

on whatever subject he might choose. Now, Jack, during the last few years, had become so engrossed in his profession that no thought of his ever falling in love had entered his mind. At his club, when his friends laughingly urged him to get married, he would turn away with the remark that there was no place in his mind for foolishness of that sort.

But this lively young spirit, come so suddenly into his narrow world, made such an impression upon him that he was inclined to believe that, after all, he was mistaken in himself, and that there was a tender spot in his heart which some woman might reach.

Well, everything happened just as anyone might have foreseen, when two young people of opposite sexes, with tastes in common, are thrown continually into each other's society. Before Della Saxton's visit had lengthened to a week Jack was as completely smitten as it was possible for him to be. It was evident that the object of his affection was conscious of her sway over him, and everyone noticed that she did not repel his advances. Matters came to a crisis the evening before her visit was to end: There was an informal gathering of young people at the Kenworthy home. But somehow, no matter how hard he tried, Jack could not get one minute alone with her during all the evening. At last, after giving up all hope, the opportunity came. The guests had all departed and the young ladies had withdrawn. Sullen and annoyed, Jack went back to the dim, deserted parlor and sat down in a dark corner, muttering harsh words about the cruelty of fate. In the midst of his reverie he heard the soft swish of silk, and glancing up saw before him Della Saxton.

"I beg pardon," she exclaimed when she saw him, "I did not know I was intruding; I have lost one of my gloves and thought perhaps I might find it here."

"Let me help you search," he said. Then, a moment later,—

"Here it is," and he handed it to her.

She thanked him and turned to go, but he laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

"Don't leave yet, Della; I have something to ask you. I love you, and want you to be my wife. What answer do you give me?"

She turned quickly and looked squarely at him, while a smile of scorn curled her lip.

"No, Jack, I can't marry you. I'm only a 'romp' and I know you hate romps."