

ENOCH CRANE

gerous inroads into her capital. There had been times, too, when her old love of extravagance had led her far beyond her means—even to the pawnbrokers.

Through the half-open door of her bedroom familiar sounds reached him—the faint tinkle of hairpins falling upon a silver tray, the swish and rustle of a gown as Marie helped her mistress into it, the click-click of a button-hook—all favorite music to Lamont's ears.

"Getting tired, Jack?" she called to him, rattling back into place the gilt cover of a crystal jar and slapping the powder from her hands. "What time is it?"

He glanced at his watch under the glow of the tall piano-lamp Marie had lighted.

"Ten minutes past eight."

"I'll be ready in a moment," she called back to him.

Presently she came to him, drawing on her long gloves, followed by Marie bearing a marvellous wrap of steel blue, lined with chinchilla.

"How do you like it?" she asked, half turning for him to admire her gown.

"Exquisite!" he declared, running his eyes over the black chiffon. "Where did *that* come from?"

"Paris," she said, as Marie helped her on with her wrap, and disappeared in the bedroom to pick up her things. "Where else do they make pretty gowns?"

"It's charming," he declared. He seized her gloved hands impulsively. "Rose! Forgive me, if I was indiscreet a moment ago. There's always a reason for good fortune—for sudden luck. Naturally, you old