

KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE.

A Love Affair That Began on the Famous Irish Castle.

By HARRIET BISHOP WATERS.
(Copyright 1910 by American Press Assoc.)

It was on the top of Blarney castle 150 feet from the ground, that the affair began. They say there are about sand shades of green in Ireland and Gertrude reaching back to the iron bars of the Blarney stone grasping them in a vice of fear though when she looked down that all the shades were mingled in one mass of blue. She bent her head down passed her red lips and pressed them to the cold assurance of the stone.



THEY WERE CERTAINLY ON THE TOP OF THE CASTLE.

She managed to raise the speckled and almost instantly she was lifted by strong arms and set squarely on her feet.

Once erect, Gertrude saw above her and saw that she had lost her courage at a critical moment she looked curiously at her preserver. He was a fine muscular fellow. He must have been of course, or he could never have lifted her 140 pounds of avoirdupois so easily.

Nevertheless she gazed inwardly that she should have needed his help.

The idea of this cool, collected, and supercilious Englishman laughing at her!

With an effort she collected herself and looked her preserver in the eyes.

"It is a foolish thing to do, the young man said as he touched his hat. 'You know or perhaps you do not know that several persons have fallen from the top of Blarney castle while endeavoring to kiss the Blarney stone. Of course you are an American. Only Americans kiss the Blarney stone.' And, with a smile of amusement, he again touched his hat and turned away.

Gertrude was furious. What right had he to be so impertinent even if he had saved her life? He was an odious Englishman, of course. She turned her back to his retreating form, but her sense of gratitude would not allow her to dismiss the subject in that way, and she called to him:

"Am I not to know to whom I am indebted for the saving of my life?"

"You put it altogether too strong," he replied, coming back at once. "I am not so sure that you would have fallen." And he handed her a bit of pasteboard on which was engraved "Edward Harcourt, Hyde park, London."

"Just as I thought, a conceited Englishman; thinks no one but himself knows anything." Gertrude did not speak her thought; but smiling her sweetest, she said:

"I am Gertrude Clinton, Mr. Harcourt, of New York. I certainly owe you my life. I was foolish; but, as you say, Americans do like to kiss the Blarney stone. I am very grateful to you for your service."

pleasant, after all, to travel alone. He certainly not a pleasant thing to look back upon. She might have been lying a brush, inert mass at the foot of the castle if it had not been for the young fellow who even as he rescued her had looked at her so superciliously.

"I hate him," she thought, and she stamped her little foot viciously. "I hope I will never lay eyes on him again." But when she entered the steam train for Cork she found the only other occupant of the train was the Englishman. He looked at her with a smile as she entered but she studiously avoided his glance, and after that he paid no attention to her.

"He was a handsome fellow, with broad shoulders and a strong earnest face. Gertrude could not help but look at him and before they reached Cork she had asked more than once that he would talk to her. Apparently however nothing was further from his intentions and when they reached Cork he departed without ever looking at her.

A few days after Gertrude started out to make a tour of the Blarney lakes. When at Ross castle she was assisted in a boat for a fifteen mile tour of the lakes. To her astonishment and disgust she found that her vis-a-vis was Harcourt. He acknowledged her presence with a nod and then apparently forgetting, she was then engaged in conversation with diligent looking at the wild and mountainous scenery along the shores of the colorated lakes. Very soon the tremendous Irish skies began to weep and it was a distressing lot of passengers that a disembarked party of the horseback trip through the Gap of Dunloe. Gertrude's mount was a green rambled animal and she looked at it with dismay. How on earth would she ever scale its slippery sides to the saddle. Harcourt, watching her out of the tail of his eye stepped forward to assist her but she refused his aid and from that position of safety mounted. After that she lost no time in the Englishman. In fact it would have been difficult for her to keep anything in sight for she had all she could do to remain on her feet. The beast stumbled and floundered in the mud of the grey and finally when the shrill notes of a bugle split the air the horse glomingly slipped and fell, throwing Gertrude prone into the mud. But that was not the worst of it for the horse in struggling to regain its feet threatened to strike the frightened girl with its hoofs. Once again she felt herself set fairly on her feet and once again she saw her preserver was the Englishman.

"This time he laughed. 'I see we are fated to meet Miss Clinton,' he said, his eyes twinkling with merriment but Gertrude did not see the humor and when her horse was righted again she mounted it in silence and disgust.

