

the professor, with a display of valour, but really with much trepidation.

"She is a hussy," responded Mrs. Wainwright with energy. "Her conversation in the carriage on the way down to Agrinion sickened me!"

"I really believe that her plan was simply to break everything off between Marjory and Coleman," said the professor, "and I don't believe she had any grounds for all that appearance of owning Coleman and the rest of it."

"Of course she didn't," assented Mrs. Wainwright. "The vicious thing!"

"On the other hand," said the professor, "there might be some truth in it."

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Wainwright seriously. "I don't believe a word of it."

"You do not mean to say that you think Coleman a model man?" demanded the professor.

"Not at all! Not at all!" she hastily answered. "But \* \* one doesn't look for model men these days."

"Who told you he made fifteen thousand a year?" asked the professor.

"It was Peter Tounley this morning. We were talking upstairs after breakfast, and he remarked that he if could make fifteen thousand a year like Coleman, he'd—I've forgotten what—some fanciful thing."

"I doubt if it is true," muttered the old man wagging his head.