

Justice at Sandy Bend Courthouse

His Honor Has to Do Some Craw-fishing—Humble Hiram's Surprise.

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"THIS COURT BEING NOW OPEN IN due and regular form," said his honor at Sandy Bend as he sat on the bench, "I have this day called upon the law for the four counties of Wild Bill, Big Wolf, Blue Hen and Rip and Roar when he imagines that he's all the law for 10,000 miles around. He swells up over it. He gets chesty. He puts on frills and scollies and steps high, and there's no knowing where he would be up if a sudden thud didn't happen."

"Several thuds have happened in the last two years, and two more dropped in last night. Two of the cases I decided last month and thought I was doing a smart thing have been reversed on me and I have got to crawlfish. Out



"SHE THINKS IT'S RATHER SUDDEN." In this country we know how craw-fishing hurts. We know how it fills the eyes with tears and the heart with humiliation. It takes their hearts out of the best of us and brings us out of a humble state of mind for a few days.

"When crawfishing has to be done, however—when there isn't any way to dodge it or walk over it or twist around it—when we find our own empty and the other fellow holding a put hand and ready to back it for all he's worth—then the crawfishing should be done like a man and not like a cur. I'm going to reverse myself. I'm going to crawl up hill backward, but I'm going to do it without letting any crawler among you know how it yanks at my heartstrings."

"A few weeks ago an individual known as Sinful Joe was brought before this court on the charge of shooting a bullet into a tenderfoot from the east who was out here to cure a bad liver. Sinful found him lying in the open air on the hills, and he not only claimed to feel sorry for him, but to have an infallible cure for what ailed him. The tenderfoot didn't want to take the treatment, at least not until he had written back home to his paw and maw, but Sinful sighted for his liver and led drive with a bullet. Then he took the stranger's outfit and departed."

"The tenderfoot didn't die. He was found and brought in by Jim Traverse, and later on a warrant was issued and Sinful Joe was arrested. He claimed to have done the shooting out of sympathy for a fellow crawler in distress and he pointed to the fact that the tenderfoot was making a gain in health, but as he had loaded up the outfit and was arrested a hundred miles away this court differed with him. In fact, this court held that he had attempted a murder, and he was found guilty and sentenced to prison for life. I believe the sentence found universal satisfaction, but now the higher court comes along and reverses the machinery on me. It don't exactly say that when a man thinks another man's liver is out of order it can be improved by shooting a bullet into it, but it hauls me up on the question of exceeding my lawful powers. It throws out a hint that if I had sentenced a man to jail for ninety days I have reached the end of my larlat."

"This court hereby and hereon crawfishes. It collapses. It sheds up like an umbrella. Sinful Joe, who sits over there with a grin on his face, is informed that he is at liberty. He can't depart right away, however. After the other case is disposed of Sinful and me will be left alone in this courtroom for about ten minutes. When the ten minutes are up he can go. He may as part with a contempt for this court as a court, but I have got money to bet that he won't have any contempt for me as an individual."

"The other case is that of Humble Hiram. Most of you know H. H. He has been going around for the last five years asking us to excuse him for living. He has been known to make a run for it when a Chinaman got to talking big to him. He has been looked upon around Sandy Bend as a sort of human jack rabbit. Once in a while when he has slipped into my Red Dog saloon for a glass of whiskey and drunk it off with a 'please forgive me' look on his face I have wondered if he had any devilry hidden away back somewhere. I had about concluded he hadn't when he surprised us all. In going over to Panther Creek one day, six weeks ago, he tumbled across the camp of Pete Cabiff. Pete is living there with his squaw. He is at work in his mine, while his squaw is smoking at the door of the shanty."

"Humble Hiram springs his surprise. There's a cussing growling near by, and he loads him up with the outfit and then crows his finger at the squaw. She thinks it rather audacious, and she follows along. An hour later Pete comes home to dinner. He finds a vacancy and a vacuum. He stops around for ten minutes to do his swearing and hit the trail, and three hours later he overhears the humbly and erring couple. Another surprise awaits him. Humble Hiram turns like the worm and shoots him in the leg.

Worst reaches me, and I issue a warrant, and the constable serves it, and Hiram and the squaw are brought in. She hasn't a party to the affair in the eyes of the law and is allowed to go. When Hiram is put on trial he makes no defense and returns to his humility of demeanor. I believe that the squaw who defended him did say something about temporary insanity, but that's a thing that don't go out in this country. It was ruled out and the prisoner convicted on three different counts—viz, shamming humility, stealing a man's squaw and shooting a fellow being in the left leg. I sentenced him to sixty years in prison, and you remember how his eyes filled with tears of gratitude. He had expected no less than a hundred."

