

Anthony—when Mrs. Morley entered with her comment on the weather; and Sadie's non-ironic agreement had just been given when Morley followed, threw himself into a chair, stretched his legs, and grabbing his beard in hand, with a 'Well, mommer!' to his wife, inquired of the manageress: 'How are you making out, Miss Dixon?'

'So far as I'm concerned—very well,' said she. 'The main question is whether my employer——'

'Your employer is satisfied all right,' he assured her. 'I'm glad to hear your side is pleased. I was some doubtful at first. In a new place like Saint Anthony there is a scarcity of female society, and some young ladies might find us uncouth.'

'I've had more real courtesy shown me here and on the way here,' said Sadie, 'than I've experienced anywhere. It would have been comical if it had not been charming. I wasn't allowed to carry my grips an inch. I wasn't even allowed to climb into the rig that brought me here until a box had been put down to mount