

And this was true, as Theo. found out later. They would not be able to leave before the next morning. With this news came a sudden decision in Theo.'s mind. He would call upon Miss Chester that night and learn his fate, even at the risk of a repetition of his dream, as he laughingly told himself.

How the long day passed he scarcely knew. There were no places of especial interest in the town, and so he spent his time in alternately reading and pacing up and down the long corridor of the hotel. But all earthly things have an end, although the twilight of that December evening did seem long in falling.

It was precisely eight o'clock when Theo. ascended the steps before Miss Chester's home and rang the bell. A moment later, and he was ushered into the cosy parlor. Miss Chester herself was waiting to receive him.

As he entered, she came forward and took his hand.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "I heard that you would not be able to leave before tomorrow, and I was expecting you."

"Then you would have been disappointed if I had not called?" he asked.

"Awfully," she answered. And the look she bent upon him gave full proof of her sincerity.

And thus they talked until the hour grew late, while Theo. was mentally cursing himself because he could not muster courage enough to speak of the subject which had prompted his call.

At last Miss Chester gave him the opportunity. They had moved into the recess of a bay window, and were seated together on one of the broad window ledges. The conversation had drifted to talking of the future, when she suddenly asked,—

"Do you know, Mr. Hammond, that I can tell fortunes?"

"Indeed," he says, smiling. "Well, since you seem so terribly in earnest about it, I have half a mind to let you try. How do you do it? With cards?"

"No, not at all. I do it by palmistry," she explains, laughing. "Here, give me your hand." And she takes possession of one of those members and begins to study it as carefully as she can by the light of the new moon, her forehead drawn into a wise little wrinkle; while Theo, who is watching her, thinks he has never seen a more beautiful picture than that which she makes with her pretty head bent low over his hand and the dancing