

kling of mandolins out of alleys of roses. She had gone through a land of sweet enchantment with her lover's hand in hers.

Molly dressed slowly, the spell of her dreaming still upon her, haunting her like a half-remembered voice. At the breakfast-table she found three letters beside her plate.

"You seem to be a woman of affairs, my dear," said Mrs. Travers, eyeing the letters greedily from her end of the table. The dame had finished her breakfast some time before, but, having examined the three envelopes carefully, curiosity about their contents kept her in her place.

When Molly saw Hemming's handwriting, — and on the stationery of a London club at that, — she leaned back, and for the flight of a dozen heart-beats kept her eyes tight shut, and her hands clinched on the arms of the chair.

"My dear, what is the matter?" cried her mother, in tones of surprised concern. She, too, had recognized the writing, however.

"I felt dizzy — just for a moment," answered Molly. Then she opened the letter. She read it again and again, making nothing of it, save that he was in London, had come there to see her, and was going away again. Love of her had brought him, but why should he go away? What had Major