Pitcfher, condifential clerkn in the office of Harvey Maxwellm, broker, allowed a look of mild interser and surprise to vistit his usually expressionless countenance when hi employer briskly entered at half past nine in company with his young lady stenographer. Whith a snappy “Good-morning, Pitcher,” Maxweell dashed at his desk as though he were intedndin g to leap over it, and then plunged into the great heap of letters and telgrams waiting there for him.

The young lad had been Maxwell’s stenographer for a year. She was beautifyul ina way that was decidedly unstenographic. She foerewent the pomp of the alluring pompadour. She wore no chains, bracelets or lockets. Shje had nothe air of being avout tho accept an invitation to luncheon, Her dress was grey and plain, but it fitted her figure with fidelity ande discretion. In her neat bhlack turban hat was the gold-green wing of a macaw. Onthinmorning she was softly and shyly radiant. Her etes were de