

But Eleanor did not look in the least offended, only quizzical and tantalizing, as she said, "Really, there is nothing to pardon. There is no harm done, since I have the photographs, and you can't expect me to give them up under the circumstances."

"Surely, if you knew how highly I value them you could not refuse—" But at that instant Mr. Thurston approached, and Eleanor interrupted the plea with the exclamation, "Papa, this is the gentleman with whom I exchanged cameras in Toledo. He has just given me mine and kindly offers to call for his own."

"Delighted, my dear sir," said Mr. Thurston, cordially. "We are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and shall be glad to see you any evening."

The steamer struck the wharf with a gentle shock and with a smile and a nod Eleanor took her father's arm and was gone. It was not until the elation occasioned by this meeting had subsided that Winter realized that the lady, with all her apparent cordiality, had not given him her name. He fancied that he had discovered it in Toledo and that it was Thompson, but the suspicion that her neglect might be intentional threw a wet blanket on his triumph. "There may be half a dozen Thompsons at the Fifth Avenue," he argued, "and I may not find her again until I am a gray-haired man."

Fate was better to him than he feared. When he reached home, wearied and out of sorts, he was met by his sister Josie, who led him gaily to his supper and talked of her plans for the next day. "You surely haven't forgotten, Tom, that Eleanor Thurston is to spend the day with us. She is going to bring her camera; for, though they are at the Fifth Avenue, they have inside rooms, and their windows give no view of the procession."

Winter was about to reply that if Miss Thurston was coming he should make it a point to spend the day at the office, but the mention of the hotel caused him to alter his intention. Perhaps through his sister's friend he might gain a clue to her fellow-lodger, the maiden he had just found and lost.

Morning came, and crowds surged to Fifth Avenue to obtain places from which to view the military parade. Every doorstep swarmed with the lucky early-comers, and the sidewalks were soon solid banks of human beings. Enterprising men and boys brought barrels and boxes, which they stationed close to the walls, renting them to people in the rear of the crowd that they might be able to see over the heads of those in front. Others, intent on making a penny, peddled cushions to those in the first rank, enabling them to sit upon the curbstones. As the crowd became more and more solid, and the mounted policemen found it impossible to keep the multitude to the sidewalks even by backing their horses against the front ranks, Josie grew more and more impatient.

"Eleanor will never be able to get across the street," she exclaimed. "She ought to have started earlier. The side streets are blocked with carts, and there are fifteen rows of people between the procession and those houses across the way. See how those behind push forward and the policemen beat them back. The people in the middle are simply wedged fast. Oh, where is Eleanor?"

"She has probably discovered the impossibility of reaching us, and has returned to the hotel," said Winter, as he arranged a tripod camera in the bay-window. He missed the little detective which he had carried so long, and this instrument, an old one, needed what he dominated "considerable tinkering to bring it up to the modern requirements."

"Why, don't you use your other camera?" Josie asked; but she did not notice that her brother failed to reply, for at that instant a marshal galloped up the avenue, and the gallant 7th Regiment made way with alacrity, not caring that its punctilious exactitude of line was broken or that a parade was thrown into disorder which had hitherto proceeded like clockwork, and whose marvelous precision was watched by the admiring eyes of thousands of fair women bending over the cornices and crowding the windows and balconies.

Personal vanity and esprit de corps were alike forgotten, for behind the marshal, rushing like a knight of old to the succor of the helpless and the distressed, came the ambulance of one of our large hospitals. There was no one in that vast crowd but felt a thrill of sympathy and pressed a little back to make way as the hatless driver changed his gong and lashed the horse that was already exerting his utmost speed. The surgeon on the step was coolly examining a little case of instruments and bottles, and exactly opposite the Winter's house strangers were carrying to the front a young girl who had fainted in the press. The scene was an inspiring one as well as characteristic of the day, and Thomas Winter seized upon it with avidity. He focused on the ambulance just as the litter was lifted to its place, and the

white face of the unconscious girl was clearly silhouetted against the black mass of the crowd. He did not recognize the face, however, until the next morning when developing his negatives. Even then it was so tiny that he was in doubt. To be quite certain, he made a magic lantern slide from the negative and threw it, enlarged to life-size, upon the wall of his room. There was no possibility of mistaking the profile; it was that of the lady of the camera.

All scruples as to the propriety of inquiring for her vanished at once. He hurried to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and asked for Miss Thompson.

"Which one?" was the inevitable question.

"The one who fainted yesterday while witnessing the parade."

"You are a little mixed, I fear," was

the reply.

Winter's card was returned by three Misses Thompson with the reiterated statement that they had not the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance.

One clue remained. He knew the hospital served by the ambulance which he had photographed, and he presented himself at its door without delay. A surgeon here was more communicative. "Yesterday was a busy day for us," he replied to Winter's inquiries, "but let me see. A young lady living at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was brought here by us at about noon. You have the wrong name. It must have been Miss Arkwright, who died of heart disease. You start—yes, we could do nothing for her. Life was extinct before she reached the hospital."

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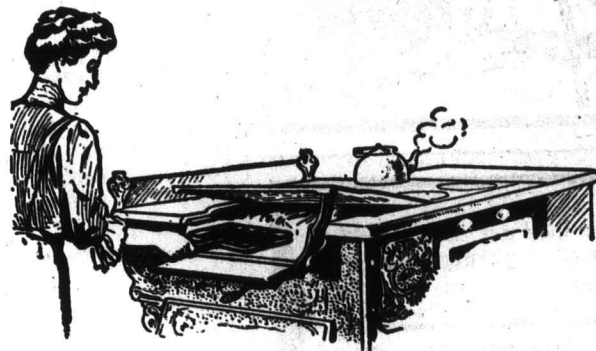
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