

OH, MARY, BE CAREFUL!

And there, sitting on the rail of the veranda with his back toward them, Mary saw a masculine figure, evidently waiting for the car.

"I wonder who it is," she thought again.

But the moment she jumped from the car she knew very well who it was.

Without speaking, she held out her hands to help him up. And, still without speaking, she led him inside.

"Where are you going?" she asked in a low voice, which trembled a little.

"I'm running away," he answered in just the same sort of a voice.

"Running away from what?"

"From you."

"Why?"

"Because you'd lose that money if—  
if . . . . There's a letter on my pillow."

"Who told you about the money?"

"Ma'm Dubois."

"When?"