

ESMERALDA

That evening Captain Tugwell did not return for dinner. Late in the afternoon came a rather incoherent telegram from him, explaining that he had been suddenly called to Washington, and saying nothing about his return. His man also received a wire, upon which he packed up and departed. This was the more annoying, as Marjorie had been invited over specially. But, just as Mrs. DeWynt was debating what to do for another dinner partner, a telephone message came in from Marjorie's father, wanting to know whether she were with us, as she had never returned from her ride. Of course, we told him she had left us before luncheon; and he hung up, saying he was going to call the police in aid.

By this time my poor dear patroness was in such a state of collapse that she hardly stirred when, a few moments later, Mrs. Langdon was on the wire asking for St. Johns. It was an amazing thing to ask, for, of course, when anybody wanted St. Johns they always