

office. They are all having a rest to-day, you know, and the entire staff are apparently captives at her feet."

"Oh, no, it couldn't be you. No one could seriously suspect you of making appointments with young ladies in the park," said his friend, slowly closing one eye. "You should give her some fatherly advice. She is too pretty to be out in the evening without her ma. Good-bye."

"Don't judge everyone by yourself, Chandler, you old rascal. Good night!" retorted Tully, and then, as he resumed his walk, "Confound that fellow, he is a worse gossip than his wife, and she ought to be indicted as a public nuisance. What put the idea in his head that I was going to meet Cora? I'll have to drop her if people are beginning to talk about it. We have never been seen together—that's one comforting fact—and I should not have made this appointment to-night if she hadn't insisted. There she is now; someone bowing to her! Yes, and he must turn around and size me up. This affair will have to end right here."

The young lady who stood waiting for Mr. Tully was strikingly handsome. Dark, self-possessed and graceful, her handsome and well-made garments displayed a figure of unusual symmetry. No one observing her haughty carriage would have guessed that she kept the books and operated a typewriter in the law office of King & Tully, Barristers, on the limited salary of ten dollars a week, and, had they been so informed, they might have wondered how she found means to buy fashionable dresses. Cruel and unjust remarks had indeed been excited by her stylish costumes, but those who knew her were aware that her mother was a dressmaker, and that the proud Cora did not disdain to sew for herself.

"How late you are," she exclaimed, as she joined Mr. Tully in his walk. "I have been waiting nearly half an hour for you."

"And enjoying it apparently," answered Stephen, somewhat crustily. "You seem to be quite the centre of attraction."

"Oh, you mean that fellow who cowed. He doesn't live here, so you needn't be afraid our meeting will be talked about."

"I think, Cora, you might have made yourself a little less conspicuous—worn a veil or something. I met Chandler just now; he told me you were waiting for me here."

"Told you I was waiting for you! He couldn't have known that. And why should I try to disguise myself?"

"Well, he saw you waiting, and guessed the rest. It'll be all over town before morning. I suppose it won't matter for once, but we'll have to take care that it doesn't happen again." With this Stephen endeavored to resume his good-nature, and tucked her hand under his arm.