

To be sure, when Mr. Dorval Hebden was once twitted in the club regarding a hurried trip to the moose grounds of Quebec, he assumed a smile that might be taken for either consciousness of his prowess, or indulgent regret over past folly; but when it was noticed that his air suddenly changed on hearing that Mrs. Ward had inherited the whole of her husband's enormous fortune except handsome bequests to Budd McGee and Mrs. Jack Truesdale, some of the clubmen expressed very frank opinions about Mr. Dorval Hebden, which it is not pleasant for a gentleman to overhear.

"I could respect him if he were even a manly, decent blackguard," a voice had said, and Mr. Dorval Hebden passed out of the club with sensations. He was always so very sympathetic, so very considerate, so very comprehending without being told—was Mr. Dorval Hebden, and that quality continued to give him great favor in women's eyes.

As for Truesdale, he gave his wife two wedding gifts: the necklace which the ruby crank had succeeded in buying, and the check which the ruby crank had paid for the jewels.

*THE END*