"I ask you not only as a court, but as an individual, and the owner of the only saloon for a hundred miles around, where the bartender can mix a Manhattan cocktail without pausing to scratch his head and consult the geography, to consider the heinousness of Humble's offenses. For years he plays this town of Sandy Bend low down. He professes to be what he isn't. Then he one day rides up to the shack of a toll hardened man and steals his outfit and puts a danger on industry. Not satisfied with that, he carries off the man's squaw, and when she weeps and protests he hits her a bat on the ear. The toll hardened cuss pursues, only to get a bullet in the leg, and Humble won't even stop to ask him if it hurts much."

"This court felt its gorge rise as detail after detail was brought out, and when the testimony was all in such a sentence was imposed as seemed in accord with the crime. And what he followed? Humble Hiram has appealed the case, and the higher court has reversed my decision and ordered a retrial. Think of that, and this the twentieth century."

"I shall crawfish, but only quite some. The reversal will be entered on my docket, but when it comes to a retrial there won't be any. With running my Red Dog saloon, taking a hand at poker and acting as justice of the peace for four counties, this court has no time to fool away splitting legal hairs. Humble Hiram will be returned to the lockup for a couple of hours. Then he will be brought out and headed up the trail, as he is going the first cedar thicket an individual will stop out and accost him and begin to dally with him. When the performance is finished justice will have been done, and Humble will never again come within a hundred miles of Sandy Bend."

"I am not saying that this 'ere court sticks rigidly to the statutes made and provided in handling a case. He may wobble to the right, and he may wobble to the left. His idea is that justice may be done. If there isn't any justice in the statutes, then it seems to be the duty of the court to step in and fill the gap. He can crawfish with all proper grace and humility, but he can also rise like the phoenix from the ashes and bluff a four flush through to the end. We will now adjourn the court and begin the other performances."

M. QUAD.

WITHOUT LICENSE

By EDITH M. DOANE.

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There was such excitement in Four Corners as had not been known in that small settlement for many a day. The quail on the Cornish estate were protected by the game laws from April to September, and by Dawson, the gamekeeper, at all times, yet one May morning found Dan O'Connor in the Cornish preserves with a brace of quail at his belt, whereupon Dawson, summoning the sheriff from Windsor Bend, had promptly arrested O'Connor and jailed him.

Such a thing had never happened before in the history of Four Corners, and public feeling ran high. A crowd had gathered at the one store the place boasted, and their muttered threats finally merged into open defiance.

"I heard that Dawson had killed a quail with a couple more of the boys," hinted old man Pierson.

A ruffianly looking fellow leaning against the counter looked up with a heavy scowl.

"He'd better look out the boys don't get their eyes on him first," he growled savagely.

"A few birds more or less ain't nothing to make a fuss over now," put in a tall, lank fellow behind the store.

"He's got to look for a little shoot-in," mumbled old man Pierson.

The hard faced fellow against the counter straightened up and moved slowly toward the door. "He might 's

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"HIST, MISS MOLLY, HIST!" SAID A VOICE.

The ruffianly element of Four Corners were used to depending upon their rifles to take out an existence, meager enough at best, and in the lifetime of old Mr.

Cornish, the former owner of the great estate, their depredations had been practically unobserved, but a new order of things prevailed. Old Mr. Cornish was dead, and the villagers regarded the son who had succeeded him with suspicion and the gamekeeper he had appointed with sullen hatred.

The villagers were not alone in their disapproval of Dawson.

"You are making a mistake in appointing him," the doctor's daughter had declared, her brown eyes resting on the tall young man beside her.

"I don't see why," Robert Cornish had returned stubbornly. "Something has to be done to preserve the game. These fellows are a lawless set, shooting in season and out and ruining the preserves. Besides," his voice rang determinedly—"it is my property."

"Yes," she admitted, "and yet they have so little it doesn't seem quite fair they should have no rights."

"But I'm willing they should do a certain amount of hunting," he protested, "only they must observe the game laws, and they must also realize that it is my property, not theirs."

"Do they know you will allow them a certain amount of game?" Robert Cornish shook his head. "Not yet. Dawson advised cutting them off short until they learn to realize the estate is private property. When they understand shooting is a privilege, not a right, they will give less trouble."

"I know you better than you do," she said. "They are lawless and ignorant, but there is more good in them than you believe, and Dawson isn't the man to deal with them. I wish you would talk to them yourself."

There was a brief silence.

"I will—if you wish," he said impulsively. "I will do it tomorrow."

But on the morrow two unforeseen things happened. Robert Cornish was called suddenly away on an urgent business trip and Dan O'Connor bagged the quail.

It was the evening after the excited discussion at the store that Molly, prompted by an unusual feeling of restlessness, crossed the road to the window and, stepping out on the veranda, wandered down into the moonlight garden. Robert Cornish would be back that night, but of course it was no vague hope of meeting him that brightened her eyes or led her through the gate into the moonlight as day by the full moon overhead.

