

me this. Why, it is a small fortune! Take it back!"

Leslie put her hands behind her, and shook her head. "I don't need it," she said. "Some one left me a large sum of money at one time, strangely prophesying that there would come a time in my life when I would need a sum of money for a specific purpose. There will never come an hour when I want it more than now. As I say, it is a poor substitute for the love you crave."

And suddenly she succumbed to an impulse of divine pity, and, taking the bruised creature in her arms, she kissed her.

There was a step in the hall, and the two drew apart quickly. "Stay where you are," whispered Leslie, "he will not see you. God bless you, and good-by!"

"Is that you, Algy?" she asked, in almost a natural voice, walking swiftly into the hall.

"The very same, Little Lady," Tressidar answered lightly. "Why, are you not going to kiss me?"

"No, it is too warm," was the indolent answer.

"Oh, very well," more indifferently than indolently, "only *I* am going to kiss *you*." He strode forward and took his wife in his arms. "Kiss me, sweetheart," he whispered, bending over her.

"Algy," cried Leslie, "put me down, quickly! I'm fainting!"