

"I thought—I don't know——" murmured Coke in confusion.

Nora became suddenly business-like. "But how do you know? Are you sure? Who told you? Anyhow, stay to luncheon. Do—like a good boy. Oh, you must."

Coke dropped again into his chair. He studied her some wonder. "I thought you'd be surprised," he said, ingenuously.

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, you see I'm not. And now tell me all about it."

"There's really nothing to tell but the plain fact. Some of the boys dropped in at the minister's rooms a little while ago, and he told them of it. That's all."

"Well, how did he know?"

"I am sure I can't tell you. Got it first hand, I suppose. He likes Coleman, and Coleman is always hanging up there."

"Oh, perhaps Coleman was lying," said Nora easily. Then suddenly her face brightened and she spoke with animation. "Oh, I haven't told you how my little Greek officer has turned out. Have I? No? Well, it is simply lovely. Do you know, he belongs to one of the best families in Athens? He does. And they're rich—rich as can be. My courier tells me that the marble palace where they live is enough to blind you, and that if titles hadn't gone out of