"I am going to lead this horse of yours, Miss Clinton," said Harcourt. "I have noticed all the way that it is not at all safe. And, sitting the action to the word, he took the handle with that of his own animal and stalked on toward Kate Kearney's cottage.

Humiliated and ashamed the girl watched him admiring the set of his broad shoulders and the pose of his well shaped head but she could not and should not accept his services.

"I cannot allow you to work in this mud," she said. "Please give me the ride. I really must insist that you ride."

"My dear Miss Clinton," was the reply given somewhat with an air of amusement which grated on Gertrude's sensibility. "I shall certainly see you safely through this gap. I am sorry if my company disturbs you. I will not talk to you, but I will lead your horse." And lead it he did until Kate Kearney's cottage was reached.

But during the coach ride back to Killarney village Gertrude was ashamed of her sulks. She and Harcourt sat side by side and became very chummy before the ride was over. Harcourt was cheerful and chatty, and Gertrude made up her mind that he was not so odious as she had first thought him. He was communicative, and she discovered that he was a man of leisure, traveling about for pleasure. He, in his turn, found that Gertrude was making her first trip abroad and was a teacher in a New York city school. He had never cared much for self supporting women. They had, in fact, not been common in his experience. He had always felt that they must be strong minded and obnoxious. But how pretty this girl was! What lovely brown eyes and hair and what a graceful figure! Harcourt, who thought himself a connoisseur in women, acknowledged that he was pleased with Gertrude.

They saw each other often in the next few weeks, for both were making the same tour of Ireland, and both were to go through the lake country of Scotland. They were soon numbered with a good sized touring party and were surrounded by a gay coterie of friends, who admired the stalwart young fellow and the lovely girl who was so often by his side. Their relations from being friendly grew to a warmth which ought to have opened their eyes wide to the direction in which they were traveling but both were blissfully unconscious taking the good the gods provided without questioning.

Gertrude, however, was destined to a rude awakening. One day when they were making a tour of Melrose abbey Harcourt was enthusiastically greeted by a party of friends, one of whom was a tall black eyed girl, who threw her arms about his neck, kissed him and called him "Edward."

With a sinking at her heart Gertrude watched the young Englishman.

"She noted how oblivious he was to her presence, and with the impetuosity which was so apt to characterize her actions, she left the abbey going rapidly back to her hotel and finding that she could leave Melrose at once, she packed her few belongings, made her way to the station, and when Harcourt returned and called for her she was gone. He was mystified enough. What had happened? He could not imagine. He had not knowingly turned her in any way how lonely it was without her. How he missed her bright, cheery ways, the sparkle of her brown eyes, her girlish laughter. "Can it be," thought the young fellow, "that I am in love?"

Before the next day he felt that he could not be much about it for he had never spent a more miserable twenty-four hours. Then it was that he determined to follow her and tell her he loved her with all the ardor of a nature that had never frittered itself away in the love of many women. He traveled day after day getting now and then a clue of the girl, but he never found her and when he finally reached London he was almost discouraged. He could not remember the steamer she was to take back to America nor the port from which she was to sail but he scanned passenger lists and haunted steamboat offices with a pertinacity that led him open to criticism by his friends who one and all declared the truth that he was in love.

Gertrude for her part was miserable indeed. She thought of the black eyed beauty who had kissed the King's Englishman and called him Edward with a torture but the thought she had so faintly surrendered herself to a love which had been unrequited and evaded, understood was far greater torture. By the time she had reached London she was a very weary girl indeed and she waited impatiently for the time when she was to return to America. In a sort of aimless way she did Westminister abbey and the galleries, and during those days of waiting she took a fancy to the condensation which are so great a feature of London life. Day after day she took on the top of the bus looking at the sights of London listening to the sounds but for the most part thinking of the young fellow who had become so much to her. She was impatient with herself and she felt a little sorry for herself also and when one begins to pity oneself one is in bad condition.

One evening she felt so thoroughly blue and discouraged that she did that which she had never attempted before in the evening took a bus ride. She was just homeward bound and out of sorts enough to want to love herself for a time in London traffic. She went out to Trafalgar square, signaled a bus, mounted to its top and gave herself up to the contemplation of London streets in the evening from the top of a motor bus. She rode an hour or so until, finally arousing herself with a start, she saw that she was approaching her starting point. She started down the steep flight of little stairs to the ground. Just before she reached the bottom step the bus gave a lurch and Gertrude was precipitated to the ground. It seemed as if thousands of rebukes were ready and waiting to pass over her head. There was shouting and oaths and shrill screams from women, but in the midst of it all she felt herself lifted by two strong arms set on her feet and hurried to a place of safety. Trembling and shaken she looked up to her preserver. Of course it could be none other than the Englishman. There was only one pair of strong arms like that in the world.

