

The aunt sat down at lunch, apologizing and explaining a great deal. She hastened away from the table again. She had left her chatelaine bag and purse on the bureau. Hiliard was quite reticent, for him. He replied to Marjorie's questions by a laugh or a lift of the eyebrows. After the meal was over, the girl took up her gloves and smoothed them carefully. A gleam lit her eyes and her face was so charming.

"Hil, when are we going to get married?" she whispered with a wonderful look. The hand of the maid came between them to place some change before Hiliard. It was a thin hand and had a funny scar on the back of it. Hiliard stared for a moment, and his lips looked slightly drawn.

"We are not going to get married," and he laughed putting the money in his pocket. A shade of regret passed over his face. Just then, luckily, Mrs. Shreve returned. Later, Hiliard was smoking by the clerk's desk, while, on the other hand, Mrs. Shreve was explaining with conviction borne of irate patience, through a locked door, that it must have been her money after all. The papers, a few days after, said so too.

HOWARD R. PATCH.