

day it came at times with a little stinging pain.

Bert brought to see her an old friend, a college chum, Jack Fisher by name. He had lately entered the law firm that was administering the will of which she was one of the heirs. He became interested in the girl and called occasionally on a pretext of business. On one of these occasions Grace told him what she had overheard at the tea. She wondered the next moment why she had made a confidante of this man. But she was beginning to be overwrought, well-nigh obsessed with the idea that Fleming might be influenced by the little legacy, and she must have some proof of his real devotion. It was so easy to make protestations.

Fisher stood up stoutly for his friend.

"Bert isn't that sort," he protested. "I'd bank on him any time. Why, he just thinks you're the only one in the world. You're some girl to him."

She gave him a little pleased, grateful look.

"I couldn't believe there was anything that wasn't strong, fine and sincere about him," she said. "But, you see, I can't believe I'm the least bit of a wonderful girl, or that any one could see—"

"There!" he broke in. "You're getting morbid. That cat of a woman has got you wuzzy. Cut it out!"

The advice, if slangy, was good, and Grace tried to follow it, but Jack Fisher, being an observant person, could see, as he expressed it, that "it got in on her." He was also becoming aware of a fact which promised some rather painful complications. He could not disguise from himself that he was beginning to care more for Grace than was compatible with loyalty to his friend. Then commenced the struggle between desire and renunciation, reason and sophistry, the angel and the devil which is in every human creature.

One evening Fisher came in on the two in Grace's home. He looked trou-

bled, and seemed to try to cover it by rattling on in a superficial way. Finally he said: "It's not exactly pleasant to—to have to tell you why I came, but you see I'm right there in the office, and get things before outsiders, clients or others, and I thought it was up to me to—to—"

"For heaven's sake, out with it! Don't keep us guessing!" cried Fleming.

"Well, the case has gone against you, Miss Perry. It doesn't look as though they would allow you a cent."

She looked blankly at him, then she said quietly: "Well, I suppose I shall go on living."

"I guess so," said Fleming.

"Please don't let on to any one I've told you," he added. "It wouldn't do to have them know I had spoken before you were notified from the office; but I thought I ought to tell you." And making an excuse of an engagement, he took his departure.

Two days after this, Fisher called Grace on the telephone and asked if she would see him. On receiving an affirmative answer he lost no time in getting there.

"Well," he asked, coming directly to the point, "how are things between you and Bert? How did he take the news? You have confided in me—and I have a right to know."

"Yes," she answered, "you have. You were right about Bert. You can 'bank on him' every time. I am humiliated, ashamed, to think I harbored those ideas for a minute. Oh, he was so dear about it. What do you think? He insisted on the wedding taking place right away—at least in about a week. He says he wants to take me away somewhere to get the disappointment off my mind."

"That's like him," said the man. "I would always have thought that. But, to tell the honest truth, when it came to this affair—when you began to have doubts—perhaps they somehow lodged in my mind—I began to have them, too. And—well, I might as well make a clean breast of it—I