

The other gripped his hand.

"It's all right, my boy—it's all right. I'm on my feet again. I never had a ghost of a chance. But if you had been anything less than you are, I believe I should have killed you. I tell you, it is a tribute to your worth that you are alive to-day!"

"Those lilies, those pure, sweet lilies of the valley, always and for ever lying among my regal chrysanthemums on her table—so you are the man who sent them! Oh, the black fits of jealousy they gave me!"

"Every day as I passed the florists'," said Sales, "they stood in the window, and her face peeped out from them, as plainly as I saw it a moment ago. I had to send them. You would not deny me that much."

"Come down to the ice," said Webb, trying to draw him away from work.

"Thank you. I believe I shall," said Sales, following with his eyes the group of girls who were just turning the corner.

"Going skating?" Pat had called, dancing into the midst of the girls.

"I suppose so," responded Margaret May, dull and listless as ever. "Nothing else to do."

"Have you learned to go alone yet?"

"No. My ankles pain too badly to try. I generally stand and watch."