

Eleanor Thursdale was the first to find words. She was faint with humiliation, hut strong with the new resolve. Coming forth from behind Dauntless, she presented herself before the man her mother had chosen.

"So you have found me out, Mr. Windomshire," she said pleadingly, a wry little smile on her lips. "You know all about it?"

"I — er — by Jove, this is quite beyond me. Found you out? My word, you don't mean to say —"

"I say, old man," said Dauntless, manfully, "let me explain. We've always loved each other. It is n't that she —"

"Hang it all, man, I knew that," expostulated Windomshire. "It was a mistake all around. I love Anne, don't you know. There's no real harm done, I'm sure. But what puzzles me is this: why does Miss Thursdale persist in pursuing us if she loves you and does n't care to marry me?"

"The deuce! I like that," cried Dauntless. "You'd better begin by asking questions at home."

"I take it," interposed Mr. Derby, with rare tact and discernment, "that both of you expect to be married, but not to each other

