

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliot
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CHAPTER XVIII



York. She had not known what to say to him.

"Dear Klay," she read. "Best of luck and all that. Tell Michael Hea-therose for me that he'll have to use a whip hand on a stubborn girl. Or don't. That sounds flippant. I'm just trying to be funny. I'm glad you're so happy. Zoe told me. Did she happen to tell you the Parkers are living in the same building as the one my apartment is in? I've seen Zoe quite a lot. She's a grand girl. Give us a ring when you get back. I want to send you something I think you'll like, but I can't until you have a place to put it."

Katharine's eyes were wet. "He's the best man I ever knew—except you, darling." Then her eyes darkened on a sudden thought. John and Zoe! Was that too utterly preposterous? Perhaps not.

"You're already a matchmaker," Michael shouted in rich amusement when she told him.

A severe-looking man servant came in with the tea at the moment, interrupting their idyll. Katharine sat down sedately and poured.

"Darling, you'd be perfect at one of those what-d'you-call-em?—school treats the English novels are full of," said Michael delightedly. "Do you suppose they have them in Ireland?"

"I don't know," Katharine lifted her cap. The lace sleeve of her blouse fell away from her rounded arm as she drank. "If they do we'll have them. Tea and luns and strawberry jam..."

Life was fun. Everything she did with Michael was fun. The old shops they explored in search of glass and pewter; the little jeweler's, in a side lane, where Michael had bought her a pair of old silver filigree earrings.

"Darling," she said suddenly, with characteristic irreverence, "do you suppose there will be dogs at Donegal? Because if there aren't I want to buy one. Right away. I've been wanting one for years."

She would have a puppy again—maybe more than one. A spaniel with silky ears—or a Cairn like the one she had lost. She wasn't afraid of life any more, or of loving. Michael had showed her the folly of that. Even if she lost him tomorrow she would still have the utter glory of their perfect time together. Nothing could change that or take it away.

Something of what she was thinking, she told him haltingly. The man listened with tender interest.

"You're not going to lose me, my sweet. Not if I can help it."

Their big, luxurious room darkened as night fell. Lights came out, like far-off moons, here and there in the streets below them. The sound of a moving tide of traffic—motor-buses, the screech of complaining brakes came up to them as the music of a dim symphony.

They stood, arms interlocked, at the window, gazing down at London.

"And tomorrow," said Katharine dreamily, "we take the Channel crossing. Ireland then, my darling. And the place your father was born. And all the rest of our life together..."

The thought held them both speechless. They had days and days, stretching ahead like a golden stream unbroken. Who knew what lay before them?

(THE END)

Walterville News

WALTERVILLE, Aug. 23.—(Special)—George Momb and Clarence Potter hauled wood the first of the week stacking it in Walterville near Mr. Potter's lot.

Ed Schwerling and C. C. Polley, who have been ill are both reported better this week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Stack were in Walterville Tuesday evening posting the budget notices for the budget meeting to be held in September. The high school board met Monday evening with their accompanying taxpayers and made out the budget for the year.

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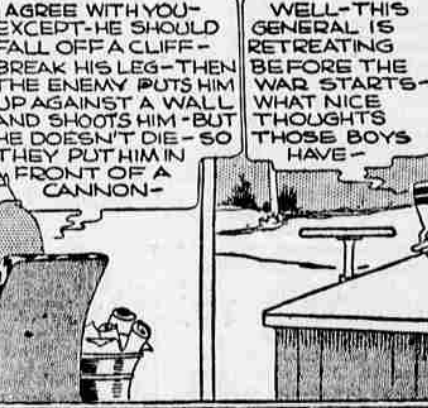
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