

head. He was petulantly pushed aside and then as swiftly caught up and tightly held in her arms, from which haven he purred with peaceful industry. (It was a tender heart which delighted in placing adorers on the rack.)

Then she hurriedly turned the pages in her eagerness to find the index.

"Freddy," laughing, "you've inserted the story. You're not clever."

The taciturn young man sprang from the cab and up the steps. Miss Van Dyke eagerly snatched the card.

"Messieur Newton," from the French maid.

The listless manner of her mistress returned at the word. (Maids are observant)! She laid the kitten down with careful swiftness in a corner of the lounge.

"Bring Mr. Newton in here and say I shall be down presently. Tell papa I am not well enough to go to that horrid Austen affair. He was going only on my account so he will not be disappointed." With that she whisked out of the room; her lithe form followed admiringly by the maid.

Entering, Newton immediately detected the open magazine, face downward, on the sofa. His eyes lighted up.

"The little scamp; he didn't fail me."

Picking up the copy he glanced at the open page. Its surface was dulled in several places. (She must have sprinkled water on it from the gold-fish urn)!

"I had an idea this would hasten the climax, but it appears she has taken it to heart," looking into the grate dubiously. "The climax may prove to be a catastrophe. Perhaps."

Pulling a chair up before the fire and crossing his hands in their favorite position behind his head, he stared intently at the ceiling.

"But it's up to me to play the role."

He arose with his old tender courtesy as she entered. Her beauty was enhanced by means of a dress the more bewitching because of its simplicity. (She was quite aware of this.)