

THE STINGY RECEIVER

"It is for *me*! You understand?" beamed the girl.

In the convulsive laughter that overtook the Young Doctor he did not at the moment notice Mrs. Tome Gallien's face.

But there was no laughter of any kind in Mrs. Tome Gallien's face, only shock, and a most furious rage.

"So it is thus you have been deceiving me?" she cried out to Solvei. "All this time that you knew what my heart was fixed on, my hopes, my everything! All this time that you have been here a guest in my house! And quite safe I supposed from any such --"

"Oh, now really, Mrs. Gallien!" interposed the Young Doctor's grimmest, sternest voice.

"Oh, of what a nonsense!" laughed Solvei. "There is no blame anywhere — unless it should be to this Montessori theory! Out of the whole wide world is it not that a child must gravitate to his own wantings? It cannot be choosen for him?"

Then with all the young laughter gone from her face she reached out her slim brown hand to the Young Doctor's reassuring clasp and led him to the bed.