

The Intriguer

pardon me, are you not 'giving tongue on the wrong trail?' These lines should be spoken to Randolph Mason, and not to his flattered, but powerless, secretary."

She colored perceptibly; then her face took on resolution. "Very well," she returned, "I will say them to Randolph Mason."

I wished then that I had said nothing. It was worse than idle to go on such an errand to Randolph Mason. The girl would not understand Mason's unconcern, his lack of the usual courtesies of life, his abrupt dismissal of her, or his ruthless questioning. I tried to dissuade her, but I might as well have pleaded with Cerberus. The idea suggested suddenly by pique seemed to her on reflection to be a plan of wisdom. With every word I said, she grew more wedded to it. Since her father's attorney had gone to Randolph Mason, she, too, would go to him. If he had listened then, perhaps he would also listen now. A lawyer presenting logically an argument was not always the most moving advocate. There was the case of Esther.

There was no escape, so I went with Margaret Garnett in her carriage to Randolph Mason. On the way she was unusually charming. There was a touch of adventure to this mission, and the high spirits attending struggle. Her impulses in this case were coming now to action.

When we descended from the carriage she stopped on the flag walk to admire Randolph Mason's house.