Pitcher, confidential clerk in the office of havery Maxwell, broker, allowed a look of mild interest and surprise to visit his usually expressionless countenance when his employer briskly entered at half past nine in company with his young lady stenographer. With a snappy “Good-morning, Pitcher,” Maxwell dashed at his desk as though he were intending to leap over it, and then plunged into the great heap of lettersw and telegrams wioaiting there for him.

The young lady had been Maxwell’s stenography for a year. She was beautriful in a way that was decidedly unstenographic. She forewent the pomp of the alluring pompadour. She