

We went up, and after waiting about ten minutes I persuaded Mr. Hamilton to let me pour out his tea. And almost immediately Elizabeth joined us. Her face was flushed, and I saw that she was a little excited.

"Oh, Keith, I am so glad you are in," she cried. "That's poor Jeanie Falconer—Mrs. Tom Gilchrist really; he did marry her after all."

"And what's she doing here, then?" asked Mr. Hamilton, with all a man's abruptness. "A wife ought to stop with her husband. Isn't that your creed, wife?"

"Yes, other things being equal," replied Elizabeth, with a significant smile.

"Well, what's gone wrong? Were you going to tell us?"

"In a minute. They've married in haste and they're repenting at leisure, apparently. Poor Jeanie overheard him telling an artist friend that his marriage had been a frightful mistake, and the poor little thing acted on her first impulse to run home to her mother. And they wouldn't take her in."

"Wouldn't they? Well, it was a blow to them. Poor old Falconer has never held up his head in kirk or market since."