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"If it was up to me to go too," suggested Sam, "because of the way she slung it at you that a man wouldn't do things for you?" Nance stared, as in horror. "She had no right to dare a man to do such a thing. But when she hinted about you—why then I went up. I thought and thought about it, till it seemed all that mattered. What a woman asks a man to do just to flatter her, men can do—for the sake of the other women that she's turned up her chin at!"

Nance did not understand; or perhaps she did, but wouldn't allow herself to.

"You did it for someone else?" she asked.

"I did it for you," he said.

"But——" she began, and stuck.

"But what?" he enquired.

"Never mind." Her eyes were full of tears.

"Something is wrong with you," he persisted.

"What's the matter?"

"No, nothing," she answered. "I thought you were going up too, but I didn't dream you'd go up for—for that reason. I don't know what to say."

"Say nothing," said Sam. "It was *up to me*."

"I don't see why. And you might have been killed! How I have worried this day! If you knew the grit I had to get up to set out to make sure I just couldn't stay at home not sure either way. I rang up Mr. Franklin to ask if you were in town. That was about ten o'clock. He was out. Then I rang up Mr. Marsden's office, and asked if he was in. He wasn't. So I knew no