

water; the bareheaded boatman waved his hand lazily to the girl standing motionless upon the moonlit wharf, and as lazily floated in.

"Hello!" he called cheerfully.

The moon, doomed to erotic service, was again upon the head of Mr. Poynter.

"It's the milkman's boat!" explained Philip smiling. "He's a mighty decent chap."

Diane's face was as pale as a lily.

"How did you know?" she asked, but her eyes, for Philip, were welcome enough.

"I saw Carl," said he, dexterously rounding to a point at her feet. "He told me."

He lazily rocked the boat, met her troubled glance with frank serenity and said with his eyes what for the moment his laughing lips withheld.

"Come, row about a bit," he said gently. "There's a lot to tell—"

"The other candlestick?"

"That," said Philip as he helped her in, "and more."

The boat shot forth into the moonlit water.

"And your father, Philip?"

"Better," said Philip and feathered his oars conspicuously in a moment of constraint. Then flushing slightly, he met her glance with his usual frank directness. "Dad and I had quarreled, Diane," he said quietly, "and he was fretting. And now, though the fundamental cause of

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