

Leslie squeezed her arm.

"Really?" she asked, with a beaming smile.

"Oh, some time," answered the other. "We are too old to rush headlong into matrimony."

"Oh, Margaret dear, I'm so excited! Let's tell Vera!"

"No, no, not now, please. We are not even sure of anything, but this one common bond—our work."

"Well, what else can you want?" asked Leslie lightly.

"Love," said Margaret, with so much feeling that it did not seem to have come from her at all. "*Love*," she repeated, then stopped, and grew as white as she had been pink before.

Leslie looked up in surprise, and saw her husband coming toward them.