

LADIES MUST LIVE

"Yes, you know her."

Something in his extreme solemnity transferred the idea to her.

"You don't mean that Christine —"

He nodded. "I was at their wedding yesterday."

"And where are they?"

"That's it, Nancy. They're living in a flat and they have no servant —"

His sister leaned back and laughed heartily, and then composing her countenance with an effort, she said: "My poor dear! But it's really all for the best. She won't stay with him six months."

"Nancy! She'll stay with him forever."

"Where is this flat?"

"I've promised not to tell. They don't want to be bothered by all of us."

"They want to conceal their deplorable situation, of course. Well, my dear, I can wait. Six months from now I'll ask them to dine to meet Linburne. Christine's dresses will be a little out of fashion, and they'll come in a trolley car, and she'll have a veil over her head —"