

Mary could have known then that she should some day refuse this thing to Maughm, and that, in so doing, she should climb to the greatest heights she had ever attained! If Mary could have known that the woman whose failure to pay her one hundred dollars was one day to owe to Mary a debt of love and tenderness that it would take Amber all her life to discharge!

She rose and stood, as she had done before, in the window, looking out on lower New York, at the bay where the ships were putting out for England and France. Above the city roofs the columns of smoke created by innumerable fires, were dissipated on the ever-changing air, forming again to be dissipated anew, — the same laws and the same effects reproduce themselves, but always with a new vitality in the creation. As the twilight fell, the single star grew more visible and sparkled brilliantly.

She sat for a long time, it seemed to her, quite immovable there in the office, the things around her unaltered and unchanged, the big scheme going on all about her, unaltered and unchanged; but Mary felt that her own existence was utterly transformed. If happiness was for her, she must take it for herself; if she wanted to grasp it, she must put out her hands.

The telephone stood on the table at her side. She took it up, held it a moment, looked around the familiar room, looked out of the window at the smoky, floating banners — and called up the Maughm house on the telephone.

"Is Mr. Maughm in?" "Mr. Maughm has just left the house," she was told. She put the telephone down and went over to her old table, and sat before her desk where the Remington stood under the cover. She put her arms down on it, pillowed her face there, and sat waiting, waiting.

She believed, and felt sure for some reason or other that Maughm would come to her here — that he was on his way