## POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1908

## THE MISSIONER

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Author of "Mysterious Mr. Sabin," "The Secret," "The Traitors," "Conspirators," etc.

one with feet like mine ought to sit down in a public place. "I hope you haven't torn your dress?"

"It really doesn't matter," the girl answered. "I ought to have looked where I was going."

"In which case," Holderness remarked, with a laugh, "you could not have failed to see my feet."

There were two empty chairs at their table. The girl glanced towards them and hesitated.

"Boy ou mind if we sit down here for a minute," she asked, "my friend and I? We are rather tired.""

The dinner He drew the chairs towards them.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Letty," he said gravely, "have you missed you always as though you were something a long way off."

Macheson was suddenly silent. A rush of memories surged into his brain. He had sworn to keep away! This was a different matter, an errand of mercy. Nevertheless he would see her, if only for a moment. His heart leaped like a boy's. He looked eagerly out of the window. Already they were entering Berkeley Square. The cab stopped.

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Macheson looked upwards. He looked eagerly out of the window, and a small electric brougham, with a tall footman by the side of the driver, was waiting opposite the door.

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