

now that all would be well and that a little haste might spoil all. But after two more weeks he again pled for a meeting and she could not resist. In his letter he said:

"I want now above all else to meet my darling wife, Gertrude Rosemar. Will you not aid me in this also?"

Her waiting was now over, so she sent a note at once telling him she would be at the lower spring in the park the following Sunday afternoon at four o'clock.

As Osborn stepped lightly along the path leading to the spring his heart was full of hope and expectation. What kind of girl was he going to meet? One thing was certain, she was his friend for life, for had she not brought the new and quiet life to him? Did he not owe it all to her? Now if they could only find his wife his cup of joy would be full.

He did not see her at first on reaching the little bower by the spring as the bench on which she was seated was partly concealed by a lilac bush. At last he espied her straw hat.

"Miss Strong?" he asked in a voice tremulous with excitement.

"Mr. Osborn, I believe," replied the young lady, stepping into view.

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The plans made that afternoon behind the lilac bush are now being lived out in a pretty little cottage in East Portland and Mr. Rosemar, who confessed the gist of the matter to his employer, is to become a member of the firm before the year is out.

—Harold E. Dalzell, '10