

“speak a different language from most people.” She said this between laughing and crying; between a sense of the ridiculous uselessness of withholding a single timely word, and a tender pathetic intuition of the suffering such a nature must endure. In the prospect of the future she saw her use. It gladdened her and filled her with a serene happiness possible only to those who feel themselves a necessary and integral part in the lives of the ones they love. Dimly she perceived this truth. Dimly beyond it she glimpsed that other great truth of nature, that the human being is rarely completely efficient alone, that in obedience to his greater use he must take to himself a mate before he can succeed.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet with an exclamation.

“Oh, Harry! I’d forgotten utterly!” she cried in laughing consternation. “I have a luncheon here at half-past one! It’s almost that now. I must run and dress. Just look at me; just *look!* *You* did that!”

“I’ll wait here until the confounded thing is over,” said Thorpe.

“Oh, no, you won’t,” replied Hilda decidedly. “You are going down town right now and get something to put on. Then you are coming back here to stay.”

Thorpe glanced in surprise at his driver’s clothes, and his spiked boots.

“Heavens and earth!” he exclaimed, “I should think so! How am I to get out without ruining the floor?”

Hilda laughed and drew aside the portière.

“Don’t you think you have done that pretty well already?” she asked. “There, don’t look so solemn. We’re not going to be sorry for a single thing we’ve