

husband was killed not long ago, and she is a stranger here, as she just came from America several years—” She would have lengthened considerably the list of woes had not Stöger broken in so harshly, “Shall I have peace or no?” that she at the moment found it most convenient to withdraw.

Stöger was filled with vexation and dismay, but the thought that he did had been ill-used soon caused him to recover. Ill-humoredly he reached for his coat and hat in order to make his entry somewhat earlier than usual into the Casino.

Scarcely had he crossed the threshold when he heard some one whispering in the hall below. Here was a new disturbance. Stealthily leaning over the railing he discerned, by the dim and flickering light of the hall lamp, two figures earnestly engaged in conversation.

“How often, Otto, have I told you not to await my return?” said a girl’s voice, poutingly.

“But, Miss Rose,” answered the other, whom Stöger with no little surprise discovered by a sudden flaring of the lamp to be a young draughtsman in his employ, eagerly endeavoring to hold the hand of a young lady dressed in cap and cloak.

“But, Miss Rose, how can I help it when I work close by the window and can see you go and come?”

“Shall be changed, shall be changed,” Stöger thought to himself.

“Neither shall you call for me before church,” continued the first voice.

“But Rose, dear, you cannot go alone.”

“Why not? Pray, have I not traveled the way alone until—the—the—”

“The time it rained so heavily and you made me the happiest of mortals by accepting my umbrella.”

“If it hadn’t been for my new hat—”

“Please don’t mention the hat. O, Rose, dear little Rose, look at me just this once.”

A short pause ensued and the two heads neared one another in a very suspicious manner. Stöger moved involuntarily; the heads separated.

“For goodness sake, Otto! I must go! If some one should come—”

“Rose, won’t you promise me?”

“Not yet—not yet,” she said firmly; “not until sister receives