

moonbeams playing hide and seek in the curling masses of her hair.

"Well, what have you found of 'weal or woe,' in store for me?" he asks, after he has watched her for a minute or more.

She glances up, revealing a sober face, and seems about to begin.

"Ah!" cries Theo., "the oracle speaks."

"Don't interrupt me," she commands, somewhat imperiously, at which he is silent.

"You will be very fortunate," she begins, "for the triangle of good fortune is quite plainly outlined." At which news Theo. is quite elated and smiles knowingly.

"This"—and she traces a faint line near the base of the little finger—"shows that you are just a trifle hesitant. It would be well if that line were entirely absent."

And Theo. mentally agrees with her.

"This line"—and she points to a straight wrinkle running diagonally across the palm of his hand—"is the line of hearts, and indicates an affectionate disposition as well as an ardent love of home and friends."

"Your life-line, which is this long one running vertically down the palm toward the wrist, is little broken, showing that you will live long and have few attacks of illness."

"The head line is very distinct and slightly curved, which indicates powerful mentality and strong imagination."

"Your thumb is quite long, extending far beyond the base of the index finger. This is regarded as a good sign by palmists, since it argues intellectual power of extraordinary degree, promising great ability to reason and make plans."

Then suddenly she raises her hand and lays her finger-tips on his wrist. At that touch Theo.'s heart begins to beat like a trip-hammer.

"Why, Mr. Hammond, are you ill?" she inquires, solicitously.

"No, not in the least," he assures her. "Why did you ask me that?"

"Then you are in love," she asserts, ignoring his question. "No one has a pulse so abnormally high when he is in good health unless he be in love with someone."

"Well," exclaims Theo., "this is a revelation." Then, a moment later, he continues,—