

very inmost thoughts, it seemed. And then she leaned back in her chair and laughed, rather hysterically, I thought.

"Of course," she cried, "How delightfully you have planned it. I shall always remember. There must be a man; and a heart full of love for me; and, oh yes—I must not forget—money, too. There must be much money. What a pretty fortune. Thank you, kind sir."

And then her laughter faded from her lips. She drew her hand across her forehead and held it out to me.

"Good night, King," she said, and again I saw that light in her eyes. "My head aches with that nasty old French lesson. Good night."

I held her hand until she drew it away. Then I turned on my heel and went out into the night. It was the first time that she had ever dismissed me in that summary fashion. I was piqued—yes, and hurt.

For three days I did not go near Diana's home. They were days of misery for me. But my pride remained unbending. And then, on the evening of the third day, I could stand it no longer. Life without Diana was unendurable. I felt that I must see her, at any cost to my pride. And once I had come to that conclusion I lost no time in putting the idea into execution.

Diana was in, but she was expecting no one. I said that I would wait for her in the study. I entered and threw myself into an easy chair. A little table opposite me attracted my attention. It looked familiar. I crossed over to it. Then I lifted the cloth cover hiding some object on the top of the table. The phonograph was revealed.

A record was still in place upon the cylinder. Thoughtlessly, unconsciously almost, I shifted the transmitter to the starting point, as I had seen Diana do, and pushed the little nicked lever.

First, there was that crackling sound which reminds one of treading on peanut shucks. This quickly merged into a continuous flow of strange words. I listened intently, not without amusement, trying to detect one familiar phrase. But it