

my sake met Olsen with one of her most winning smiles. She was even more charming than in those days when I had first learned to admire her sunny spirit and sweetness of temper. Olsen seemed to be greatly taken with her. She put forth all her powers to please, and in that mood she was simply irresistible.

When we left the house, I asked Olsen what lay behind all that seeming pleasure in our society:

“Had she any *arriere pensee*?”

“One that never varied for a moment,” said he. “I thought her delightful, in spite of it. But she kept saying to herself: ‘*He is Archie’s friend. I must be very nice to him.*’ Who Archie is, of course, I have not the least idea, except that he is all the world to her. But you, equally of course, must know him well.”

I did indeed know him well, dear old Archie McQueen! I knew, too, that he was many fathoms deep in love with her, but had not yet summoned courage enough to put his fortune to the proof. And I wondered if I ought not to give him a hint of how fondly the memory of him was carried in the heart of so sweet a girl wherever she went. It was a difficult problem to solve. I put it to Olsen. His answer was:

“I have sworn never to make profit of my gift for myself, because, long ago I realized how perilous a power it was, if selfishly used. But to help another is a different matter. If, without indelicacy as regards the lady, you can put