"Hist, Miss Molly, hist!" said a voice close at her ear.

She started violently as a small, unkempt figure crept through the hedge and stopped short in her path.

"Don't go on, now," said the boy, with much excitement. "Don't! They are waitin' fer Dawson below, an' maybe they might do ye some harm."

"Waitin' for what? To shoot him?" asked the girl breathlessly.

"Yes, miss. The wagon has gone to Windsor Bend to-day, and when they come back—well, they're waitin', miss, down in the hollow."

"But it isn't Dawson the wagon has gone to meet," said Molly in a horrified whisper. "It is Mr. Cornish."

"I guess it is," said the boy, with a difference to them, miss, whether it's Dawson or the master himself. They're bent on blood."

The boy darted through the hedge, leaving the girl, white and horrified, in the middle of the road. For a moment she stood on the road, then her mind leaped riotously to the chance of escape. "If I can reach the Windsor road through the cross path," she thought desperately, "I may be in time."

She turned through a broken gap in the hedge, into a field beside the road, and, breaking into a quick run, rushed through the wet grass into the thicket, ever a high bank, into a thicket of blackberry bushes, whose thorns clung about her light dress.

Another gap, across a wall, whose stones slipped and slid under her feet, on again, lightly, swiftly, through a plowed field, across a ditch, over a marsh where her slippery feet sank deep in the soft, wet mud, and at last, with a passionate thankfulness in her heart as she heard the distant ring of horses' hoofs.

Could she reach him? "Robert! Robert!" she cried desperately.

The sounds came nearer. A light road cart swung swiftly toward her. "Robert!" she cried again. Then, as a tall young man in the cart pulled up his horses sharply, she sank, spent and breathless, beside the Windsor road.

The excitement had largely been a matter of misunderstanding, and when young Cornish had explained his plan of sharing the game, and, furthermore, had refused to prosecute the ringed-necked deer, the Four Corners was with him to a man.

It is hard to say which of his two next moves—his marriage to Molly or his appointment of gamekeeper—evoked the most admiration.

"Each 'un 'em," so to speak, a stroke of genius," mumbled old man Pierson.

The sea is a good neighbor to man. Let us be thankful that we have not got to send the sea to school and teach it to think. The sense of restfulness it gives us as we contemplate it comes a great deal, I suspect, from our feeling that here is one powerful and active creature that we have not got to train. It will take care of itself, and we can take care of ourselves and not bother about it. It will never want to vote, never blame us for misrule, never shame us with evidences of our selfishness and neglect. Besides, it is, too, a patient and unassuming, it is a comfortable neighbor, as neighbors go. Really, there is nothing else on the earth that takes care of itself? The mountains have forest fires and need hand laws and game laws, the very air may be polluted with smoke and smells, the extracts are water power and can be stolen, the forests are merchandise, the plains are real estate, but the sea is not property, not perishable, not damageable. It is the one thing that belies greed and laughs at abuse—the one thing whereof there is enough to go around, and in which no successful effort need be feared to claim a monopoly.—R. S. Martin in Harper's Magazine.

East Light Food to Cure Insomnia. Dr. Dabbs advises up to prefer light food to drugs during an attack of in-

somnia and points out that in some cases night food is necessary. In spite of the fact that the body requires no feeding when in an inactive state. He thought the mind of what has been blithely to sleep food. He gives the preference to bland food. "Always," he writes, "after excessive fatigue, where, as in an overdriven horse, the blood becomes toxic (poisonous), let your first food be bland, light, warm liquid food—very weak tea, milk and warm water thin, weak soup or merely copious drafts of warm water. See that the kidneys and skin are freely taking the stomach to digest. And when you sleep (as you will, and all too soon) ask some friend to wake you and feed you every few hours. You might else sleep into sheer debility." T. P.'s Weekly.

A Blackberry Superstition.

In some of the southern counties of England queer superstitions are current about eating blackberries after Michaelmas day. The country people say that on Michaelmas eve the evil gentleman "plants his cloven foot" on all the blackberries as yet ungathered.

After this date, Sept. 29, it is unlucky to pick or eat the fruit. The date upon which the devil puts his foot down against blackberry eating varies in different districts. In some it is as late as Oct. 10, by which time one would naturally suppose there were no blackberries left to stamp out. But the story of his prohibition is told in many places. Great misfortune, sickness or death will surely follow disobedience to his orders. But why his Satanic majesty should concern himself so particularly about blackberries when so many greater matters might be said to claim his attention, none of the stories states. It is, however, he considers blackberries too healthy and wishes to limit the consumption.

And Holden agreed with her and smiled upon her with a look behind the twinkle in his eyes that made her come near to forgetting her station in life and her altruistic aims generally.

