

"Why should I be frank with you when you're not frank with me?"

"I won't pretend I don't know what you mean, Sister. I do. The time's coming when I can be quite frank."

"Why not now?"

"Sister, I'm working this stunt, and I don't want you to take a hand. Now, when can you meet me?"

She told him. "I don't think you quite deserve it," she added.

"Sure thing," he said. "No man could; but you're as full of pity as a sick kid's only mother is. There's a whole heap I've got to say to you one day."

"You make me very curious."

"I'll make you more than that yet," he said.

She rose to go.

"I don't think I like quite so much mystery," she told him.

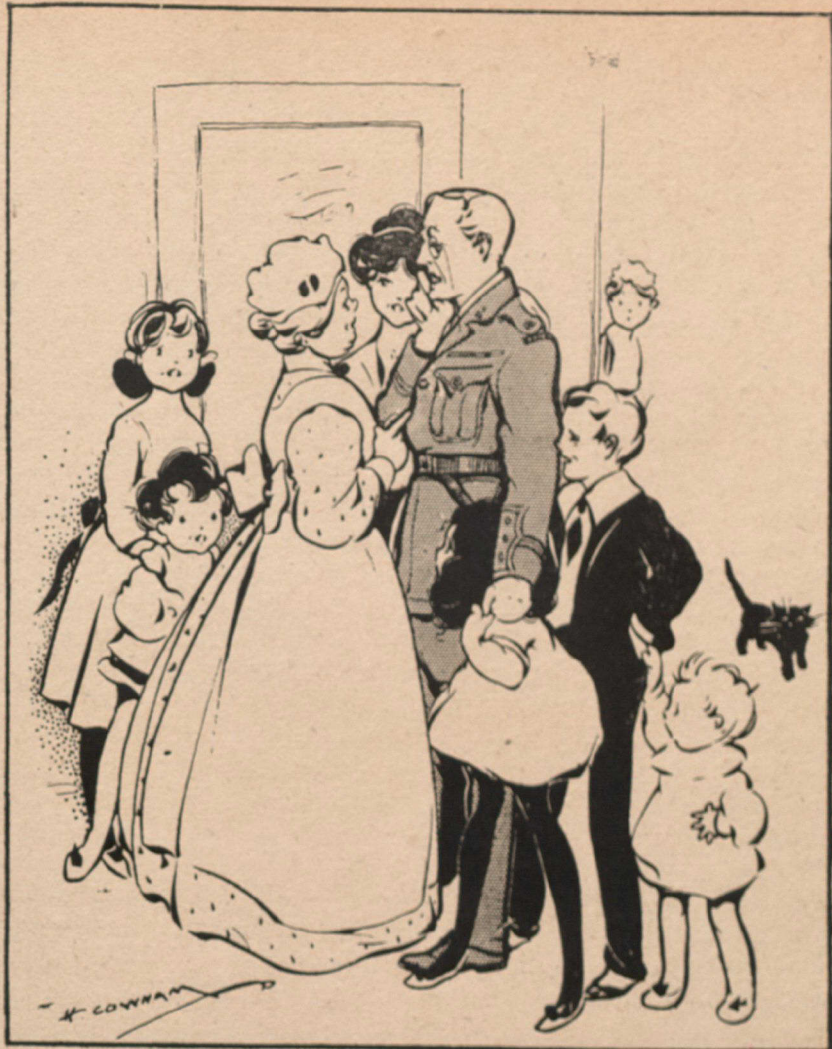
"I'd rather keep you guessing," he answered cryptically, "than see your interest peter out, like the pay dirt in a claim I once worked."

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He was waiting for Isabelle Beaumont when she came. For a girl who was supposed to be penurious she had an extensively expensive wardrobe, but it was one that did not make him too proud and happy to be seen with her. It was too gay for the state of Europe, and its colours were not on good terms with one another.

"You haven't forgotten me, then?" he said.

"As if I could," she sighed. "And you remembered me?"



By Hilda Cowham

THE HERO'S RETURN

Old Nanna: "Welcome home, Mr. James! Don't you recollect your old Nanna? Why, I used to bath you, sir, and put you to bed every night."

"You've pegged out your claim all right," he said. "Say, that stuff you let me have's bully."

"It's helped you to be less lonely?"

"It's helped me to a whole heap of things," he told her.

"You haven't let anyone else into the secret, have you?" she asked anxiously.

"No. Mustn't I?"

"Of course, not. That's a secret between you and I. See?"

"If you say so. Got any more?"