

The Career of Mrs. Osborne

self, "Miles in London! And I'm here, dead and buried—and married to a Wilton!" She wished wildly that she had married a duke or a Vanderbilt, to be able to meet Miles Van Ingen and tell him so.

She remembered the last time she had seen him. It was at church, the evening service. She could see now that country choir, the ghostly purples and pinks of the east window against the dying light outside. It was a queer way to remember Van Ingen, but it was true; just as the walk home afterward was true, and the good-bye under the big hornbeam by the gate he had been forbidden to enter. He had had no money, no more had she—of course it had been good-bye; he was not the sort of man to ask a girl to marry him and exist in a two-by-four house in Brooklyn. But there was money now, hers as well as his; and—her thoughts crowded so that she could not think. Her eyes fell on a paragraph below the one she had been reading.

Mrs. George Wilton clutched the paper tight to a leaping heart, stared at her own face in the glass and turned from absolutely white to scar-