Three times and out my darling, said Harcourt. "You are not to be trusted alone ever any more. You are my little love, my wife that is to be. Never again will I trust you out of my sight."

"But the black eyed girl who called you Edward and kissed you" sobbed the thoroughly unnerved girl.

She noted how oblivious he was to her presence, and with the impetuosity which was so apt to characterize her actions, she left the abbey going rapidly back to her hotel and finding that she could leave Melrose at once, she packed her few belongings, made her way to the station, and when Harcourt returned and called for her she was gone. He was mystified enough. What had happened? He could not imagine. He had not knowingly turned her in any way how lonely it was without her. How he missed her bright, cheery ways, the sparkle of her brown eyes, her girlish laughter. "Can it be," thought the young fellow, "that I am in love?"

Before the next day he felt that he could not be much about it for he had never spent a more miserable twenty-four hours. Then it was that he determined to follow her and tell her he loved her with all the ardor of a nature that had never frittered itself away in the love of many women. He traveled day after day getting now and then a clue of the girl, but he never found her and when he finally reached London he was almost discouraged. He could not remember the steamer she was to take back to America nor the port from which she was to sail but he scanned passenger lists and haunted steamboat offices with a pertinacity that led him open to criticism by his friends who one and all declared the truth that he was in love.

Gertrude for her part was miserable indeed. She thought of the black eyed beauty who had kissed the King's Englishman and called him Edward with a torture but the thought she had so faintly surrendered herself to a love which had been unrequited and evaded, understood was far greater torture. By the time she had reached London she was a very weary girl indeed and she waited impatiently for the time when she was to return to America. In a sort of aimless way she did Westminister abbey and the galleries, and during those days of waiting she took a fancy to the condensation which are so great a feature of London life. Day after day she took on the top of the bus looking at the sights of London listening to the sounds but for the most part thinking of the young fellow who had become so much to her. She was impatient with herself and she felt a little sorry for herself also and when one begins to pity oneself one is in bad condition.

One evening she felt so thoroughly blue and discouraged that she did that which she had never attempted before in the evening took a bus ride. She was just homeward bound and out of sorts enough to want to love herself for a time in London traffic. She went out to Trafalgar square, signaled a bus, mounted to its top and gave herself up to the contemplation of London streets in the evening from the top of a motor bus. She rode an hour or so until, finally arousing herself with a start, she saw that she was approaching her starting point. She started down the steep flight of little stairs to the ground. Just before she reached the bottom step the bus gave a lurch and Gertrude was precipitated to the ground. It seemed as if thousands of rebukes were ready and waiting to pass over her head. There was shouting and oaths and shrill screams from women, but in the midst of it all she felt herself lifted by two strong arms set on her feet and hurried to a place of safety. Trembling and shaken she looked up to her preserver. Of course it could be none other than the Englishman. There was only one pair of strong arms like that in the world.

Three times and out my darling, said Harcourt. "You are not to be trusted alone ever any more. You are my little love, my wife that is to be. Never again will I trust you out of my sight."

"But the black eyed girl who called you Edward and kissed you" sobbed the thoroughly unnerved girl.

"Was that the reason?" almost shouted Harcourt. "You little goose you blessed little goose. It just happened to be my sister; that is all. I will introduce you to her tomorrow."

Blissfully happy yet with a little common sense mingled with her happiness, Gertrude persuaded her lover to curb his impatience for a hasty marriage; but it was only a few short weeks when over in America another alliance was made between England and America which made two hearts beat as one.

Gertrude, however, was destined to a rude awakening. One day when they were making a tour of Melrose abbey Harcourt was enthusiastically greeted by a party of friends, one of whom was a tall black eyed girl, who threw her arms about his neck, kissed him and called him "Edward."

With a sinking at her heart Gertrude watched the young Englishman.

"She noted how oblivious he was to her presence, and with the impetuosity which was so apt to characterize her actions, she left the abbey going rapidly back to her hotel and finding that she could leave Melrose at once, she packed her few belongings, made her way to the station, and when Harcourt returned and called for her she was gone. He was mystified enough. What had happened? He could not imagine. He had not knowingly turned her in any way how lonely it was without her. How he missed her bright, cheery ways, the sparkle of her brown eyes, her girlish laughter. "Can it be," thought the young fellow, "that I am in love?"

