

Miss Onderdonk wrote the name in her memorandum book. "This is too fascinating! And think of it having been started in my old rooms. That will make me enjoy it all the more. I'll get it at the hotel and read it on the ship."

"Do you remember Fergus, Mr. Cross's man?" Mrs. Murray asked easily.

"Yes, I saw him — a big, honest-looking fellow."

"Well, he's now high muck-a-muck out on the ranch. He writes to me sometimes and gets me to send him a certain kind of tobacco and detective stories — the last one was 'The Burglar's Fate, or The Secret of the Burning Barn.'" She gave a patronizing, good-humored sniff. "I sort of got a little *mashed* on him once, Miss Onderdonk. How funny that is, as I look back. Dear Fergus, he seems so crude to me now, after the French!"

Their talk changed to Miss Onderdonk's plans. Mrs. Murray became excited when she heard she was to be away a year and spend the following summer in London. "Then maybe some day on Bond Street you'll run into Mrs. Cross," she cried. "And she's such a simple, unaffected dear, I bet she'd tuck you under her arm and whirl you off to have tea with her in one of those darling tea shops."

"Naturally, they'll often want to see London in the season."