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at the polls, that the fact of defeat being made the basis by both upon which they were to meet again escaped their attention entirely.

Meanwhile the sun's disc rose above the hilltop over which the road to Orran winds. It made a sudden dazzling light against which appeared Dr. Bevis and Beeline, looking at a distance like a huge spider against the brilliant light of an electric globe. Beeline travelled lightly on the soft bed of the road, and his driver had ample time to note the little scene being enacted below him.

"Johnston, as I live!" he exclaimed. "What in—whew!"

When alone with his wife he said to her, "Do you know, I believe that Johnston has been making love to Prue."

"Dear old thing, did it never strike you until this moment?"

"Well, no," said the doctor, somewhat loath to acknowledge it, now that it seemed so patent to his better half. "I thought she was in love with Dick."

"She probably would have thought so herself if Johnston had not arrived on the scene. Besides, it is quite possible for a woman to love one man and like another very much."

"But what of the rumor regarding Johnston's engagement?" persisted the doctor. "If he is engaged he should not—"

"No, of course not," irritably. "but how could he help it?"