Before the next day he felt that he could not be much about it for he had never spent a more miserable twenty-four hours. Then it was that he determined to follow her and tell her he loved her with all the ardor of a nature that had never frittered itself away in the love of many women. He traveled day after day getting now and then a clue of the girl, but he never found her and when he finally reached London he was almost discouraged. He could not remember the steamer she was to take back to America nor the port from which she was to sail but he scanned passenger lists and haunted steamboat offices with a pertinacity that led him open to criticism by his friends who one and all declared the truth that he was in love.

Gertrude for her part was miserable indeed. She thought of the black eyed beauty who had kissed the King's Englishman and called him Edward with a torture but the thought she had so faintly surrendered herself to a love which had been unrequited and evaded, understood was far greater torture. By the time she had reached London she was a very weary girl indeed and she waited impatiently for the time when she was to return to America. In a sort of aimless way she did Westminister abbey and the galleries, and during those days of waiting she took a fancy to the condensation which are so great a feature of London life. Day after day she took on the top of the bus looking at the sights of London listening to the sounds but for the most part thinking of the young fellow who had become so much to her. She was impatient with herself and she felt a little sorry for herself also and when one begins to pity oneself one is in bad condition.

One evening she felt so thoroughly blue and discouraged that she did that which she had never attempted before in the evening took a bus ride. She was just homeward bound and out of sorts enough to want to love herself for a time in London traffic. She went out to Trafalgar square, signaled a bus, mounted to its top and gave herself up to the contemplation of London streets in the evening from the top of a motor bus. She rode an hour or so until, finally arousing herself with a start, she saw that she was approaching her starting point. She started down the steep flight of little stairs to the ground. Just before she reached the bottom step the bus gave a lurch and Gertrude was precipitated to the ground. It seemed as if thousands of rebukes were ready and waiting to pass over her head. There was shouting and oaths and shrill screams from women, but in the midst of it all she felt herself lifted by two strong arms set on her feet and hurried to a place of safety. Trembling and shaken she looked up to her preserver. Of course it could be none other than the Englishman. There was only one pair of strong arms like that in the world.

Three times and out my darling, said Harcourt. "You are not to be trusted alone ever any more. You are my little love, my wife that is to be. Never again will I trust you out of my sight."

"But the black eyed girl who called you Edward and kissed you" sobbed the thoroughly unnerved girl.

"Was that the reason?" almost shouted Harcourt. "You little goose you blessed little goose. It just happened to be my sister; that is all. I will introduce you to her tomorrow."

Blissfully happy yet with a little common sense mingled with her happiness, Gertrude persuaded her lover to curb his impatience for a hasty marriage; but it was only a few short weeks when over in America another alliance was made between England and America which made two hearts beat as one.

Gertrude, however, was destined to a rude awakening. One day when they were making a tour of Melrose abbey Harcourt was enthusiastically greeted by a party of friends, one of whom was a tall black eyed girl, who threw her arms about his neck, kissed him and called him "Edward."

SISTERS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.

Tale of a Queer Happening on a Sightseeing Car.

By O. HENRY.
(Copyright, 1904, by McClure Phillips & Co.)

The rubberneck auto was about ready to start. The merry top riders had been assigned to their seats by the gentlemanly conductor. The megaphone was raised his instrument of torture, the inside of the great automobile began to thump and throb like the heart of a coffee drinker. The top riders nervously clung to the seats, the old lady from Valparaiso had shrieked to be put ashore. But



THE GIRL AND THE GIRL SPOKE RAPIDLY TO EACH OTHER.

before a wheel turns listened to a brief preamble through the megaphone, which shall point out to you an object of interest on life's sightseeing tour. Swift and comprehensive is the recognition of white man for white man in Africa wilds, instant and sure is the spiritual greeting between moths and bees, unobscuringly do master and dog companion across the alight of between animal and man, immeasurably quick and silent are the brief meetings between one and one's beloved. But all these instances set forth only slow and groping interchange of sympathy and thought beside one other instance which the rubberneck coach shall disclose.

You shall learn if you have not learned already, what two beings of all earth's living inhabitants most quickly look into each other's hearts and souls when they meet face to face. The pong whirred and the girling at Gotham car moved majestically upon its instructive tour.

On the highest rear seat was James Williams of Cloverdale, Mo., and his bride.

