

"Now you're quite extravagant, but you're very nice indeed," Mabel replied, and their car rolled up.

Next evening Mabel went with Bob to Wyndham's small house. Wyndham, looking pale and jaded, occupied an easy chair by the fire and Mabel ordered him not to get up.

"I have been to the office and all is going well," Marston remarked. "Next week you can come down for perhaps an hour a day. We won't need you longer and I mean to be firm. Nevis tells me he won't stay. I imagine he doesn't approve my methods, but I'd rather expected this and think I've got a better man."

"If you're satisfied ——" said Wyndham, smiling. "Since Nevis began at the office, I suppose you feel he belongs to the old state of things."

Marston looked half embarrassed, but nodded. "I did feel something like that. A new man is better when you make a fresh start on another line. However, I'm not going to bother about business; I've told you enough to put your mind at rest. There's something much more important, Mabel has agreed to marry me next month."

Flora kissed Mabel and for a time they engaged in happy talk. Then Marston got up.

"We are going to the drawing-room. It's a long time since I heard good music and Mabel said she'd play."

"I didn't know you liked music much, Bob," Flora remarked.

"All the same, I do like it," Marston rejoined. "It's true I've been to concerts that bored me; but all music's charming when Mabel plays."

Flora let them go and then looked at Wyndham. "A wedding present's the next thing, Harry, and it