

a queer dancing light had come into Della's gold-flecked eyes. They danced nervously as if there was a something preying behind them.

Two days later Mr. Martin arrived. We saw his monstrous face filling the window of the taxi. Della clapped her hands, then sat back composedly, and waited for his appearance.

He came bouncing up the steps, carrying golf equipment and innumerable club-bags.

"Ho, ho," he puffed, "the call of the wild was too strong for me. When I thought of you enjoying your Canadian solitudes, I had to pack up my things and come along. Pretty state of affairs for an old bachelor to be in, eh, Miss Della!"

I thought she would say something of his not being too old but she merely said, "Yes," in her cold, beautiful voice.

The old duffer pulled a package from his coat, then, and there was a bangle for her. She accepted it as due a sovereign, and consented to go to the Bluff with him that afternoon.

I accompanied them, that is Roger and I. Old Mr. Martin looked at us malevolently so we kept our distance. All the same, I heard a good proportion of the proposal. It was rather disgusting. He offered her houses and cars, and diamonds but she only said, "I cannot give you an answer now, dear Mr. Martin, for my other friend has also asked me to marry him. However, dear Mr. Martin, I'll try to let you both know soon."

Like a business proposition, wasn't it? I nearly let Roger go over the cliff when I heard it, and I was quite sorry that I hadn't. Della came out from behind the great rock with that elusive light in her eyes, while Mr. Martin looked like an immense, wounded baby. I felt sorry for him.

Of course, I wasn't very much surprised when Brigandi appeared on the scene in a few days' time. He was pretty, Brigandi was, in his camping outfit. I detest the word but it so aptly applied to him—pretty John Brigandi.

He explained his arrival. "The season was over, Della, and as I was feeling a bit jaded, I knew that the forest would soon revive me. What jolly company! Mr. Martin and your other friend."