

round the neck, convulsively kissed her, and ran out of the house, without seeing anyone else. "To the station!" she gasped, climbing into the Wilson phaeton. "And do hurry, please!"

Mrs. Butler came into Marian's room as soon as Helen had driven away.

"Well?" she said.

"Oh, she's refused him, or just the same thing! How shall we meet him? What shall we do?"

"I'm not concerned about that. What will *she* do, poor thing? That's what wrings my heart. She has thrown away the greatest chance that a girl ever did: wealth, position, devoted goodness, the truest and noblest heart! Marian!" cried Mrs. Butler, abandoning herself for a moment to her compassionate impatience, "why did she do it?"

"She said she didn't love him," answered Marian, shortly, with a cast of contempt in the shortness.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Butler, with resignation.

She had found, as every woman must who lives to her age, that life has so many great interests besides love, that for the time she was confused as to the justice of its paramount claim in a question of marriage. In fact, Helen found her champions in two men.

When Mrs. Butler stated the case to the captain, he promptly approved of Helen's decision.

Mrs. Butler stood surprised.

"Why, do you think that people ought to marry from a *fancy*?" she asked.

"I hope my girls will never marry without it," said the captain.

Marian reported the result to Ray, with a vexation at Helen's ridiculous behaviour, which he allowed her to vent freely, before he answered her a word, chewing the end of his cigarette, as they walked to the house together from the beach, where she found him pulling his dory up on the sand.