

head of the department and offered to pay for the missing goods. He was told that the article was of less value than the principle involved; the matter could not be compromised that way.

Sunday morning he visited Miss Travis and found her much dejected at the prospect of a Police Court on the morrow. To cheer her, he said that there had been a blunder. He had picked up the wrong goods and pocketed them and would make restitution in the morning.

"Oh, you did! did you?" with some confusion; "it was for Aunt Delia; so you can make it right in the morning. Where is it?"

"I have it on now."

"Have it on? You won't improve your appearance if you wear it long," with a look of approval at his wealth of hair and whiskers.

"How should a scarf-pin not improve my appearance?"

"Scarf-pin? You're fibbing again; you didn't pick up anything; you are just trying to find out what it was, so as to go and confess and get yourself in trouble." And the little woman tried to look bright and cheery, but there were signs of rain.

When Edward Atkinson rose on Monday morning he found it chilly, and on leaving the house put on a light overcoat he had worn on Saturday, and, putting his hand in the pocket, came in contact with the package of his favorite bath soap that he had purchased at the big store. He pulled it out, and was surprised to find it bearing the name—

"Prof. Hermon's Hair Destroyer—guaranteed to remove all superfluous hair without injury to the most delicate skin!"

A light broke on Edward Atkinson, in which he saw himself to small advantage.

"Oh, you donkey, to make trouble for the dear girl this way; that is, if I guess right."

He made his way to the big store; sought out the manager of the department; from there was passed on to the "lost article" department, and there found a package of soap, such as he had purchased, the bill enclosed tallying with the sale made to him. He produced the hair destroyer, and after explanations and cross-questioning the whole matter was straightened out and the charge of theft withdrawn.

By 9.40 a.m. he was at Miss Travis' lodgings, and found her pale and nervous and dressed ready for the court. He had intended to make an elaborate speech and explanation, and to beg to be forgiven for his most egregious blunder, but at sight of her face all formalities were cut short.

Rushing up to her he put the packet in her hands, saying, "For Aunt Delia; I had it in my pocket all the time, and didn't know it. I couldn't help it; when you turned to get your purse I turned silly, and lifted the wrong packet. There, dear; don't cry; everything is arranged, and you don't have to go to that hateful court."

The strained nerves had broken down, and the brave little woman, heedless of rebellious hair tufts, was having a good cry, leaning on—what do you think?

An hour later they were walking down town, he conscious that every man they met would envy him, while she looked up with pride to her latest possession, that was also her counsellor, guide, consort, master, and slave.

"It was Aunt Delia that brought this about," said she.

"I'll pay for a whole case of the stuff for her if she wants it," said he.

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