

Marie's shoulders want very much to shrug, and she has to carry them jauntily into an alcove.

Stella has, she goes on in a marvelous tone, such and such property, chiefly jewels, lying in the vaults in Dearborn street. And now she desires to leave all to—to—ah, she had not thought of that!

She faints, but not with weakness. Arnold gives her water, and she even feels his hand upon her forehead, like a caress. He is very gentle. She revives directly.

"Yes, leave everything to—to James Murray, able seaman, of the Oriental and Occidental steamer Warrimoo. He saved my life."

Stella heaves a tremendous sigh of weakness, or relief, and the factitious cobwebs about her neck flutter in tune with her heart.

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The business is over. Arnold will take the papers to the office of the registrar.

He gets up, ready to leave.

And Stella? Well, she has met him at last, and—and, but what next? This must not be the end. She is vaguely sensible that this delightful dream is fading into a commonplace mist.

"Oh! Mr. Arnold. You shall fetch the papers back to me?" She comes dangerously near a pout.

Arnold really appreciates loveliness. He is asking himself if he ever saw so round an arm. He says, politely, "Certainly, if you wish it. They will be ready on Wednesday."

He steps nearer, meets her eyes with a kindly glance that is enchanting, and adds, "If you do not object seriously, I should like Mrs. Arnold to come and see you. She is a capital nurse." S.

