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to His Majesty the King

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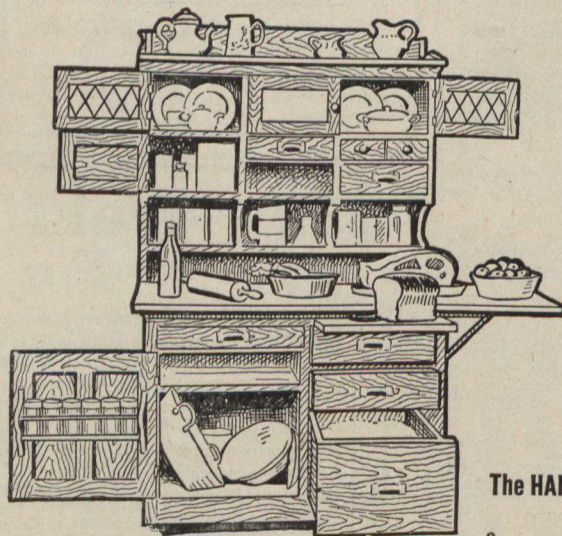
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CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

"Mrs. Matheson told me you could drive."

Margaret said nothing.

"But I think," reflectively, "I would have risked it anyway."

Margaret was still silent.

"You see," he continued, "we couldn't come to grief very seriously in all this snow and the cold air was bound to fix me up before long. Besides—"

"You don't need to justify yourself." Margaret's voice was softer than usual and her face was turned away. "I think it was nice of you."

"Do you know," said Peter after a pause, "do you know how you feel when you lose something valuable, that cannot be replaced?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have had a narrow escape of feeling just like that. If I had lost this drive I would have wanted to spoil the face of the universe."

Margaret laughed. She had succeeded, by dint of firm and trained handling, in stopping the rush of the horses, who had now settled into a swift and even running.

"Aren't we going awfully fast?" inquired Peter innocently.

"As you have been ill," said Margaret, "we must get you home as quickly as possible."

"Oh, yes—but don't you think the bumping will have a bad effect on my head?"

"I don't think so."

"Oh, but it isn't *your* head. I ought to know. Please, please go slower."

Peter closed his eyes with an expression of acute distress. Margaret pulled up the horses.

"Mr. Rutherford," said she soberly, "tell me what was the matter."

"Why, nothing very much, a temporary cessation of mental activity."

"You don't look," she said thoughtfully, "like a person subject to fainting fits."

"Appearances," said Rutherford, "are deceitful."

"Not often," calmly. "Did you ever faint before?"

"Well, I—I had convulsions once."

"What caused the convulsions?"

"Well, they *said* it was teeth, but I don't distinctly remember."

"Then you never fainted in your life before?"

"Oh, come now, you don't expect me to own up to a thing like that, Miss Manners? It's my turn to question, anyway. How did you know that I had been ill? I told that idiot Clarke not to tell."

"I did not hear it from Mr. Clarke. Mr. Klein told me."

Rutherford stifled an impolite exclamation.

"And," continued Margaret, "if you told Mr. Clarke not to tell I am quite sure that he did not tell Mr. Klein. Query, how did Mr. Klein know?"

"It doesn't make much difference, does it?"

"You know it does," angrily. "Do you think I'm a child? I *know* he made you ill so that he might drive me home. And if he did that—what wouldn't he do?"

"My dear Miss Manners, your imagination—"

"Don't!" interrupted Margaret, sharply.

"Well, I won't. I see it's no use. But really, speaking quite seriously—what could he possibly have done?"

"I don't know. There was the coffee."

"But everyone had coffee."

"He handed you your cup and he brought it in himself from the kitchen. I remember seeing him."

"He brought your coffee too."

"Well, he didn't want to make me ill."

TO BE CONTINUED.