

"You come out here; I want to see you." The man went gray, not so much with fear as with embarrassment. They pranced softly about in a space between three buildings for a very few minutes, and had a chaotic vision of a largely invisible audience of small boys that danced on a loose board-pile. That man was not seen by his friends for several days. Then Mr. Trevor went and sought out one more man. When he finally went home he was a bloody spectacle, but there was great joy in his heart. As Mr. Trevor never told about these proceedings, and as nobody else cared to, I suppose nobody ever really knew, though I think there were a few who had suspicions.

A little while after this the city was shocked and grieved, and the more they learned about Mr. Trevor the more shocked and grieved they became. But this is really a forgiving world, so they began to forgive Miss Dyer almost immediately. They said she was a wonderfully bright girl, considering her chances. Besides, her sphere of influence was about to remove itself to a realm where she would be harmless, and leave them to slumber in peace. But Mr. Trevor they never forgave, and I don't think he knows it to this day.

In Bruton Street, W., quite close to Lord De Grey's, you will find Miss Dyer under another name. London, which is the only country I know more democratic than the valley of the Saskatchewan, accepted her at her true worth on the instant. This was no doubt because she was so much of a genius that she recognized that if you are truly nice at heart, and undertake to be