

— and so she sat waiting for him, waiting for her Fate, which, under such singular and complicated circumstances had come to be her own, and she was not surprised when she heard the door open, nor did she move, and he was half way across the floor to her when she rose and stood trembling, saw him standing there close to her, calling her name under his breath, with an emphasis she could never forget.

“Mary!” And the next moment she was in his arms.

Ever since Red Wing she had thought what this would be again! It was better than her thoughts! She had often dreamed what it would be like to come suddenly, unexpectedly upon him and have him sweep her away! It was better than her dreams!

As Maughm set Mary free, she stepped back a little, and he pointed to the chair by the Remington machine.

“Sit there,” he commanded, his voice unsteady, “there in your old place, Mary, and don’t move, don’t speak!”

Maughm afterwards remembered that she bestowed upon him that radiant smile, which had so charmed him in this room morning after morning for years.

“I sent for you,” he said; “I told Miss Rensselaer to send that message. I went out to East Orange yesterday and saw you sitting in the window, and I couldn’t face your mother — and I asked Miss Rensselaer to call you up; but how did you happen to come?”

“I thought perhaps the position of stenographer was vacant,” and she smiled.

“And you came to apply?”

“Well,” — she began.

He came over and took both her hands between his and crushed them to him and stood looking down at her.

“There is another position vacant — I want a mother for a helpless little child.”

The smile which shone so charmingly on Mary’s lips faded.

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