

## 182 Wooing of Tom Sleight's Wife

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half-past six. I never saw her looking prettier. She called me into the office before she went. She wanted my advice. She had in one hand a beautiful opal brooch set in diamonds—it was what he had given her that morning—and in her other hand the one of onyx.

“‘Shall I wear them both?’ asked she, ‘or only the one?’ She was half laughing, half crying, already.

“I thought for a bit. ‘I should wear the onyx to-night,’ I said, ‘by itself.’”

THE END

