

there in her tears when she could turn about so lightly? Perhaps they came from a shallow fount, easily drawn, lightly prized. Fleming——

"Yes, he was here with them," said he, remembering that Jo might be waiting for him to speak.

"I saw him dashing around with them in that old tugboat of his," she said, "and that flashy chorus girl was the centre of attraction in the dining room at the hotel this evening."

"She isn't a flashy chorus girl, Jo," he corrected gently, yet with an unusual earnestness which drew from her a sharp and curious glance; "she's a very well-connected and highly respectable young woman. Did you ever hear her sing?"

"I don't go to the Palace!" said Jo in high dignity.

"No, of course not," said he hastily. "I forgot that it was the Palace. You know it isn't so much the place, Jo, as the singer and her song."

Jo put her hand on his arm very gently, and looked him earnestly in the face.

"Ared, is she the *one*?" she asked.

"She's a very good singer—a remarkable singer, I believe, Jo," said he, dodging her question lamely.

"I knew there was somebody," said Jo, reproachfully sad, "but I didn't know who." She swallowed at something, then lifted her face bravely in the moonlight. "Tell me about her," said she.

"There's no use trying to hide things from you, Jo," he owned, with what seemed warm gratefulness for her penetration. Perhaps it eased his heart to