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By E. Phillips

Author of 'The Yellow Crayon Etc.'

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CHAPTER XXXVII—Continued

"ANGELA," he said, "Mr. Ducaine is here. You can speak with him if you will, but it must be in my presence. You must not think that I do not trust you—both of you. But I owe this condition to your father."

where quite close at hand. The lights had been extinguished, but it was there waiting. I did not hesitate any longer. I kept on the turf by the side of the avenue and made my way up to the house.

Then I heard a little cry from the woman who had been standing a few feet off. In the struggle I had lost my cap, and a faint watery moon, half hidden by a ragged bank of black clouds, was shining weakly down upon us.

"They are not my concern," I answered coldly. She looked over her shoulder. "If I," she said, "were as unwavering in my duty as you I should call Jean back."

"Certainly, your Grace," she said. "I am going for a little time out of my room, but I will return this note to you as soon as I can."

truth even then, I think, had dawned upon her. We must have gone a mile before we came in sight of him. He was strolling along, only dimly visible in the gathering twilight, still apparently smoking, and with a woman's arm tucked under his arm.

some decent fellows or blackguards. Some natures are more complex than others, of course—that only means that the weighing up of the good and evil in them is a more difficult matter. There are experts who can tell you the weight of a haystack by looking at it, and there are others who are able at Christmas time to indulge in an unquenchable thirst by accurately computing the weight, down to ounces, of the pig or turkey ruffed for at their favorite public house.

Forget Homes Turned to Ashes! Remember Policies That Turned to Money!

so that I should avoid all risk of meeting any one, and followed the wire fencing which divided the park from the belt of fir trees bordering the road. I walked for a few hundred yards, and then stopped short.

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World's Greatest Streets

of the desert, tales from 'The Arabian Nights' or passages from the Koran—are all intensely interesting to the unsophisticated wanderer from the Western world.

Calla San Francisco of Mexico City, with its brilliant crowds, its gorgeous palaces, its splendid churches, and the quaint dark-arcaded passages of Guanajuato, that marvelous Mexican mining city of the north; while in classic Athens—distressingly modern though it be, with its buzzing trolley cars and electric lights—we may look with absorbing interest upon many a glittering pageant of the Greek church, when the streets are filled with chanting priests in their most gorgeous vestments, attended by red-robed acolytes with smoking censers, and thousands of strangely devout modern Greeks bearing lighted candles in their hands.

found your impudence! Haven't I moral support of the passengers was no longer with him, and even a member of the Straphangers' League cannot go far without moral support.

persuades some woman unconsciously to pay for the graceless urchin on the platform, or maybe he forgets all about the diminutive passenger, or maybe he thinks the game not worth the candle.

man limped aboard and began dusting his feet. Then the conductor, returned from the front of the car.

"Fare, please!" he demanded, stepping out on the rear platform.

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And so, with happiest memories, we bid farewell to the world's most beautiful thoroughfare, the Grand Canal.