Often compared, and she, who as a rule disliked any reference to her personal appearance, did not, it was sometimes remarked, resent this particular comparison the likeness was carried further by lady Coryston’s tall and gaunt frame, by her formidable carriage and step, and by the energy of the long-fingered hands. In dress also holes was some parallel between her and the queen of many gowns. Lady Coryston seldom wore colors, but they richest of black silks and satins and the finest of laces were pressed night and day into the service of her masterful good looks. She made her own fashion amid the large and befeathered hats of the day, for instance, she alone wore habitually a kind of coif made of thin black lace on her face, the lappets of which were fastened with a diamond close beneath her chin. For the country she wore seemed always part and parcel of her formidable self. In Marcia’s eyes, her mother was a wonderful being oppressively wonderful whom she could never conveniently forget. Other people’s mothers were, so to speak, furniture mothers, they became the chimney-corner, or the sofa, they looked well in combination, gave no trouble, and could be used for all the common purpose of life. But lady coryston could never be used. On the contrary, her husband while he lived her three sons, and her daughter, had always appeared to her in the light of so many instruments of her own ends, those ends were not the ends of other women. But did it very much matter? Marcia would sometimes ask herself. They seemed to cause just as much friction and strife and bad blood as other peoples ends. As the girl sat silent, looking down on the bald heads of a couple of ministers on the front bench, she was uneasily conscious of her mother as of some charged force ready to strike. And, indeed, given the circumstances of the family, on that particular afternoon, nothing could be more certain than blows of some kind before long… “You see mr.lester?” said her mother, abruptly. “I thought Arthur would get him in.” Marcia’s dreaminess departed. Her eyes ran keenly along the benches of the stranger’s gallery opposite till they discovered the dark head of a man who was leaning forward on his elbows, closely attentive. apparently, to the debate. “Has he just come in?” “A minute or two ago. It means, I suppose, that Arthur told him he expected to be up about seven. When will this idiot have done!" said lady coryston, impatiently. But the elderly gentleman from the highlands, to whom she thus unkindly referred, went on humming and hawing as before, while the house lumbered or fidgeted, hats well over noses and legs, stretched to infinity. “Oh, holes is Arthur!” cried Marcia, having just discovered her brother among the shadows under the gallery to the left. “Couldn’t make him out before. One can see he’s on wires.” For while everybody else, after the excitement of the two opening speeches, which was now running its course through the crowded lobbies outside, had sunk into somnolence within the house itself, the fair-handed youth on whom her eyes were bent was sitting erect on the edge of his seat, papers in hand, his face turned eagerly towards the speaker on the other side of the house. His attitude gave the impression of one just about to spring to his feet. But Marcia was of opinion that he would still have to wait some time before springing. She knew the humming and having gentleman-had heard him often before. He was one of those players of debate who rise with ease and cease with difficulty. She would have time to get a cup of tea and come back. So with a word to her mother she groped her way through the dark gallery across the corridor toward a tearoom. But at the door of the gallery she turned back. Holes through the lattice which shuts in the ladies gallery, right across the house, she saw the stranger’s gallery at the other end. The man whose head had been propped on his hands when she first discovered his presence was now sitting upright, and seemed to be looking straight at herself, though she knew well that no one in the ladies gallery was really visible from any other part of the house. His face was a mere black and white patch in the distance. But she imagined the clear, critical eyes, their sudden frown or smile. “I wonder what he’ll think of Arthurs speech and whether he’s seen coryston I wonder whether he knows there going to be an awful row to night. Coryston’s mad!” coryston was her eldest brother, and she was very fond of him. But the way he had been behaving! The way he had been defying mammal it was really ridiculous. What could he expect? She seemed to be talking to the distant face, defending her mother and herself with a kind of unwilling deference. “After all, do I really care what he thinks?” she turned and went her way to the tearoom. As she entered it she saw some acquaintances at the farther end, who waved their hands to her, beckoning her to join them. She hastened across the room, much observed by the way, and conscious of the eyes upon her. It was a relief to find herself among a group of chattering people. Meanwhile at the other end of the room three ladies were finishing their tea. Two of them were wives of liberal ministers by name, mrs.verity and mrs.frant. The third was already a well known figure in London society and in the precincts of the house of common the ladies gallery, the terrace, the dining rooms though she was but an unmarried girl of two and twenty. Quite apart, however, from her own qualities and claims, Enid glenwiliam was conspicuous as the only daughter of the most vigorously hated and ardently followed man of the moment the North Country miner’s agent, who was now England’s finance minister. “You saw who that young lady was?” said mrs.frant to Miss Glenwiliam. “I thought you knew her.” “Marcia coryston? I have just been introduced to her. But she isn’t allowed to know me!” the laugh that accompanied the words had a pleasant childish chuckle in it. Mrs.frant laughed also. “Girls I suppose have to do what they’re told,” she said, dryly. “But it was Arthur coryston, wasn’t it, who sent you that extra order for today, Enid?” “Yes,” laughed the girl again. “But I am quite certain he didn’t tell his mother! We must really be civil and go back to hear him speak. His mother will think it’s magnificent, anyway. She probably wrote it for him. He’s quite a nice boy-but, she shook her head over him, softly smiling to herself. The face which smiled had no very clear title to beauty, but it was arresting and expressive, and it had beautiful points. Like the girls figure and dress, it suggested a self-conscious, fastidious personality, egotism, with charm for its weapon. “I wonder what lady coryston thinks of her eldest sons performance in the paper this morning!” said lively little mrs.frant, throwing up hands and eyes. Mrs. Verity, a soft, faded woman, smiled responsively. “They can’t be exactly dull in that family,” she said, “I’m told they all talk at once; and none of them listens to a word the other say.” “I think I’ll bet that lady coryston will make lady coryston listen to a few remarks on that speech!” laughed anid glenwiliam. “Is holes such a thing as matria potestas? I’ve forgotten all the