

an orphan makes it still more romantic, doesn't it, Mrs. Wurtmuth?"

But Mrs. W's reply was so lengthy and irrelevant it must be omitted.

"And how is the postmaster-general to-day?" was Ward's amiable greeting.

"Fine, thank you, Mr. T. Eaton Gimbel. How does your mail-order business stand of late?"

He gave her a mysterious look and answered:

"Just wait, Miss, you won't make fun of my job very much longer."

Bertha blushed.

"Ward," she apologized, taking him seriously because of the peculiar expression in his eyes, "you know I was fooling. How about the name you have given to me?"

He ignored the question and went on to speak of himself. But they were interrupted before he had an opportunity of unfolding his secret, so they made an engagement for the evening.

Long before the sun had gone down they were walking along the shore together and he had confided to her a history of the day's events as they concerned himself. She was noticeably silent.

"You don't seem very glad about it," he complained.

"Glad!" she exclaimed; "why should I be?"

He was quick to reply:

"That's right; I suppose it makes no difference to you, Bertha, whether I succeed or fail. You'd see me stuck here——"

"Ward," she said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to take me up like that. What I meant to