

struck a match on the hearth, raised her eyes and saw—poor Riedelle. Then the match fell. Riedelle heard it fall, and then he could hear nothing but the girl's quick breathing as she stood so close to him.

Truly he was abashed but his old savoir-faire did not desert him. He opened the lantern. "I beg pardon," he said, "for seeming to intrude. I forgot—forgot that you were going out tonight."

"Don't let me interrupt you or disturb you in the least," said Molly coldly, beginning to unfasten her furs. "Thank you," said Riedelle, "but I can only stay long enough to fasten these screws."

Miss Hopkins removed her outer wraps and was pulling at her refractory gloves.

Riedelle's face was quite white but he worked on at the lock. At last he finished and started for the door, but Molly sat on a low chair before the book-case, her shoulders shaking and her hands over her face. When she heard Riedelle rise a sudden little sob broke from her lips. Riedelle sat down again and fussed embarrassedly with the lantern. He stuck the copy he had made into his coat pocket and took it out again. Folded it and smoothed it, but still Molly's shoulders quivered.

"Molly!" ventured Riedelle pleadingly. There was no response. "Molly!"—a pause—"Please don't cry!"

The boy's own voice broke and he brushed his sleeve across his eyes, but still Molly sat there sobbing.

"I know I'm a cheat, and a thief," he whispered hoarsely, "and I know that I've disappointed you—but Molly, it's the last time; indeed, I'm done. I'm tired of it. Can you—will you—I've no right to ask you—but I'm sure there'll be nothing else like this to forgive ever again," he paused out of heart, "don't cry!"

"Please," said Molly from behind her fingers,—“please lend me your handkerchief.”