

ful, upturned face, the soft, gracefully molded arms clinging about his neck, gave him a strange new feeling, and he could not help envying Jaimeson for this charming treasure which he now held in his arms.

"Where did you get the handkerchief, dear?" she asked, opening her eyes, and smiling. How she blushed when she saw whom she had embraced! She quickly drew her arms from his neck, apologizing profusely, and then both she and Mr. Jaimeson united in thanking him for his great service, as they thought it.

"Oh, that was little," replied Perkins, still a little embarrassed; "the tears did most of it."

"But isn't it a terribly strong brine!" exclaimed Mrs. Jaimeson, blushing again, as she thought of the previous moment.

"It's pretty strong—one-fourth salt—but not at all dangerous."

The ice was broken. Perkins soon had the coveted invitation, and promised to spend that very evening with Mr. and Mrs. Jaimeson.

Perkins went up to dinner just after the Jaimesons that evening, and was at once invited to their table. Mrs. Jaimeson spoke as good English as a Spanish lady is expected to do, and treated Perkins in a very gracious manner. He was at once on the most friendly terms with both, and after dinner Perkins and Jaimeson took a stroll about the town. Jaimeson was greatly surprised to meet a man of even closer observation than himself, and Perkins soon had formed a very strong band of friendship with the strange man, so that when he called at Jaimeson's elegant rooms later in the evening, he was most graciously received by both host and hostess.

Now was the time for Perkins to play the game of his life. All the week he had planned for this night. Jaimeson was in an exceeding affable mood. A bottle of delicious champagne was opened, but Perkins scarcely tasted it; he wanted a clear head. Mrs. Jaimeson looked very beautiful to-night, in a costume which Perkins recognized as the most tasty of late Parisian gowns, and her sweet smile smote his conscience as she said: "Oh, Mr. Perkins! I was so much afraid that you'd think we were following you, we came to so many places where you were."

It was not without a more serious twinge of conscience that Perkins proceeded to carry out his program, for he had been brought up on the cherry-tree plan; but with apparent boyish frankness he began to talk about himself, Jaimeson had never