

forget my happy country school-days, but there is one sweet face I can never forget. Can you guess whose it is? Come, let us write our names down so that neither of us can ever forget our conversation to-night."

But stinging memory was not through with him even yet. It recalled her half-joking answer as to why she thought he himself ought to retain the page, whereon they had written their names "because you are most likely to forget, because men are false and women true." "Yes, Holly" he muttered to himself, pacing up and down the deck, "you were right about men being false, I see it all now, but 'better late than never,' and fortunately it is not yet too late to pause ere I take another false step. I have done Edith and Holly both wrong, from now I will try to repair that wrong. Edith is too sensible a girl not to understand my motives once they are explained to her, something I will do first thing in the morning. And as for her mother, her anger must be braved I suppose. Even that is better than going any farther in the direction I was pursuing."

Having come to this eminently wise resolve, he turned in and slept soundly till long after daylight. He found little difficulty in righting matters with Edith, she for her part could not think of entering into a marriage where there was the slightest bar, though she chided him for allowing matters to drift on thus far without frankly telling her all, but she could go no farther in reproaching him for this than he had himself already. However, her mother on being informed of his resolve was furious. She stormed at him, she threatened legal redress, she even burst into tears, something most unusual in this society woman. She insisted over and over that all her friends would be laughing at her and Edith, laying such stress on this side of the matter that he somewhat contemptuously asked her if "Edith's own wishes were not to be consulted, rather than society's" adding "I do not deny madam that I have done wrong, but I wish to retrace my footsteps. You would have me go on that wrong pathway, even if every step led me farther and farther away from the path of honor, as long as your world of fashion applauded. I tell you once and for all that I decline to follow your lead farther." This stormy interview ended in more tears but he was obdurate, nothing could move him now. During the remainder of the voyage, Edith and her mother kept out of his way and the rest of the passengers seemed to regard him with no kindly eyes either. But at Liverpool, where a cable message was waiting them, it was seen what a narrow