

small tongue hanging inside the crinoline affixed by a piece of ribbon."

Sanctley turned the figure upside down.

"I see no place to affix the tongue and make it of use," he said.

"No," said Brough. "That one has not a place for the tongue. I would have cut it off at anyrate."

"Oh! It's not the only one, then," said Sanctley, setting it down. "I thought perhaps if it had not utility it had at least the value of being unique, and so possessed a monetar-r-ry value—for there are people, you know, Brough," he explained, "who buy things just because they're rar-r-re."

Perhaps Sanctley was really trying to pump Brough. I don't know. Certainly I am sure that the most brazen, direct, openly cross-questioning reporter of the W. D. & H. (or any other) offices, who carried into private life the inquisitorial manner, and turned conversation, even with friends and acquaintances, into a catechism, would not have cared to say to Brough, frankly and insolently: "Is she there as a symbol, or as portrait of some real woman?"

As a matter of fact there was a woman in it.

The lady for whose sake that five inches of fragile white statuette took on an additional lustre