

there with your hat on as though the place belonged to you!"

Burton was a little taken aback. He recovered himself, however, secure in the splendid consciousness of his irreproachable clothes and the waiting motor-car. He threw open the door of the parlor.

"Step this way a moment, Ellen," he said.

She followed him reluctantly into the room. He put his hand upon her shoulder to lead her to the window. She shook herself free at once.

"Hands off!" she ordered. "What is it you want?"

He pointed out of the window to the magnificent memorial of his success. She looked at it disparagingly.

"What's that? Your taxicab?" she asked. "What did you keep him for? You can get another one at the corner."

Burton gasped.

"Taxicab!" he exclaimed. "Taxicab, indeed! Look at it again. That's a motor-car — my own motor-car. Do you hear that? Bought and paid for!"

"Well, run away and play with it, then!" she retorted, turning as though to leave the room. "I don't want you fooling about here. I'm just getting Alfred's supper."

Burton dropped his cigar upon the carpet. Even