

doesn't get anything. I was going to make him Mayor, and here I am elected. I've won the dearest girl in all the world for a wife, and we're going to be married before inauguration day. There's Victor loving the next dearest with all of his heart and lungs and every fibre in his body, and she loving him, too, and looking it, but telling him 'No' at the same time, and looking that, too, while grand old Victor just won't take 'No' for an answer."

"Such marriages never are happy, you know, Jerry," commented Aunt Letitia. "It's like pulling teeth, of course, but they had better be sensible now than sorry long after, when two hearts are broken and a lot of things have been done that can't be undone."

"But, oh—Aunt Letitia!" sighed Ruth, "lovers can't be coldly rational. I feel so sorry for them. I want Sylvy to say 'Yes.' She wants to herself; can't you see it? There—there must be a way out without shattering a love like that, don't you think? Don't you, Aunt Letitia? Don't you think so, Jerry?"

"By George, I do!" declared Jerry fervently, and turned another admiring glance upon his friend. "To talk to him five minutes ago you'd think there wasn't a thing in the world on his mind but his duty to the country—I must tell you at supper what he's just been showing me. Then he comes in the door, sees her, and, by George, did you ever see any one so absorbed! And yet, that's like Victor. I think he'd propose to a woman in the middle of Broad Street if the opportunity came there, and he wouldn't pay a bit of attention to the traffic cop till he got his answer."

"He's getting his answer," whispered Ruth, softly, turning and looking over her shoulder. "She's telling him 'No' again."

The library door opened and the same black servant appeared who had spread a luncheon there six weeks before; but this time a partner in blackness and in profession was with him. Behind them was the library table, loaded, equipped and decked