
CUPID AND THE CANDIDATE

friend, Miss Ainslie, has a new admirer. His yacht has been in the bay for a month, and society has been *en fête* over him. You would know whom I mean if I could recall his name. It is in all the papers at present."

"You mean Sir Thomas Argrave, the recently knighted scientist?"

"Yes, yes, that's the man. He is immensely wealthy, I believe."

"Undoubtedly; and has good taste if he has endeavored to attach himself to Miss Ainslie."

"Humph! Miss Ainslie worships success."

Johnston gave him a quick look. He felt that the old man had described, in a very few words, the quality that ruled her character, and wondered if it were solely that quality in her that had appealed to himself.

When the door closed behind him the chief gave way to a habit he sometimes indulged in of talking to himself. "Well, anyway, I have given him a hint of what he may expect; for unless there was a positive promise between them, John Ainslie's girl will throw the lad over for the honor of becoming Lady Argrave. I have known the Ainslies, three generations of them. Argrave, of course, may not want her, although Dame Rumor insists upon it, and for my part I hope she is right."

Walking down the street, Johnston's mind was full of what the chief had just told him. He felt sure that he had a purpose in doing so. "There is