

"The loss of the will matters not to you, Miss Chaffers? You have still those three hundred pounds a year, dear one?"

She nodded assent.

"La, Mr. Sycamore! Be careful, do; they'll hear you," she cautioned, giggling. "How long since you called at Brandon Hall!"

A slight constraint that had been perceptible in the clerk's manner vanished completely at the reassuring news about Miss Chaffers' income.

"I'll call to-morrow, and the next day! I'll call whensoe'er I may—*Selina!*" he declared, ardently.

"La, how awful!" simpered the lady, coquettishly. "I mean—oh, you naughty men! A girl scarce knows what to do to escape you!"

The bobbing feathers in her turban sadly interfered with Sycamore's attempts to bend gallantly over Miss Chaffers, and his efforts