

ner, slipped on a patch of icy snow and fell plump upon the sidewalk.

Chandler assisted her to her feet with instant and solicitous courtesy. The girl hobbled to the wall of the building, leaning against it, and thanked him demurely.

"I think my ankle is strained," she said. "It twisted when I fell."

"Does it pain you very much?" inquired Chandler.

"Only when I rest my weight upon it. I think I will be able to walk in a minute or two."

"If I can be of any further service," suggested the young man, "I will call a cab, or—"

"Thank you," said the girl, softly but heartily. "I am sure you need not trouble yourself any further. It



"My Dear Miss Marian," He Exclaimed, "Work! Think of Dressing Every Day for Dinner, or Making Half a Dozen Calls in an Afternoon!"