coaxing tone, "you couldn't, you know, you're just dying to tell, as much as I am to hear what before-unheard of circumstance induced him to turn out on a Saturday night, and a wet and stormy one too."

"Am I?" She asked, looking at him with a provokingly doubtful expression, but feeling rather nervous all the time. "Then I must congratulate you on being a great deal better acquainted with my state of mind than I am myself. I don't know how it is, but for my own part, I confess that I cannot find any indication of such a condition as you describe."