

time to confess that I wrote to H. H. a few days ago. Fortunately he had started for London before receiving the letter (has not seen it yet), so there is nothing for you to get angry at a doting uncle about. He tells me that never a scratch of a pen has he received from you, since the beginning of your misunderstanding. He means to call on you to-morrow, at the informal hour of ten in the morning. His happiness is all in your hands.

“Your loving Uncle.”

Anderson's communication, — a hopeless scrawl, in which he said that Hemming was in town, and that he himself was going to France for a little while — only interested her in that it proved to be a key to her lover's message. Presently she glanced up at the clock. “Within half an hour,” she cried, softly, and, gathering together her papers, she left the room.

Of course Hemming was twenty minutes ahead of time. Mr. Pollin might have known that, under the circumstances, a lover always allows thirty minutes for a ten-minute cab-drive. Unfortunately, Mr. Pollin, though an estimable man in a hundred ways, did not know everything about a lover. He had very seldom been one himself, even of the mildest type. So when Hemming, short of breath, glori-