"Capitalize it friend type that last word word of words in the epithet of life and love. The scent of the flowers the beauty of the bee, the primal drip of spring waters, the oerature of the lark, the twist of tempo on the cocktail of creation, such is the bride. Holy is the wife, revered the mother, gallantous is the summer girl, but the bride is the certified check among the wedding presents that the gods send in when man is married to mortality.

The car glided up the golden way on the bridge of the great cruiser the captain stood trumpeting the sights of the big city to his passengers. Confused, delicious with excitement and provincial longings, they tried to make ocular responses to the megaphonic ritual.

Hidden to observe the highlands of the Hudson, they gaped unsuspecting at the upturned mountains of a new laid sewer. To many the elevated railroad was the Rialto, on the stations of which uniformed men sat and made chop any of your ticket.

And to the day in the outlying districts many have it that "Chuck Connors, with his hand on his heart, lends reform and that but for the noble municipal efforts of one Parkhurst, a district attorney, the notorious "Blahop" Potter gang would have destroyed law and order from the Bowery to the Harlem river.

But I beg you to observe Mrs. James Williams—Hattie Chalmers that was—once the belle of Cloverdale. Pale blue is the bride's, if she will, and this color she had honored. Willingly she loaned the moss rosebud loaned to her cheeks of its pink, and as for the violets, her eyes will do very well as they are. Thank you. A useless strip of white chaf—oh, no, he was guiding the auto—of white chiffon, or perhaps it was grenadine or tulle, was tied beneath her chin, pretending to hold her bonnet in place.

And on Mrs. James Williams' face was recorded a little library of the world's best thoughts in three volumes.

Volume No. 1 contained the belief that James Williams was about the right sort of thing.

Volume No. 2 was an essay on the world, declaring it to be a very excellent place.

Volume No. 3 disclosed the belief that in occupying the highest seat in

a rubberneck auto they were unwellings the pace that passes all understandings. James Williams, you would have guessed, was about twenty-four. It will gratify you to know that your estimate was so accurate. He was exactly twenty-three years, seven months and twenty-nine days old. He was well built, active, strong jawed, good natured and rising. He was on his wedding trip.

Dear, kind fairy, please cut our show orders for money and forty horse-power touring cars and fairs and a new growth of hair and the procreancy of the boat club. Instead of any of them turn backward, oh, turn backward, and give us just a twenty-weekly bit of our wedding trip over again. Just in four dear fairy, so we can remember how the grass and poplar trees looked and the low of those bonnet strings tied beneath her chin, even if it were the last time that did the work. Can't I do it? Very well. Hurry up with that touring car and the oil stock, then.

Just in front of Mrs. James Williams sat a girl in a house tan jacket and a straw hat adorned with grapes and roses. Only in dreams and millinery shops do we see, gather grapes and roses at one swipe.

This girl gazed with large blue eyes credulous when the megaphone murmured his doctrine that millionaires were things about which we should be concerned. Between blinks she resorted to Epictetan philosophy in the form of peepin chewing gum.

At this girl's right hand sat a young man about twenty-four. He was well built, active, strong jawed and good natured. But if his dress and good natured, he followed that of James Williams dressed it of any thing. He was a dandy. This was belonged to hard streets and sharp corners. He looked kindly about him according to be grudge the asphalt under the feet of those upon whom he looked down from his perch.

While the megaphone barked at a faintly wailing let me whisper you through the low tuned megaphone to sit tight for now things are about to happen and the great city will have over them again as over a scrap of ticker tape doating down from the don of a broad street bear.

The girl in the tan jacket twisted around to view the pilgrims on the last seat. The other passengers she had absorbed. The seat behind her was her Bluebeard's chamber.

Her eyes met those of Mrs. James Williams. Between two ticks of a watch they exchanged their life experiences, histories, hopes and fears, and all, mind you, with the eye-be-tween two men could have decided whether to draw steel or burrow a match.

The bride leaned forward now. She and the girl spoke rapidly together, their tongues moving quickly like those of two serpents a comparison that is not meant to go further. Two smiles and a dozen nods closed the conference.

And now to the broad, quiet avenue in front of the rubberneck car a man in dark clothes stood with uplifted hand. From the sidewalk another hurried to join him.

The girl in the tan jacket quickly seized her companion by the arm and whispered in his ear. That young man exhibited proof of a faculty to act promptly. Crumpling low, he slid over the edge of the car, hung lightly for an instant and then disappeared like a dozen of the top riders, absorbed his feet wonderingly, but made no comment, deeming it prudent not to express surprise at what might be the conventional manner of alighting in this bewitching city.

