

FOR MAINIE'S SAKE

in mute attention as she read it through, standing close beside him.

Mainie laid down the paper on the table with tears in her eyes.

"Poor Sydney," she said meditatively, "poor, dear, good, un-
lucky Sydney! He did it for my sake, you see, Jocelyn! Do you
know, Adrian, I do really believe that poor, dear Sydney was after
all extremely fond of me."

THE END.