

IN ROOF

's pride was worth
t o' love—had she

ne roof, and on Doro-
omy perhaps. Dick
her.

ay idle on a pile of

a spirits. Why not?
s drawings were be-
ne circles, \$50 orders
a great publishing
abroad—indeed, he
same ship that took
dal tour. Dick and
ecompany them—but
ould become of her?
ne would be shut in
arden, no anything.
ald, could not look in

? Thought you'd be
so glum about?"

e yawned; "and I'm
. I wish you'd go

arly. "It's not the
ary, Dot?"

AND A FIRE-ESCAPE

"Oh, yes"—carelessly—"about you all. With Mary and Dick married, and you gone, it will be 'like a banquet-hall deserted, whose lights are fled'—"

"Oh! you can count upon the moon, Dot. The moon shines in winter, you know."

"Don't be frivolous, Jack, about the moon. The moon's a serious matter. Really, I hate frivolity about the moon. Oh"—breaking down—"it's going to be dreadful—till Mary comes back."

"Always Mary."

"Well, isn't Mary my sister? And isn't an awful thing about to happen to her? Think of having to associate with the same man all your life. Seriously, I'm awful glad of her and Dick's happiness, but"—a sob—"it's going to be dreadful up here by myself. The quartet's been so jolly."

"The quartet? Dot, are you grieving just about the quartet—and Mary? Not a little bit about me—by myself? And I was such a happy poor devil when I came up here to-night. Now, I don't care about my good luck! Dot, I thought you'd be glad when I told you about my good luck—I thought you would. I thought you'd be willing to go with me. I can't give you yachts and a Fifth-avenue home, but—I thought you'd be glad—and be my little wife. And now you're too cross about Mary and Dick to care. Oh, Dot, you do! you do! My darling!"