

out with all the necessities of a hearty midnight meal.

"Supper is served, suh!" announced the chief servant.

It seemed to be the first sound Victor had heard since he entered the room. Mindful, suddenly, of both his duties and his opportunities as host, he ushered them into the library.

"Miss Minturn, you do not mind an end, do you?" he inquired, as he drew back a chair for her at the end of the library table.

"Oh, no; that is frequently the position chosen for the chaperone, and usually the remoter the end the better satisfied her charges are with her position."

Victor next lured Mrs. Aurenstsky to the other end, which left Jerry with Ruth within reach of his hand on one side of the table, while Victor and Sylvy took the other.

"I begin to be hungry," laughed Jerry, as his eyes surveyed the table. "I have hardly tasted food for a week, and begin to feel all those delayed appetites catching up with me at once."

"I wish I could say as much," Victor declared. "Sylvy here has my appetite in her keeping."

Sylvy blushed and turned on Victor a look of adoration and appeal. It seemed for a moment that her eyes were on the point of filling. Victor passed out a quick hand and caught hers, "I mustn't joke about that, must I?" he said and frankly gave up trying to be mirthful—for the sake of his guests, when there was such a load upon his heart.

Ruth, Jerry, and Aunt Letitia were freshly consumed with sympathy and admiration for the girl. The stronger the pressure of her love, the loftier the spiritual height she seemed to climb up to. Out of sheer compassion they tried loosing a flood of chatter.

"Upon my soul," declared Aunt Letitia, "but receiving election returns does give one an appetite, as Jerry says!"