

THE BALL AT ELMS

win in a game, no one knew how, but win he could and win he would. He could toss a pebble to a small boy with a god-like grace and ease that henceforth would make him of that boy's horizon the unclouded sun. He could lift to his own the face of an innocent girl and answer her pure eyes with a smile that would hold her soul in captivity as hopeless as the bondage of a galley-slave. He was given the most vindictive horse in the chase, and he took the oars when the winning skiff neared the rapids. He led in the dance, was best man at the marriage, and wore the longest face at the funeral. He encouraged youth, counselled manhood, and cheered old age. Harvey was a god at Elms.

The fourth dance was over when Mr. Secord entered the ball-room. Immediately all eyes were upon him, and it was not long before the hero was surrounded by a bevy of young ladies and their mammas, which mammas, however, were compelled to chaperon their daughters at arm's length, so impregnable was the fortification of popularity which this man had built about himself. And the dance went on.

In a corner of the room sat a man alone, middle-aged, with kindly face. His eyes were upon the floor, and he crushed in his hand a gilt-edged programme. A tall, thin girl of seventeen walked across the room somewhat wearily, and seating her-