

'God bless me. It is you, Naera—Miss Delavan. Come to the fire and get warmed. How did you manage to get here on such a day as this?'

'We drove right to the door. Mother and Norbert are with me, but they have gone down to see your mother and young Mrs Worth. We have not yet had an opportunity of congratulating Katie.'

'You must have had a terrible time getting through the snow. It is a bad night for our anniversary entertainment.' He spoke very awkwardly. He was overcome by her rich attire, her increasing beauty and the magnetic force of her presence.

'The storm is almost sublime in its violence,' she replied, removing her storm collar to shake the snow from it. 'We upset twice near the old house in the swamp, but we rather enjoyed it. It seemed like old times.'

Bergen brought a box, spread his coat over it and asked her to be seated. Then he folded his arms and stood looking at her with an air of inquiry.

'Go on with your work, Bergen. We can talk just as well while you are working. Ostensibly I came to-night to hear your address on Sociology, but in reality to demand an explanation. I am going to speak very plainly. I know you are not given to mincing matters yourself. It is now three weeks since we returned to Owasco and yet you have never called on us. Have I offended you?'

'No, Miss Delavan, you certainly have not.'

Her eyes flashed and her cheek burned, but she bit her lip and continued, 'Has mother or Norbert?'

'No.'

'Well, what is the reason?' she demanded. 'I insist on knowing why he, who was our only friend