The trunk passenger dressed a band on a stream, between a furniture man and a florist's delivery wagon.

The girl in the tan jacket turned again and looked in the eyes of Mrs. James Williams. Then she faced about and sat still while the rubberneck auto



"COME DOWN, OLD SPOT," HE SAID PLACIDLY.

stopped at the flash of the badge under the coat of the plain clothes man. "What's rattin' you?" demanded the megaphonist, abandoning his professional discourse for pure English.

"Keep her at anchor for a minute," ordered the officer. "There's a man on board we want, a Philadelphia burglar called Pinky McGuire. There he is on the back seat. Look out for the side, Donovan."

Donovan went to the hind wheel and looked up at James Williams. "Come down, old spot," he said pleasantly. "We've got you. Back to Sleepytown for yours. It ain't a band and widows wot not of."

idea didn't on a rubberneck, though. I'll remember that."

Softly through the megaphone came the advice of the conductor: "Better step off, sir, and explain. The car must proceed on its tour."

James Williams belonged among the level heads. With necessary slowness he picked his way through the passengers down to the steps at the front of the car. His wife followed, but she first turned her eyes and saw the escaped tourist glide from behind the furniture van and slip behind a tree on the edge of the little park that fifty feet away.

Descended to the ground, James Williams faced his captors with a smile. He was thinking what a good story he would have to tell in Cloverdale about having been mistaken for a burglar. The rubberneck's coach ingested out of respect for its patrons, what could be a more interesting sight than this?

"My name is James Williams of Cloverdale, Mo.," he said kindly, so that they would not be too greatly mortified. "I have letters here that will show."

"You'll come with us, please," announced the plain clothes man. "Pinky McGuire's description fits you. Like daniel washed in hot soda. A detective saw you on the rubberneck up at Central park and phoned down to take you in. Do your explaining at the station house."

James Williams' wife—his bride of two weeks—looked him in the face with a strange soft radiance in her eyes and a flush on her cheeks—looked him in the face and said "Go with 'em quietly, Pinky, and maybe it'll be in your favor."

And then as the glaring-at-Gotham car rolled away she turned and threw a kiss his wife threw a kiss at some one high up on the seats of the rubberneck.

"Your girl gives you good advice, McGuire," said Donovan. "Come on." And then madman descended upon and occupied James Williams. He pushed his hat far upon the back of his head.

"My wife seems to think I am a burglar," he said recklessly. "I never heard of her being crazy therefore I

IT TOOK FIVE OF THEM TO PLOCE THE FINE must be. And if I'm crazy they can't do anything to me for killing you two fools in my madness."

Whereupon he resisted arrest as cheerfully and industriously that cops had to be whittled for and afterward the reserves to disperse a few thousand delighted spectators.

At the station house the desk sergeant asked for his name.

"McDoodle the Pink, or Pinky the Brute, I forget which," was James Williams' answer. "But you can bet I'm a burglar. Don't leave that get. And you might add that it took five of 'em to pluck the Pink. I'd especially like to have that in the records."

In an hour came Mrs. James Williams, with Uncle Thomas of Madison avenue, in a respect compelling motor-car and proof of the hero's innocence, for all the world like the third act of a drama backed by an automobile manufacturing company.

After the police had sternly reprimanded James Williams for imitating a copyrighted burglar and given him as honorable a discharge as the department was capable of Mrs. Williams reentered him and set him into an angle of the station house. James Williams regarded her with one eye. He always said that Donovan closed the other while somebody was holding his good right hand. Never before had he given her a word of reproach or of reproach.

"If you can explain," he began rather stiffly, "why you?"

"Dear," she interrupted, "listen. It was an hour's pain and trial to you. I did it for her—I mean the girl who spoke to me on the coach. I was so happy. Jim—so happy with you that I didn't dare to refuse that happiness to another. Jim, they were married only this morning those two and I wanted him to get away. While they were struggling with you I saw him slip from behind his tree and hurry across the park. That's all of it, dear. I had to do it."

This does one sister of the plain gold hand know another who stands in the enchanted light that shines but once and briefly for each one. By rice and satin bows does never man become aware of weddings. But bride knows bride at the glance of an eye. And between them swiftly passes comfort and meaning in a language that man and widows wot not of."

ROCHESTER