

"up at the house" and "would be right on down." And would Miss Moreland wait?

She stood looking about her, looking about the old accustomed room, like a traveller, who, after a long journey, had unexpectedly come home. There was nothing to charm the eye in this usual office furniture, commercial, comfortable, utilitarian, but to Mary the place was instinct with charm; it was the loveliest room in the world.

Above the roofs of the high buildings, as she glanced out of the window, the city's smoke rose in columns against the evening sky; the air, clear as a bell, seemed to hold the city in its crystal atmosphere, and far up, like a single light, higher than the sky-scrapers, twinkled a solitary star.

The comfortable leather chair Maughm had bought for himself, so that when he came into this room he might make himself at ease gave Mary a twinge of memory and she sat down in her employer's old place with her hand outstretched upon the chair's arms. Since she had used to sit there before her machine, transcribing her notes, the winds of Fate, brutal and subtle changes of existence, had swept through this place. On the table lay a volume of letters relating to the "Upjohn" affairs, and since those letters had been written the "Upjohn" mines had made Maughm a rich man. If here in this office, standing before Mary, dictating to her his letters, Maughm could have foreseen that he was to become through "Upjohn" a king of finance! If here in this office, standing before Mary and dictating to her that first letter to Aymes in Boston, Maughm could have known that Destiny was to remove his wife out of his life! If he had known that he was to be the father of a son!

These were the great changes, and if Mary, standing before her employer, her hand in his, promising him in a second that which a woman holds higher than life itself; if