



The Secretary Goes Home

"I am Mrs. De Foe's secretary," she said quietly. He turned to look at her.

"Secretary? I didn't dream of that, Miss Downing."

"Have I fallen in your estimation?" she asked, meeting his gaze steadily.

"I think you've risen," he said slowly.

"You may not remember me, but I crossed on the steamer with you from Liverpool when I was eight years old. You were eleven, I think you said. I was a very pretty little girl. You said that, too. Do you remember?"

He was cudgeling his brain. "I can't say that I do, to be perfectly candid. Still, I've been wondering where I've seen you. I recall the voyage, but as for little girls, I remember but one. Ah, she was a little beauty. I was so desperately in love with her that I dare say I had thoughts or eyes for no one else. I'm sorry."

"Do you remember her name?"

"Perfectly. It wasn't so long ago, you know. I'm twenty-five. She had a perfectly ungovernable nurse. I was obliged to do my worshipping from a distance. By Jove, that reminds me, her father was put down and out a few years ago in Wall Street. I think he had a stroke of paralysis, or something, poor devil, afterwards. Lost everything. I wonder what has become of her. I never saw her after we landed in New York."

"Was her name Pembroke?"

He started. "Yes, — Mary Pembroke! You knew her? Why, I believe —" He stared hard