

THE TREVOR CASE

Washington society had never forgotten the incident.

Mrs. Macallister had rather a caustic tongue, but a warm, generous heart beat under her somewhat frosty exterior. Her charities were never aired in public. Only the clergymen knew how many families she kept supplied with coal in winter and ice in summer. And many an erring sister had cause to bless her name.

Mrs. Macallister glanced impatiently at the clock—twenty minutes past five. She leaned forward and touched the electric bell beside the large open fireplace. There were two things she abominated—to be kept waiting—and mid-day dinners; the former upset her nerves; the latter her digestion.

“Has Miss Margaret returned?” she asked, as Hurley entered with the tea tray.

Before the butler could answer there was the sound of a quick, light footstep in the hall, and then the portières were pushed aside.

Mrs. Macallister looked approvingly at her granddaughter. Peggy was more like her father's people, and her grandmother's heart had

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