

Their merriment was momentarily interrupted by the arrival of a lettergram; and a dramatic hush prevailed while Ed was reading it. But drama turned to comedy, when he re-read the message aloud: "Louise suggests that we buy your lots for our son. By the time he is old enough to build on them they will be worth something. I offer you what you paid—and do it by telegram because I'm in a hurry to know. Regards to your new wife, and congratulations.

"BOB SCOTT."

Other congratulations followed.

By and by the author looked up from his chocolate with a smile that contrasted strongly with the usually pensive expression of his face.

"Mr. Gray," he said, "you might wire your friend that I have a little property myself to dispose of—out in B. C."

"The stuff you got sixty thousand for?"

"Exactly. It still stands,—I might say stands still, at the original figure; two hundred and forty, ten down and the balance perhaps. But I insist on Eastern money, although the price I quote is Western valuation."

Comparisons between East and West never failed to interest Gray Sr.