

edged her. But how was I to know? She was ill, and made me feel as if a ghost had come before me. I couldn't sleep till I had made up my mind to take the risk of her. Max sung her praises as if she was some rare untrained genius. Nothing gave me an idea that she would turn out this way."

"This way' has not damaged you much so far," remarked Mr. Seldon, dryly. "And as she is not likely to be much of a charge on your hands, you had better not borrow trouble on that score."

"All very well—all very well for you to be indifferent," returned Mr. Haydon, with some impatience. "You have no family to consider, no matter what wild escapade she would be guilty of, you would not be touched by the disgrace of it, because she doesn't belong in any way to your family."

"Maybe she will, though," suggested Seldon.

Mr. Haydon shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"You mean through Max, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, I was simple enough to build on that myself—thought what a nice, quiet way it would be of arranging the whole affair; but after a talk with this ranger, Overton, whom you and Max unite in admiring, I concluded he might be in the way."

"Overton? Nonsense!"

"Well, maybe; but he made himself very autocratic when I attempted to discuss her future. He seemed to show a good deal of authority concerning her affairs."

"Not a bit more than he does over the affairs of their paralyzed partner in there," answered Seldon. "If she always makes as square friends as Dan Overton, I sha'n't quarrel with her judgment."