

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

me. Mrs. Langdon flung herself on my dear lady's shoulder without warning and burst into sobs.

"Heavens, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. DeWynt. "What is the matter?"

"They're married!" shrieked Mrs. Langdon. "They are married!"

"Who is married?" demanded Mrs. DeWynt. "Who is married—when?"

"They are, of course—Marjorie and St. Johns!" wailed Mrs. Langdon. "This afternoon; at East Hampton! They rode over on their horses!"

Mrs. DeWynt sat down heavily.

"Marjorie!" said she. "But then she can't marry Captain Tugwell!"

"What do I care about Captain Tugwell?" cried Mrs. Langdon. "Oh! St. Johns—you faithless creature! And I gave him that very horse! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Better call up your lawyer and stop your divorce," advised Mrs. DeWynt tersely. "Then send a groom round for the horse in the morning."

Abruptly she turned to me.