

the way I did before, when we were getting our start together, John, you know. I thought—maybe—you'd like a pair."

## VIII

She held out to him a pair of braces, embroidered carefully in silks. He took them in his hand. She also looked at them closely, in professional scrutiny, her steel bowed spectacles on nose. She pronounced them good.

"But, John," she added curiously—"you know, while I was up there, doing what I could for Grace and the baby—it seemed to me like as if I heard some funny sort of noise down here—something like a shot. What was it?"

"It was some of those confounded laboring people," said John Rawn, frowning. "Yes—they came here after Halsey."

"Yes? But was anybody hurt?"

"Well," said John Rawn, "Halsey—Charley Halsey—you remember him, I believe? Well, they shot him.

—"Good-night, Laura," he added suddenly, and held out his hand to her, generously, nobly. "I'm very sleepy. I've been up so long—and I've a lot to do tomorrow. After all, there's no use in *our* having hard feelings. Good-by."

THE END