

longed to get out of the room, to leave the house before Katy came. She tottered, and Keith Graham drawing a reclining chair near her, she sank into its depths, and as if to hide herself from the sight of all, covered her face with her hands.

Keith Graham, resting one hand on the back of her chair, looked down on the little black-robed lass, whose proud face told him too truly that he had not mistaken the independent, sensitive nature, and felt that his pleadings would be in vain, that he would never be forgiven.

"Marjorie," he said, quietly, "listen to me. I sent Katy to-night to tell you, and, oh ! my darling, before you judge me too harshly let me tell you all."

He began with his arrival at Hillsvew, when he saw her first at the car window, her face buried in a bunch of her favorite blossoms. She knew now that all but Katy were ignorant of his relationship to Mrs. Graham, so they at least had not deceived her. He told her of the first clue to the identity of the dwellers at Fern Villa, his visit to the rooms; and as he continued Marjorie thought of the evening, one