

fore attempting reconciliation with his fiancée. Accordingly, the next morning he requested an interview with Jeremy Briggs, the head of the corporation in which he occupied the post of assistant cashier.

"Mr. Briggs," he began, "I wish to apply for an increase in salary, to take effect immediately. I am to be married shortly, and I find twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week insufficient to support a wife."

Mr. Briggs spun round in his chair, his eyebrows lifted.

"How much did you say you receive?" he asked.

"Twenty-two fifty," faltered Allan.

"Weekly or monthly, Mr. Fielding?"

"Weekly, sir," replied the other, allowing a diplomatic smile to hover over his features.

"I did not know that, Mr. Fielding," replied Mr. Briggs. "I thought your salary was eighteen dollars. I should, perhaps, have been willing to increase it to twenty, but—no, Mr. Fielding what you ask is impossible. Good morning, sir." And he returned to his papers, while Allan, too discomposed to utter the words which he had prepared for just such a contingency, retired to his work.

All was over, then. He must relinquish Lavinia and devote himself humbly to his firm's interests. He knew that the ultimate prospects were good; he was in line for promotion; he was too wise to carry out the threat he

had made. But till these prospects materialized he dared not ask Lavinia to be his wife. That evening, seated at the table in his little room, he wrote two letters. One was to Mr. Briggs, apologizing for his action. "I very much regret that we failed to reach a satisfactory understanding this afternoon," he wrote. "I hope you will forgive the unreasonable nature of my request and disregard the incident." The other was to Lavinia. In this he passionately announced at once his love and his determination, with the secret, unwritten reservation that he would some day return to claim her.

Then he went moodily to bed.

He knew Lavinia's stubbornness and pride. He knew that she would never be the first to make advances to him again. The dawn broke, and he rose, after a sleepless night, ready for the new life to which he had pledged himself—a life of renunciation and labor. The sun was warm, the air fresh and ozone-laden from a sea breeze. All nature was smiling that fair October morning, and Allan's spirits went bounding up again. Only yesterday all had been well. What an ass he had made of himself—what an incomparable ass! If only he had thought things over! Now he had injured his prospects of advancement and lost the girl whom he adored.

"Mr. Briggs wishes to see you in his office at once, Mr. Fielding," announced the office boy, as soon as he had taken his seat.