

her to the drawing-room door, where Hartley Wiggins was waiting.

Miss Octavia had risen when I returned to the library, and it was time to dress for dinner.

"Just a moment, Miss Hollister. Something of great interest is about to occur;" and I made excuses for detaining her for perhaps five minutes, — not more.

"You have never yet deceived me, Arnold Ames, and such is my confidence in you that if you tell me that something interesting will soon occur, I have no reason to doubt you. It is worth remembering, however, that fowl is not improved by prolonged roasting."

I heard Wiggins laugh in the hall, and Miss Octavia raised her head. Then Cecilia came into the room, and walked directly to her aunt.

"Aunt Octavia, here is the little silver notebook you gave me in Paris; I have just written Mr. Wiggins's name in it, and as I have no further use for the book, I return it with my love and thanks."

Without a word, Miss Octavia turned to the wall and pressed the button twice.

"William," she said as the butler appeared, "you may serve Oriana '97, and be careful not to freeze it to death; and the hour for dinner is changed to eight. Arnold, you may yourself