



"Why, Miss Hunt!" retorted the small woman, disapprovingly. "You know! I wanted to walk home with her."

"And won't I do—to-day?"

"Well, I like you next best," Jane admitted grudgingly. "But you're not going my way, are you?"

"Perhaps I am, to-day. Mrs. Fitzgerald has asked me to dinner, you see."

"O—h!"

Owen Crawford read envy in the sharp-drawn monosyllable, and felt sorry that he had spoken.

"Perhaps, if you're good, Miss Marjorie will come to see you this afternoon sometime."

"Miss Marjorie! Is that what you call her?"—still enviously.

"Well, I haven't—yet," he laughed. "Do you think she would mind the familiarity?"

Jane shook her head indignantly. "Not a bit of it! Why, I asked her her age once, quick as a wink, and she looked at me straight out of her brown eyes, and said, 'Twenty-five'—just like that!"

"Twenty-five," Owen Crawford repeated musingly. And Jane, looking up at him sidewise out of her sharp blue eyes, wondered why he looked so far away, and what he was thinking of that "twenty-five" made his gray eyes shine so.

