

a T. If she had any fault it was in being too handsome. But beauty, it must be borne in mind, is a relative term when you employ it in a descriptive sense. No doubt Loorany would have cut a very unfashionable figure in a group of beautiful girls dressed according to the demands of fashion. She lacked the high color and the lines that are produced by contact with refining influences; but on the mountain, in her own neighborhood, she was a cut or a cut and a half above any of the rest of the girls. Her eyes were black as coals, and latent heat sparkled in their depths. Her features were regular, and yet a little hard, her under-lip being a trifle too thin, but she had the sweetest smile and the whitest teeth ever seen on Tray Mountain. Her figure — well, her figure was what nature made it, and that wise old lady knows how to fashion things when she's let alone and has the right kind of material to work on. She had the leisure as well as the material in Loorany's case, and the result was that in form and in grace the girl belonged to the age that we see in some of the Grecian marbles.

In the right light, and in the foreground