

urge to propose to her, but before he had secured sufficient courage, he had been transferred to a branch office in Cuba.

That was forty years ago, and Mrs. Wamboldt had never heard of him since. "Distance had lent enchantment" to some other girl, so at least she thought. But Zek had not forgotten Plympton's black-eyed Betty. He was back in Ontario and had learned from friends that she was now a widow. "Should she let him come to visit her as he had asked?" The old fondness for him returned with amazing vigor. A dust-covered photo was unearthed from its resting place in the truck room. "Yes, she would invite him to be her guest for a couple of days." She wrote and expressed plainly her pleasure at his proposed visit.

The day for his coming had arrived. The "Limited" was due in two minutes. Fifteen minutes waiting at the station had seemed an age to both Wray and her mother. Mrs. Wamboldt was an extraordinarily young-looking woman, and the faint flush of excitement which glowed in her cheeks made her appear unusually youthful to-day.

At last the train arrived. A gentleman stepped off near where Wray and her mother were standing. His clothes were rather coarse, his hair untidy, and he was in pressing need of a shave.

"Mr. Mader?" inquired Mrs. Wamboldt, somehow recognizing him. "I am Mrs. Wamboldt."

"Hello!" he greeted her, and returned to the train.

"Mercy, there must be a mistake," sighed Mrs. Wamboldt, "though his unkempt appearance may be the result of his long trip on the train. I hope so, I am sure."

"Well, it's me for the office, mother," called Wray over her shoulder as she ran down the platform, leaving her mother to look after Zek, who soon reappeared, this time carrying a badly battered suit case and a small bundle wrapped in a very large red bandana handkerchief.

Mrs. Wamboldt's heart sank and slowed its beating. She forced a smile, however, and led her guest to the taxi which was waiting for them.