

CORRODING GOLD

"He isn't due until to-morrow," she answered, and, having been relieved of her bag, she gave her veil a tug and straightened her hat.

"Well, I needn't go any farther," said Glide, depositing the bag inside the porch. "Good-night and good-bye, Miss Kathie."

"Gracious, John! Whatever has happened? Will the body of a respectably dressed man be found to-morrow on the line near Loughborough Junction? You are not usually so melodramatic."

"Am I that? I was not aware of it, and I don't know why I should be. I don't feel anything but a little depression. When you get inside and hear the news you'll probably think I had no cause."

He raised his hat and walked away, and Kathie dismissed him airily from her thoughts. He was of so little account in her life that she had forgotten him by the time she had entered the agitated atmosphere of the family circle.

The discussion of the astonishing event of the afternoon was still going on in the drawing-room, and a very few moments sufficed to put Kathleen in full possession of the facts.

"Gracious! how exciting!" she cried, tossing off her gloves and her coat, and, in so doing, revealing her pretty afternoon frock. "A fortune really come to us! I can't believe it!"

She looked from one to another, and the varying expressions on the different faces struck her oddly. Her mother's was still flushed and bore a sort of glorified, uplifted look, while her father seemed frankly worried. Estelle was very thoughtful, and was certainly not elated. Jack and Louie were holding a brief, mysterious conversation in the far corner of the room.

Kathleen laughed hysterically.

"A fortune," she repeated. "Why, none of you look