

Sheila put the photograph down and turned away from her mirror and sighed.

"Poor Phil!" she said.

Even with the happiness of the expected meeting, Sheila could not help being sorry for Philip Druce. He had loved her for five years back in the old country, and he had been so tender and loyal and good to her. When she told him about Thomas Shane and her unalterable loyalty to him, it nearly broke their hearts.

"But I shall love you just the same, Sheila," Philip had said. And he had continued to care for her and to give her those loving attentions which her heart naturally craved. When at last Sheila told Phil that she was about to leave for America, he had wanted to accompany her, "in case," as he said, "something goes wrong. You never can tell, Sheila."

Sheila took that to be a reflection on Thomas Shane, and was angry with him for nearly five minutes—the longest period that she was ever angry with anybody. Then she laughed and forgave him, and, seeing that she would never meet him again, she gave him—well, it was the first kiss she had ever given anybody since Thomas sailed from Queenstown.

And here Sheila was in New York harbor, with the Statue of Liberty in front of her and the huge office buildings of lower Manhattan looming up like giants out of the mist.

Sheila knew that Thomas

Shane was to be found at a certain number on Third avenue. She did not know whether he lived there or merely had his office in that building, but anyway it did not matter, because she was going to pay him a surprise visit and all their troubles would be over. As she took her seat in the Third avenue elevated train, clutching tightly the purse with the money—nearly fifteen hundred dollars in bills, and almost rupturing the leather receptacle in which they bulged—her heart kept giving little leaps of gladness. And when at last she descended and saw the building in which Thomas was surely at work—for it was a sort of hall, with offices rented above—she was so dizzy from excitement that she could hardly stir.

But presently she summoned her courage and went in. Sheila did not like the place. To begin with, it was a political club, and rough-looking men in shirt sleeves were lounging about the entrance, and they eyed her in a manner that made her uncomfortable. And then the whole place reeked with stale tobacco smoke, and it was dirty and unswept. But the rough men answered her courteously enough when Sheila asked for Mr. Shane, and their faces brightened at the sound of her pretty Irish accent.

"Tom Shane, Miss? Sure, you'll find him in his office through that door," said one of the men.

Sheila hesitated, for men were coming and going through the