

depends on the purchaser. If a repulsive old woman wanted to buy a nice young man the price might be a million dollars."

"And what would be *your* price?"

"To a repulsive old woman?"

"No, to me."

"Five or ten cents."

"How much is ten cents?"

"About five pence."

"Then I surely could buy you for sixpence."

"Oh, any time!"

"Go to Pandora's box, and keep what you find there."

Ethan frowned and shook his head. He spoke of that maiden's heartless joke a year ago, and the tragedy it nearly caused. "The mission of Pandora's box, you know, is to bring trouble to mortals."

"Some troubles," said Octavia, "are blessings in disguise."

Ethan walked over to the statue, put his hand in the marble casket and drew forth a coin. He studied it, then looked up in surprise.

"Well, did you ever! It's the shilling you gave me for rowing you across the river the first time I ever saw you! There's the dent I made near the edge. Is this what you picked up in the garden a little while ago?"

She nodded. "And once again I give it; sixpence, the price I pay for you: and the rest, as before, a tip."