

Vic. Your experience should teach you that; this kind of thing don't pay."

"Oh; get out!"

"This is purely platonic—purely pla-tonic, I assure you. I'm not falling in love again, 'old fell.' I'll not go too far."

It was the last evening of his visit. She proposed that they talk a walk along the beach. It was a clear moonlight night, and they strolled along laughing and chatting gaily as though neither thought of the morrow. He looked superbly handsome that night. She was bewitchingly entrancing. A white, gauzy wrap around her shoulders, the soft moonlight making her hair like gold and adding lustre to her eyes, and her sweet confiding manner were enough to quicken any man's pulse.

Their conversation had drifted from one subject to another and now, much against his will had taken the usual trend, on moonlight nights, between two young people of the opposite sex—that of friendship and love—he was becoming decidedly uncomfortable.

"Victor," she said, "do you believe in love?"

"With all my soul," he answered with a fervor in his voice. He had almost forgotten Marion Langford when he made this remark.

She smiled and blushed, and perhaps it was only his fancy that she looked sad and wistful.

They stopped, seemingly by common consent. He moved toward her—but stopped.

The clear, trustful eyes of Marion Langford appeared before him, a lump was in his throat and his voice trembled as he said: "Let us go back."

"But sometimes we can't go back," she said, and her voice was low and plaintive.

He moved toward her again, but again he saw the eyes of Marian Langford, trustful and loving, regarding him as though she were standing between them.

She was toying with a shell with her dainty little foot, which peeped out under her dress. Her eyes were busy regarding the shell as though that were the most interesting object in the world. His brain was in a whirl and he was becoming more undecided every minute. If he remained there another five minutes he knew that he could not withstand those appealing eyes and that low, harmonious voice, if she chose to use them.

Everything was against him and in her favor. The night air