

WHY THEY DID IT

that a man would do it—and not for her. You perhaps didn't notice that Miss Webley was exasperated with her, and questioned a woman's right to——”

“I did!” exclaimed Marsden, vehemently interrupting.

“Then you perhaps noticed the suggestion Mildred Henderson dropped was that a man might not do things for Miss Webley—that she was jealous of them doing things for other women, but that—there you are! She left the rest in abeyance.”

Marsden nodded his head up and down slowly.

“You got her,” he said. “You got her fixed in your mind all right, all right. Women are queer that way. They seem to be running bluffs on each other, but it's a kind of game all played under the table instead of on top.”

“Well, I saw it,” said Sam, “and it made me hot. I believe now,” and he laughed at himself, “that it was a little knoll of a matter that I turned into a mountain. But no matter—it was there all the same. And I've done it. And I'm alive. And Nance Webley is worth two or three Miss Hendersons——”

A smile showed, and spread, on Marsden's face.

“What—I—fail—to—see,” he drawled, “is how you are going to tell Mildred Henderson you did it for that reason!”

Sam's face showed gloom.

“I know!” he said, and then—“I'm a hot-headed sort of fool in some ways. You were quite