

MILDRED THROWS DOWN THE GLOVE

and though he never mentions her directly we can tell he's just crazy about Miss Henderson. I wouldn't like a man to be crazy like that about me. I'd be sorry if any man was ever crazy about me. I said what I did to hint to her that she might play the game with him. I believe he's made up his mind to ride up in one of the buckets."

"Never!" exclaimed Miss Walters.

"He's a queer man," said Nance, opening her eyes very wide, and delivering upon them a slow nod in a way she had.

"Well, what about us going also?" suggested Webley.

"Up in a bucket?" Mrs. Webley exclaimed.

"No—no. Home."

"Oh, no—you stay," said Sam. "These people have only interrupted, that's all."

Timpkin winked at his wife.

"Yes—you stay," she urged. "I told Tom to see about rustling some supper."

Tom, as if conjured up, appeared behind them.

"I make suppah," he said. "Vely good. I hustle suppah. You all stop, eh? How many now?"

"There's an invitation," said Mrs. Timpkin.

"You'll have to stay, to please Tom."

So they stayed. And it was wondrously and largely peaceful after their neighbour's party had withdrawn, and the aura, or whatever you may call it, left behind by that mixed crowd had evaporated. Nervous uncertainties in relationship, or attitude, were all gone. The polished