

"Quick. The conductor will be here in a minute. Here's a card and pencil—write a note for Aunt Mary. Say you'll meet them in Jacksonville! Hurry, please!"

"Mr. Minot!" With great dignity.

"One last ride together. One last chance for me to—to set things right if I can."

"If you can."

"If—I admit it. Won't you give me the chance? I thought you would be game. I dare you!"

For a second they gazed into each other's eyes. The train had come to a stop, and Aunt Mary stirred fretfully in her sleep. With sudden decision Cynthia Meyrick wrote on the card and dropped it on her slumbering relative.

"I know I'll be sorry—but—" she gasped.

"Hurry! This way! The conductor's coming there!"

A moment later they stood together on the platform of the Sunbeam station, while the brief little train disappeared indignantly in the distance.

"You shouldn't have made me do that!" cried