

ENOCK CRANE

darling, I could not help asking—after your generous offer. Natural, wasn't it? We've never had any secrets between us, Rose—besides, I think I have a right to know why you're flush—under the circumstances; that is, since we are to be shipmates."

"Ay, ay, captain!" she laughed, touching the brim of her becoming hat in salute.

"Rose, be serious—for once."

"And if I were to tell you, you wouldn't believe me."

"Have I ever doubted you?"

"Suppose I give you three guesses," she smiled teasingly, her lips close to his own. "Would that satisfy you, Mr. Inquisitive?"

"This is no guessing matter," he returned, half irritably, tucking her sleeves deep into her wrap, his fingers lingering in the warm chinchilla. "This from Paris, too?"

"Don't you adore making guesses?" she smiled mischievously, ignoring his question.

"You know I loathe guessing," he retorted. "I abhor conundrums. I have an absolute horror of riddles and all that sort of thing. Come! Why won't you be frank with me? Why are you in luck? Have *you* been gambling?"

"Perhaps," she returned gently, watching him closely, "but not at your game."

"What then— Wall Street?"

"I had enough of Wall Street with Sam. My dear Jack, has it occurred to you that I am famished? Come, let's go to dinner."