

ing whether I'll be fit to work again, he'll build a new Wyndhams' on a surer foundation than I could have laid. I can see him, stopping now and then with his puzzled look, but not stopping long. Bob's way is to go on, straight and steadfastly."

"We owe him much," said Flora. "Your debt is mine."

Then there were steps in the passage and the others came in. Mabel blushed when she saw Flora's smile.

"After all, it looks as if music did bore Bob," Flora remarked. "We didn't hear you playing long."

"We talked," said Mabel, with a frank glance. "There was much to talk about and all was rather wonderful. Perhaps this looks extravagant, but I don't think it is."

"Hold fast to your persuasion," said Flora gently. "It will take you far. Love conquers many doubts and troubles."

"Mabel's troubles ought not to be numerous," Wyndham interposed. "She is going to marry my partner; the best man I know."

Marston's face got red, but Mabel laughed, a soft, happy laugh.

"I really think Bob stands alone," she said. "He's like nobody else and I'm sure there's nobody like him."

THE END