

promise me that you would go to Sales in any difficulty, and trust him as you would your mother. Others might prove false, but that man *never!*”

“Is there anything going to happen to you?” she laughed.

“I hope not,” he responded, scarcely knowing how deeply stirred he had been by the silent man’s confession. “I hardly know why I spoke as I did. But that’s my faith in Ernest Sales all the same!”

“I have met all my friends now but Mrs. Wickins,” said Pat, as they came up to 480, Thornbury Avenue.

“You seem to feel it something of an ordeal to become re-acquainted with my cousin.”

He threw open the door and led her to the threshold of the drawing-room, the freshest, sweetest, most innocent picture of girlhood that had graced that room since last she stood in that same spot at the corner of the piano, and in her simplicity sang songs to his accompaniment. He advanced to the other end of the room to meet his hostess, who was just entering.

“Mrs. Wickins,” he said, leading the charming stranger forward, “allow me to present my friend, Miss Carningham!”

There was a moment’s hesitation as the two girls looked at each other. Each had thought her bitter thoughts of the other in the days that were gone.