

Schenectady. Not a word came in addition except "Hurrah!" added to the "She loves me" at Chicago.

"Hurrah!" cried Virginia.

"But wait," said Theodore, pulling her back to the perch from which she had sprung. "There are several stops before he gets to Mr. Waddy's—wait!"

"Heaven have mercy!" the next ran. "I thought it was all right. Again the fall-guy of destiny. I must go on a local train! All in the air again! Oh, that this too, too solid flesh might melt!"

On they went with the reading, and from one little Illinois town after another came the "She loves me" and "She loves me not" of the despairing Craighead. At last, there came from the town of the Slattery Institute a wail of defeat.

"She loves me not! The gods have done me dirt! Back to Chicago on the next train—and then the Rat Mort. I am still

"THE GREAT UNCALLED."

"Oh, the crazy fellow," Virginia cried, her eyes full of tears. "Can't we *do* something? That telegram came this morning. There must be time! Oh, he'll destroy his life—for a whim!"

"They's anothah done come sence den," said Chloe. "The boy jest done gone when you come. Hyah it is!"

They were enormously wrought up in opening it.