kept on writing to him, in the same, clear, flowing hand that had penned the fateful confession of her love for another, begging him to let her know the reason for his continued silence.

Tom, his chum, wrote him that Madge looked ill.

"She's awfully close," Tom went on. "Won't give us a squint at your letters, though I know she gets one per, if not oftener. To write her a love song that often, with all the business you're sending in, you can't be hitting the feathers at all. Write her to be less close, for we're all agog to know how you are wrestling orders from the populace as you are. But, honest, boy, Madge is looking badly. I think she's crying all night long. Better blow in and try a little consolation, or someone else may. I'd like to, but I'm true blue where my friends are concerned, and so I won't ring in any of the comfort dope until I'm sure you're going to stay away forever and a day; but in case you do—well, I'll not let the grass grow under my feet. Madge is a dear girl."

Jack groaned as he read the friendly words, and knew that in between the lines was a hint that all was not well.

Things looked black to him, although he had made such a success in a business way that the office sent for him to come home and make a cotnract with the firm, and although he would have rather remained away forever, Jack obeyed, and once more found himself in the same city with Madge.

Being a salesman now, he managed to have his interview with the manager without going out among his old associates, and so avoided Madge, although a sight of her sunny hair through the open doorway turned him sick at heart. As soon as matters were settled he made his escape, although he knew that on the morrow he would have to meet the others, Madge among them, and receive their congratulations.

His business outlook was extremely bright, much better than he had dared to dream of for years to come, and yet it was a very heavy heart that he carried with him into the little motion picture theater, where he sought a few moments of relaxation later on in the evening. He and Madge had often gone there in the days when he believed in her, and it was with the hope of seeing her at a great distance, and if possible discovering the identity of the hated Ted, that he went.

Wearily he made his way to the corner seat in the box where they had always sat. The house was lighted up, and he was conspicuous as he sat there, but he did not pay any attention to the audience after a sweeping glance over it had told him that Madge was not there.

Without interest, he gazed at a thrilling Indian story, not caring in the least if every white settler on the film was wiped out by the bloodthirsty savages. What was the misery of people long gone, if indeed they ever existed,