

evening, singing a low lullaby, though the blue eyes were already closed in sleep; and gazing lovingly down into the pink dimpled face. Some one opened the door softly and Mildred knew it was Max. She held up a warning finger. Quietly he drew a chair to her side, stooping to kiss one dimpled baby hand. He seemed unusually silent and by and by she noticed it.

"Are you very tired to-night, Max?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, Millie, I am tired, very tired."

"What have you been doing to-day?"

"Just what I have been doing so long, Millie,—waiting, waiting!"

She gave him a quick startled glance. "Waiting?" she interrogated.

"Yes, and oh Millie! I am so tired. I have loved you and waited for you so long. Tell me, oh tell me, must I wait forever?" He paused as she turned her face away and grew deadly pale. Presently he resumed: "I do not want to hurt you, Millie, I know your heart is still sore, and that you will never care for me as you did for Tom; but I am willing to take what little heart you have to give and trust to time for the rest, only give me the right to care for you and make your life brighter. We might be very happy yet, you, Pet and I."

Again he paused looking wistfully toward her, and still she did not speak.

"Are you angry, Mildred?" He never said "Mildred" save when terribly in earnest, and there was a tremor in his voice, too.

She turned her face toward him, and he saw that her eyes were full of unshed tears.

"No, I am not angry Max, how could I be with my best and truest living friend? Knowing the past as you do, and knowing too, that I could never give Pet up, if you still want me to become your wife, I will."

"God bless you Mildred, I'll take the risks."

A few weeks later there was a great wedding in the boarding-house parlor, and among the first to offer congratulations was Miss Pet who, breaking from Mrs. Mason's detaining hand, rushed forward exclaiming: "Here's 'ou Pet. Gamma had dirl, not to let me 'tan' up wiv 'ou. Me frot 'ou'd feel sorry," she added seeing tears in Mildred's eyes as she bent to kiss her. The rest of the time she sat in triumph on Max's shoulder.

Mrs. Mason could not bear to be separated from her only daughter, and as the young couple had decided to settle on a farm in Western Oregon, she sold her place in San Francisco, and with her son (fifteen year old Lee) accompanied them.

Mildred was very happy in her new home, and her husband soon learned that he had taken no "risks." She never spoke of Tom, and as new cares, duties and

ties came into her life she thought of him only as a sweet, sacred memory.

As for Pet, she was the joy of their home, the light of every eye, and a most exquisite little beauty. When fourteen years of age Max and Mildred felt that they could teach her no more at home; nor could she learn anything in the school near by, and as she was to be educated, they sent her to Salem, bringing her home for vacations. Lee was in business in that city so it was "most as good as being at home," she said. She was most devotedly attached to the whole family.

At sixteen she was quite an accomplished musician—at least in the eyes of the home people—and indeed her talent in that direction was quite remarkable; especially was she an adept on the violin. It was the last time that Lee brought her to the farm that he surprised her by telling her he wanted her to be his wife, that he had loved her ever since she was two years old (they had always reckoned her to have been that when found) and had waited for her. She would scarcely have been more surprised at such a declaration from Uncle Max, she said. She had looked upon Lee as one of the family and loved him accordingly; but as for the other she begged him with tears not to mention it. Remembering that Max waited long for his sister he took heart; knowing that if Pet did not love him she was still fancy free elsewhere. But his complacency was short-lived, for when Mrs. Mason's sister from the east, who was spending the summer at the farm, begged to take the girl home with her for two years, Max and Millie put their own feelings aside and consented.

"She's lost to me now," Lee groaned, "she'll fall in love with some snob out there with neither money, brains nor heart." As for Pet, she was not anxious to go, it was too far from "Auntie," and the leave-taking was pitiful enough.

Mrs. Draper was a wealthy, worldly woman having no daughter, and but one son. She had honestly fancied the beautiful young creature, and felt that to "polish her up," and "bring her out," would be a real pleasure.

"Arthur," she remarked to her son the day after her arrival home, "I have brought this pretty child here, but I want no nonsense. Of course you must take her about some; but no falling in love because she has a pretty face. You are to introduce her as your cousin, Miss Mason, and the unfortunate accident of her being nobody's child—a mere waif cast up by ocean—is not to be mentioned. I have talked this matter over with her, and though I had quite a time to induce her to use the name Mason instead of Browning, I overcame her scruples at last."

Arthur Draper listened to his mother's rather lengthy remarks with a quizzical smile.

"Fore warned, fore-armed' they say. So I am