

evening Aubrey felt more overwhelmed than any good advertising man is accustomed to feel. He tried to express his delight, and then added:

"I think it's my turn to propose a toast. I give you the health of Mr. and Mrs. Mifflin, and their Haunted Bookshop, the place where I first—I first——"

His courage failed him, and he concluded, "First learned the meaning of literature."

"Suppose we adjourn to the den," said Helen. "We have so many delightful things to look over, and I know Roger wants to tell you and about the improvements he is planning for the shop."

Aubrey lingered to be the last, and it is to be conjectured that Titania did not drop her handkerchief merely by accident. The others had already crossed the hall into the living room.

Their eyes met, and Aubrey could feel himself drowned in her steady, honest gaze. He was tortured by the bliss of being so near her, and alone. The rest of the world seemed to shred away and leave them standing in that little island of light where the tablecloth gleamed under the lamp.

In his hand he clutched the precious book. Out of all the thousand things he thought, there was only one he dared to say.