

strait longer, "don't struggle any more! Can't you see how futile it is? With all the good intentions in the world, and all the love for you, of which he is capable, *still* there is nothing for *you*! Leslie, I can't bear it, God knows I have tried, but it's no use!" He took her in his strong arms and crushed her wildly to him, burying his lips in her hair.

"Don, Don," cried the girl, struggling, "think what you say—what you do!" She pushed herself from him, and sank trembling in a chair. "You will make me regret sending for you, you will kill our friendship. I can't love any one else," she continued more gently. "Algy Tressidar is my whole life. Can't you understand?"

"I can't, that's the plain truth, I can't! But never mind, if you choose to use me in this way, I take what crumbs fall from your hand humbly, and ask your pardon for forgetting myself just now."

"Oh, Don, I know how selfish I am, and I'm sorry," cried Leslie miserably, "I wish you wouldn't think of me in that way. Can't you stop?"

The man vehemently shook his head.

"Then think of my case—I can't stop, either."

"Ah, but you are worthy of it——" he began, but stopped at the sight of Leslie's deathly whiteness.

An hour or two later she answered the telephone. It was Don, who had found Algy, and, according to Leslie's earnest request, was going to bring him, willy-nilly, home the following night about midnight. "Are you sure you can bring him, Don?"