

and Wilson's eyes met the sparkling eyes of the girl.

MacMichael looked at his daughter.

"Well, Gertie," he said, "what do you think of all this." The girl laughed.

"This is the complication I told you about," she said.

"It is, is it! and how did you know?"

"Oh! intuition," she laughed. "I put two and two together and made five, when you would have made four. I added one of my own, you see, and in this case five happened to be right."

"You weren't told?" he asked, looking suspiciously at Wilson.

"No! on my honour!" and the girl thumped the place over her heart with a sonorous bump.

"How long, please, has what you call your intuition been good enough to let you know about this business?"

"I didn't know; I only suspected."

"How long have you suspected?"

"Oh! two or three days, that is all. Only since we met the *Walrus*."

"Hmni!" grunted MacMichael, "women are a queer lot. There are times and things at which the best and sharpest of them are remarkable for nothing but their thundering stupidity, and then again, sometimes they know things, and you don't know how they find them out. They're a queer lot, but