

Pauline.

"Ah!" said Mr. Curtiss, "that is very sad." He waited a moment as if to indicate sympathy, and then went back to his own troubles.

"I wonder what he did with the letters of mine that he had? You don't know of his leaving any word for me?" he asked.

"No, I don't. He had but a few minutes; he wanted to catch the five-twenty train — was obliged to, in fact, if he went last night. He locked his desk and I am afraid carried the key away with him, after giving me the papers that he said demanded immediate attention. He was so excited, you see, and in such haste. Is it something of importance, Mr. Curtiss?"

"It is a blunder on somebody's part," said Mr. Curtiss, referring again to the offending letter. "I supposed I was booked to lecture before the Deepwater literary association on the twentieth and have made all my arrangements to that effect; and this morning comes a letter from their secretary mentioning the twenty-first as the date."

"Ah!" said Mr. Chase, "that is rather awkward. And Henry has the correspondence in his hands? I see. Quite annoying. Still, the secretary of a literary society is likely to be correct, don't you think?"

"He ought to be, certainly," said Mr. Curtiss, with an attempt at a laugh; "but so ought I, and I supposed that I was."