

"Well, what's booked for to-night?" I asked, turning to a more comfortable position in my chair.

"I haven't quite decided yet," he returned.

"Make it something summerish," I hastened to add. "This is a beastly cold night," and I affected a shiver as a realistic effect.

Then a photo hanging high on the wall opposite caught my eye. I did not remember having seen it before.

"Hello," I said, pointing to it, "where'd you get that? It's a new one, isn't it?"

"Not so very," responded Wersand, carelessly. "I've had that since midsummer. Got it at Lake Ondagua. What do you think of it?"

"I can't see it very plainly from here, and I'm too tired to get up," I said, yawning. "So I won't pass judgment. Who is she, though?"

"A little girl I met last summer, as I have told you," said Wersand. "She is not nearly so pretty as her photo makes her, yet I must confess that for a time I was mightily taken with her."

I glanced up. Wersand had thrown himself on his divan and was staring hard at the bare ceiling. I scented a new story and curled up more cosily in my chair. He did not begin at once.

"Let's hear about it," I suggested.

"I've never told any one this," he began hesitatingly, "and I don't know whether I ought to——"

"Oh, go ahead," I interrupted, "I'm no newspaper reporter. Your words won't be published."

That brought him around in short order.

"It was at one of the dances at the hotel that I first met her," he began. "I was standing alone near one of the pillars of the wide verandah when Garford came up to me. Garford is a Bucknell man, you know.

"'Come, Wersand,' he said to me, 'I've a partner for you. See that little girl in blue across there? She's having a most miserable evening of it. Play the philanthropist for a while and make at least one bright spot in that child's life.'

"To tell the truth, I was feeling decidedly bored by the visitors to the lake, and, arguing that I could scarcely change for the worse, I consented to Garford's arrangement. A few min-