

her. She had become a rare product even in the eyes of Belle Treherne, and more particularly her father, since the matter at the Tanks. Justine Caron was slyly besieged by the curious, but they went away empty; for Justine, if very simple and single-minded, was yet too much concerned for both Galt Roscoe and Mrs. Falchion to give the inquiring the slightest clue. She knew, indeed, little herself, whatever she may have guessed. As for Hungerford, he was dumb. He refused to consider the matter. But he roundly maintained once or twice, without any apparent relevance, that a woman was like a repeating decimal—you could follow her, but you never could reach her. He usually added to this,—‘*Minus one, Marmion,*’ meaning thus to exclude the girl who preferred him to any one else. When I ventured to suggest that Belle Treherne might also be excepted, he said, with maddening suggestion: ‘She lets Mrs. Falchion fool her, doesn’t she? And she isn’t quite sure the splendour of a medical professor’s position is superior to that of an author.’

In these moments, although I tried to smile on him, I hated him a little. I sought to revenge myself on him by telling him to help himself to a cigar, having first placed the box of *Mexicans*