

her to see us," said the rich man's wife as they parted.

II.

Leila Evans' beauty and copper hair was the sensation of Mrs. Van Trevor's afternoon. The girl had been married six months. She had run away from a wealthy home in Cardiff to go to America with the little Welshman. Those six months had been of unmitigated hardship. Her illusions of happiness in the new world were shattered. She loved her husband but she hated the sordid barrenness of life in furnished lodgings. The visit to the Van Trevors had opened up a new vista of life for her.

She clung to Evans' arm as they left the house together.

"Dear," she said, "Mrs. Van Trevor had asked me to come to the house every day to act as her secretary. What do you think of it? She is going to pay me \$25 a week!"

Evans was overcome by emotion. "They are splendid people, Leila," he said. "Who would have thought we should find such good friends in New York? It looks like a prosperous future for us, doesn't it, dear?"

He held her tightly as they went down the street together. A radiant vision of the future danced before them. Together they were earning \$65 a week. Evans could go through the seminary without the degradation of menial labor, graduating, perhaps, to take a well-paying church in the metropolis through Van Trevor's influence.

Elsie Van Trevor and her husband sat together in their drawing-room after the guests had gone.

"What do you think of them?" asked Van Trevor.

"She's dear," said Elsie. "She's too good for that little shrimp. Too good altogether."

"Poor little devil!" said Van Trevor. "He told me he's saving up for an operation on his ear. He says it's likely to prove serious some day if he does not have it done."

"She's too good for him," his wife repeated, following her train of thought. "I don't see how she came to marry him. If I have any chance I'm going to open her eyes. Why he isn't even a gentleman, dear."

III.

Elsie Van Trevor had gone to their bungalow at the seashore and taken her secretary with her. The little Welshman was cataloguing the books in the library alone.

He missed his wife greatly. It was their first separation. Somehow, he felt that Mrs. Van Trevor's sudden friendship for Leila boded ill for them both. But Leila had been crazy to go; there were to be house parties and all sorts of gaiety and later Evans was to be invited for a day or two.

Somewhere a bell had been ringing furiously all the morning. The little Welshman wondered where it could be. He threw up the window and looked out. Suddenly a violent pain shot through his head as if a knife had pierced him. The bell was in his own head. And the pain was stabbing without cessation.

He screamed with the agony of it. He tried to stagger across the room, collapsed and moaned upon the floor. He saw Van Trevor standing over him, a look of fear in his eyes. Then through a period of unconsciousness he grew to a dim realization of the jolting ambulance, the hospital, the white-capped nurses, and the sickening stench of the ether cone.

He opened his eyes to find himself in a bed in the hospital. His head was swathed in bandages.

"You'll do finely now," the nurse said, and he opened his eyes a second time to see Van Trevor at his side.

"How are you, my dear chap?" he asked. "By George, that was touch and go, but the surgeon says you're all right now."

"You haven't told my wife?" asked Evans weakly.