

discretion. She was dazzled by Semore's wealth but wary of his tight-fistedness. She realized that a wealthy husband is an asset only when his wealth circulates out as well as in.

Vistar had a sneaking desire to marry Semore. More than once she had been tempted to take a chance: not because he had awakened in her maid-only breast any grand passion but because he had the wherewithal to insure her physical comfort to the end of her days — provided he would. But she was afraid that after the rose-and-rapture period of the honeymoon she would find herself still engaged as maid-of-all-work at some fashionable South Highlands home with part of her weekly earnings swelling the considerable Mashby fortune.

"If'n I ev' seen that man speu' a dollar where they wa'n't th'ee dollars comin' back to him, I'd marry him quick," she had informed her best friend more than once, "but I is skeered to take chanests. Semore ain't even a member of the Over The River Buryin' Sassiety — 'cause even if it on'y costs ten cents a week he'd have to be daid to c'lect an' that ain't his way of doin' business."

However, the delicious Vistar was too adroit to let Semore go entirely. For a year she had kept him dangling disgruntledly. For a year his passion for her had mounted in inverse ratio to her unattainability. His shiny, russet-black suit — flapping about the skinny, angular frame like the clipped wings of a bald-headed buzzard trying to take flight, served as a warning. If he wouldn't buy himself a new suit it was self-evident that he would be chary of expending real money for wifely raiment. And fine clothes were as necessary to