

whatever hardships it contained, whatever wrongs or wretchedness — it evolved you, *you*, the Fran of to-day — the Fran of this living hour. And it's the Fran of this living hour that I want to marry."

Fran covered her face with her hands. For a while there was silence, then she said:

"Father was there, to-night."

"At the lion-show? Impossible! Mr. Gregory go to a — a — to — a —"

"Yes, it is possible for him even to go to a show. But to do him justice, he was forced under the tent, he had no intention of doing anything so wicked as that, he only meant to do some little thing like running away — But no, I can't speak of him with bitterness, now. Abbott, he seems all changed."

Abbott murmured, as if stupefied, "Mr. Gregory at a show!"

"Yes, and a lion-show. When it was over he came to me — he was so excited —"

"So was I," spoke up the other — "rather!"

"You didn't show it. I thought maybe you wouldn't care if I *had* been eaten up. . . . No, no, listen. He wanted to claim me — he called me 'daughter' right there before the people, but they