

SUNSHINE-SHADDER

period planned and later achieved the success due to one of the city's chief business houses.

As his eye rested on the card he became for an instant absorbed, but there was no visible change on the clean-shaven face.

When his visitor rose to depart he still held the card, and half absently watched him leave the room.

Crossing slowly to the door of the reception room he turned the handle half reluctantly, and for once the self-assured man of business felt his heart beating with an excess of emotion that strangely jarred the equilibrium of hitherto placid thought.

Opening the door very slowly he entered the room. Maria still sat in her chair, but leaning back with closed eyes. The netted bag and the pocket-book, which she had taken from it, had slipped to the floor. In a second he was at her side and, clasping the little black-gloved hands in his, bent anxiously over the unconscious form.

Late that afternoon, in the drawing-room of one of the suites of a leading hotel, Albert James thrust a soiled pocket-book into the open fire, and clasping the small labor-stained hand of Maria Dale, who rested in an easy chair near by, he reverently kissed it again and again.

"Each day is a fresh beginning, and although I have not seen you for fifteen long years, I have had but the one old love dream—you."

"Wall, that 'Riah Dale wus allers a deep un," Mrs.