

"O, Mabel is that," she replied, her face clouding again as the thought flashed across her mind that perhaps Mabel would be that no more.

"Well, the position of arbitrator between discontented miners and their employers," he suggested, anxious to divert her thoughts from the gloomy subject he had unwittingly touched on.

"Not even of that," she declared, brightening a little. "Besides, all the girls have a share in that—but to our confidences again. What of Charlie and Mona?"

"I suppose you couldn't guess?"

"I am sure I couldn't," she asserted. Then added laughingly, "unless they've fallen in love with each other—by-the-way," she continued, growing suddenly serious again; "that isn't as altogether an improbable think as it looks—I remember coming to the conclusion that Charlie had fallen in love with her writing, and thinking that it was almost equivalent to falling in love with herself."

"Well, that is just what has happened to them—though I rather think it happened before the creation of your ingenious theory. It appears they had some misunderstanding, or quarrel or something of that nature, before Miss Cameron left London, and they had never met again till he saw her along with you decorating the hall down there."

"And they've made it up!" exclaimed Minnie, clapping her hands in her delight.

"Yes, it is settled—the girl's only nineteen, and in my opinion too young. But her father doesn't seem to think so."