

"Thank you. Then you did not propose to Mar—to Miss Howard?"

"Now, you touch upon a sore spot, Renmark, that I am trying to forget. You remember the unfortunate toss-up; in fact, I think you referred to it a moment ago, and you were justly indignant about it at the time. Well, I don't care to talk much about the sequel; but, as you know the beginning, you will have to know the end, because I want to wring a sacred promise from you. You are never to mention this episode of the toss-up, or of my confession, to any living soul. The telling of it might do harm, and it couldn't possibly do any good. Will you promise?"

"Certainly. But do not tell me unless you wish to."

"I don't exactly yearn to talk about it, but it is better you should understand how the land lies, so you won't make any mistake. Not on *my* account, you know, but I would not like it to come to Kitty's ears. Yes, I proposed to Margaret—first. She wouldn't look at me. Can you credit that?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I——"

"Exactly. I see you *can* credit it. Well, I couldn't at first; but Margaret knows her own mind, there's no question about *that*. Say! she's in love with some other fellow. I found out that much."

"You asked her, I presume."

"Well, it's my profession to find out things; and, naturally, if I do that for my paper, it is not likely I am going to be behindhand when it comes to my