

beautiful girl who held herself so regally, looking out of those calm, steadfast eyes, a look of truth and innocence, unspoiled by this world's praise or homage. He noted every detail of the simple costume—a filmy lacey gown of gray, almost heliotrope, a cluster of white lilacs at her breast, a spray of the same fragrant blossoms in her hand.

At last Keith Graham stood face to face with the girl whom he had denied the knowledge of his existence; and even as he bowed in acknowledgment of the introduction, his heart bowed a tribute to the honesty of this little maid, who, he feared, would never forgive his innocent deception.

Jack coming up to claim Erica, Dr. Graham, noting the pale countenance and wearied expression of Marjorie's face, said,

"I am afraid, Miss Stewart, you are tiring yourself in your effort at entertainment. Let me find you a pleasant corner to rest in for awhile."

At the sound of his voice Marjorie started. The pale face became whiter and whiter, and Dr. Graham hastened to add: