

after that horrible journey—that horrible journey. Dear, dear! Nothing will ever induce me to leave London, New York and Paris. I am at home there. But here! Why, it is worse than living in Brooklyn. And that journey into the wilds! No, no; not for me!”

“I suppose we’ll all be glad to get home,” said Coke, aimlessly.

At the moment a waiter entered the room and began to lay the table for luncheon. He kept open the door to the corridor, and he had the luncheon at a point just outside the door. His excursions to the trays were flying ones, so that, as far as Coke’s purpose was concerned, the waiter was always in the room. Moreover, Coke was obliged, naturally, to depart at once. He had bungled everything.

As he arose he whispered hastily: “Does this waiter understand English?”

“Yes,” answered Nora. “Why?”

“Because I have something to tell you—important.”

“What is it?” whispered Nora, eagerly.

He leaned toward her and replied: “Marjory Wainwright and Coleman are engaged.”

To his unfeigned astonishment, Nora Black burst into peals of silvery laughter. “Oh, indeed? And so this is your tragic story, poor, innocent lambkin? And what did you expect? That I would faint?”