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VERY one, even Archer, had left Mrs. Swanwick's that afternoon. Husband and wife were about to dress for dinner when the bell rang. She ordered the children to the nursery. Madge made haste to say to the servant:

"Not at home." But Roger Grace was not to be denied. He was in a state of effervescent joy.

"Pardon me," he said, "I insisted. I heard your husband's voice." He had been, for a year or two, a most valuable friend to Harry, and had by degrees attracted Madge. Moreover, she was interested in his slowly developing taste for society, pictures, and rare books. He had been more than merely generous to her charities. She had learned to like him and to respect him of course, for, unlike Mary, she had no liking for those whom she could not entirely respect.

She made him welcome. No, he would not return to dine. He had missed Swanwick at his office. There was a large bond affair on hand, and a rather complicated lease of the Wilton and Detroit Railroad to be drawn. Thus he explained his visit.

"I should like to draw it," said Madge, laughing. "Keep still, Jack; sit down." The boy looked on Grace as his legitimate prey.