

proprieties. If I should leave it to her, I never would be married."

"Why?"

"She thinks I'm broke."

"Yes, too bad about that! I wish I could swap bank rolls with you. Why didn't you tell her the truth—and Helena, too? Why didn't you tell 'em it was your own yacht? Why didn't you tell 'em you're worth a few millions and don't have to work?"

"I don't know—maybe I'm like you, Cal, foolish about nightingales and things. But tell me—you never did tell them anything about that Sally M. mine business, did you?"

"No, I should say not! Didn't you tell me you didn't want it to get out? It was bad enough, the way old Dan and your—sainted father handed it to each other over that mine, wasn't it? I know about it, for I promoted that mine myself, and the name'll prove that—Sally M. Byington, with the Byington left off! There wasn't a blasted thing in it then. But when you—like a blame quixotic fool—after she was good for six thousand a month velvet, and ore blocked out to last a thousand years—why, then you fool around in Papa's records, and think Papa wasn't on the square with old Dan. So on the quiet you get it all made over,