

At last came a note. Recognising the hand, he tore it open. The writing was shaky, not bold, as formerly, the words were few, but pointed:

"I have been very ill. My life has been such a hard one, particularly to one of my temperament, which knows no happy medium, but must be either in the highest heaven or elsewhere, that I can completely understand that 'wounds are not healed by the unbinding of the bow that made them.' But you must believe that I wrote to my literary father, forgetting that the editor would read my words from a different point of view. I have hurt you—you are disappointed in me. I grieve that you must say it. I shall come to town on Monday, and will call upon you at two o'clock. If you are not in, I shall know that you do not wish to receive me."

Not in! Great goodness, he would camp in the office from that out, sooner than miss her! The brute that he had been to write that letter! Would she ever feel confidence in him again, and tell him everything, as formerly?

Monday came, he was ready and waiting from twelve o'clock. How would she greet him? Her sweet face would be pale from recent illness, but a greater charm and refinement would result. By ten minutes to two he was in a nervous fever, every step, every sound made him start and tremble.

Doris Mayne walked the short distance from the railway station to the Weekly's office, and arrived, nervous and exhausted, at the counter where the clerk directed her to the editor's room. She paused for one second, then tapped timidly upon the door.

"Come in," cried a clear, high pitched voice.

She entered without looking up.

"Can I do anything for you, madam?" asked the editor, offering a chair to the delicate looking, middle-aged lady in widow's morning, who stood before him. "I have an appointment immediately, so I will ask you to be brief."

"Am I forgiven?" was her astounding question in reply.

At his sharp ejaculation she looked up, and received a shock also. Was this the literary father of her imagination, this big



"CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, MADAME?"

handsome man, with Jewish features and dark monstache and eyes, still in the bloom of his early thirties?

"Of course; certainly!" he stammered, as her painful blush recalled his ever-ready courtesy to women. "But—but will you tell me—who is that Doris Mayne on the easel by the door in Mrs. Leigh's drawing-room?"

She smiled, reassured.

"My daughter, but you must not call her 'Mayne' now, its unlucky. She was married yesterday!"