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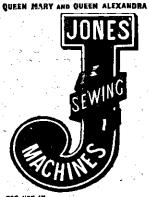
## Mellor's auce

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massive figure of a tall and impressive lady who was slowly advancing over the pavement. Would she recognise her nice? The answer came all too soon, for when the reluctant runaways were still a goodly distance from her, they saw by the quick turn of the head that they could not hope to escape unob-

aerved.
"I believe—oh, I believe, she is stopping," cried Miss Ingle, as with a stately lurch the impressive figure veered a little toward the kerbstone. "She wants to speak to us. What shall we do?"
"We simply can't do anything," replied Brooks grimly.
"ALL Aunt Snanne is so very particu-

" And Aunt Susanna is so very particular and so very sensitive."

har and so very sensitive."

They were almost abreast of the lady, who now stood smiling amiably on the edge of the pavement. The automobile awept on, came up with the figure, and passed it. A changing succession of expressions, as her aggrieved niece clearly saw, played over the old lady's face as the situation developed; first, interested and cordal welcome; then, as the automobile did not diminish its speed, gloomy and perplexed surprise; finally, as it was clear that the vehicle was going to pass without stopping, increasing displeasure and growing anger.

without stopping, increasing displeasure and growing anger.

"Oh, Aunty," Miss Ingle cried, wildly waving her hand as the edge of the window cut from her eight the furious countenance of a very irate old lady.

The automobile sped on.

"To meet her in the street," monned Miss Ingle, "and not to stop to speak to her. She will never—never forgive me. Oh, I feel like one of those people in the Inferno whirled and whirled about without being able to stop."

"By Jove!" he said vigorously. "It is a—an Inferno—and I said nothing ever happened nowadays."

"Well, it's something," she commented, "that couldn't have happened at any other time."

Suddenly he laughed.

Suddenly he laughed.

"Do you know there is a funny side to it?"

"I am

to it?"

"I am very glad you see it," she replied severely.

"Why, don't you think that it's rather amusing for two people, who lave just said good-bye for ever, to be ignominiously drawn about together in full sight of the multitude, everyone believing that what they are doing is of their own free will and pleasure?"

"I could cry," said Miss Ingle despondingly.

ingly.
"It really is a bit diverting, you

"It is awful!" said Miss Ingle. "Think we everyone will talk! Oh, there is "It is awful!" said Miss Ingle. "Think how everyone will tak! Oh, there is Tom Kennedy. That's the fourth time I have seen him; and see, he is stopping—he is so astonished to find us going on and on. I don't wonder."

"It's a bad job, certainly," admitted Brooke. "But is there any reason why we should not make the best of it?"

"There isn't any best," she said positively. "It's all worst."

"At least," he continued, "wa are now companions in misfortune, taking very pleasantly to each other, which we were not doing an hour or two ago."

"Of course it would be ridiculous of

very pleasantly to each other, which we were not doing an hour or two ago."

"Of course it would be ridiculous of me to refuse to speak to you."

"You see we are getting on," and he smiled. "Do you know, I've read that in Switzerland, a long time ago, they had a custom of shutting two people up together for a week when they wanted to be divorced. At the end of the time it usually happened that they were reconciled."

"I don't see the application." said

see the application," said I don't

Miss Ingle stiffly.
"Well, you see, if we are kept in here, who knows-

"If you mean for a week," she inter-upted, "why, it seems a year already, rupted.

Oh!"

The automobile, in turning a corner,

and we assinst an apple-cart had jarred up against an apple-cart propelled by an old woman who was slowly plodding on her way. The shock was not sufficient to overtum the cart, but, lifting it slightly on one side, sent but, lifting it slightly on one few apples it contained rolling in tue

"The poor old thing," exclaimed Muss-Ingle. "We can't leave her that way. Please," she said, opening the trap in the top, "I must speak to the woman." "There ain't no way," replied the man, but to go round the block, Miss, and it you have anything to say, why, say it in pussin!"

The automobile circled the block, and The automobile circled the block, and coming round the first corner, hore down on a little group that was helping the peddler to recover her apples.

"We must give her something."

"I should think so," replied Brooke, as he took from his pocket a bill rearked with a generous figure. "Now them."

The woman, raising her head, recognised the original cause of her mistor-tune, and, straightening herself up, pre-pared to denounce the machine and as

pared to denounce the machine and as occupants in no measured terms.

"Here?" cried Brooke, flinging the bill from the carriage as they dashed past, and dropping it at the right moment before the astonished vendor.

"It's enough to buy not only all ner apples, but her apple-cart. She orgat to be satisfied," said Brooke, setting back against the cushion.

He had hardly taken a more comportable position when his attention was attracted by a sharp call near at hand.

"Hi! Pull up!" said the voice of one evidently speaking with authority.

Glameing out, the two saw that a policeman was hotly pursuing them on a bicycle.

bicycle.

"Hold on, there——"
"Don't I wish I could!" said the driver. "Do you think I'm just takin' the air!"

"I say," said the policeman, who was now a little in advance of the machine, "tell your man there to stop, or I'd arrest the lot of you."

"But we can't," answered Brooke help-leasly. "The thing is running away with us."

"Don't you try to give me that?" and

"Don't you try to give me that," answered the policeman gruffly. "I tell you that won't do with me. Hold on,

"But, really, Mr. Officer," said Mess Ingle, "we can't do anything, and we only wish we could."

The policeman gazed at Miss Ingle's pretty face, and her aspect or her accent evidently carried conviction.

"Well," said the man in his astonish-

ment, dropping for a moment out of

Oh, isn't it awful!" maid the clasping her hands, and in her distress appealing directly to Brooke for sym-

He glanced at her reassuringly.

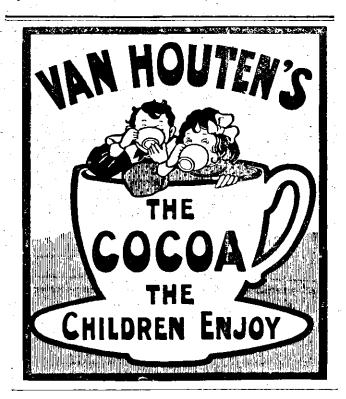
"Ill have to keep an eye on you anyway," said the policeman, appearing for a moment round the corner of the auto-

a moment round the corner of the automobile, and again disappearing. "See," said Miss Ingle, "how they stare! The people are stopping to look. Oh, some of them are calling. They think he is chasing us. Have we got to go on like this? It is fearful, and I could cry." "I've lost my train," she said. "Never mind," he answered. "There's one later, and you can get that one when we stop." "If we ever do stop!" she suggested. "Yea," he said despondingly, "if we ever do stop." "And I am getting bungry," she con-

"And I am getting hungry," she con-tinued. "I am starving."
"Really, who ever heard of such a thing?" he replied. "To be so near friends and food, and not be able to reach

either. Suddenly she laughed for the first time.

"Oh, do you know of what this makes me think, with all the people staring at us, and you and me solemnly riding on?" "No," he said.



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