The sun was near the western hills one day before the stage came bearing its quota of daily mail. That she might not miss the glory of the sunset Miss Levering took her letters and magazines and turned up the road to where from her vantage seat on a rock she could see the splendor of the hills outlined against the flaming sky.

Her letters were soon disposed of, and she opened a magazine and idly turned the leaves, then suddenly a right-spellbound—while the letters on the page before her burned themselves into her consciousness.

"The critics," so ran the magazine, "plain J. Holden Morse's 'Under New England Skies' among the six greatest books of the year. It is in its fifth large edition. Mr. Morse is at present in New England, where he is said to be collecting material for another novel, and underneath was the author's photograph—a long, lean face with a humorous twinkle in the smiling eyes."

This, then, explained the vague resemblance she had always felt, but could never define. And she had tried to broaden his outlook—to teach him. All oblivious to the yellow splendor of the glowing sunset, Miss Levering dropped her head upon her arms and cried.

She did not hear him till he dropped on the rock beside her and picked up the open book.

"Don't! Please don't!" he pleaded contritely. "Forgive me! I never dreamed of cure—that way. I had to have types for a new work I'm doing. I could not get an apt pupil! I answered half seriously, half jestingly, as he bent and drew her closer: "At all events I learned one lesson pretty thoroughly," he said.

"But you let me try to help you—to teach you," she exclaimed, furious with herself and hating him till she looked up and met his eyes.

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to know if her hat is on straight? "Why does she sharpen pencils with her husband's razor?" "Why will she ruin a fifty dollar gown in a struggle to save 2 cents at a bargain counter?" "I think it is about time we women should retaliate on the men with some questions like these:

"Why does a man when he finishes with a newspaper always throw it in a heap on the floor instead of folding it up neatly?"

"Why when sent to look for something in bureau or closet does he always return and say it isn't there?"

"Why is his Sunday morning headache always due to what he ate, not to what he drank, on Saturday night?"

"Why as he laughs at women does he fail to perceive that women do much of the ludicrous in him?"—Minneapolis Journal.

Discouraging Quest For Capital. One of Pittsburgh's bank presidents is a tried and most unassuming benefactor of ambitious young men. He is sympathetic when listening to cases which merit encouragement, but can also dismiss an interviewer with admirable abruptness.

A youth on one occasion entered the banker's office and joyfully announced that he intended going to college. He intimated that a little assistance in the matter of obtaining a scholarship would be a most convenient asset with which to start on his career.

"And to what profession do you aspire?" questioned the president graciously.

"I won't give up," asserted the young man boldly, "until I am privileged to place after my name the letters D. D., L. D."

The banker turned in his chair and intimated that the interview was at an end and by saying tersely: "A capital idea, sir, but one entirely beyond the resources of this bank."—Harper's Weekly.

Why He Did Not Resign. Sir William Wightman held office to the old Court of Queen's bench far beyond the prescribed time, and at last on the eve of the "long vacation" he took a sort of farewell of his brother judges. However, when "the morrow of All Souls" came around he turned up smiling at Westminster hall. "Why, Brother Wightman," said Sir Alexander Cockburn, "you told me that you intended to send in your resignation to the lord chancellor before the end of August." "So I did," said Sir William, "but when I went home and told my wife she said, 'Why, William, what on earth do you think that we can do with you messing about the house all day? So, you see, I was obliged to come down to court again.'—Dundee Advertiser.

An Essay on a Cow. A cow is an animal with four legs on the under side. The tail is no longer than the legs, but it is not to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. A cow has big ears that wiggle on hinges; so does her tail. A cow is bigger than a calf, but not as big as an elephant. She is made small so she can go in a barn when no one is looking. Some cows are black, and some can look. A dog got hooked. She tossed the dog that worried the cat that ate the rat that lay in the house that Jack built. Black cows give white milk; so do other cows. Milkmen sell milk to buy little girls dresses. I could get out water in a milk can. Cows chew cud, and each cow furnishes her own cud. This is all there is about cows.—Judge's Magazine of Fun.

Security. Jenks—You've been giving Borrowers more money, haven't you? Markley—Why do you say "giving"? Jenks—Oh, I suppose he considers it merely a loan. What security did you get?

Markley—Well, he gave me a mortgage on one of his castles in the air.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Complimented. "Want do you think of my latest poem?" inquired the young man with "ky fingers."

"It proved that you possess certain highly admirable traits," answered Miss Cayenne. "Its composition showed great industry and its publication great moral courage."—Washington

National Bank Notes. The government guarantees the circulating notes issued by national banks, but not the deposits. Each national bank is required to deposit with the treasury in Washington government bonds to the amount of the notes issued by it, and if the bank fails the bonds are sold, and out of the proceeds the notes are redeemed as they are presented. In fact, the government redeems these notes at any time, charging the amount so paid to its bond account with the bank. But while the government does not guarantee the deposits in national banks it safeguards them by close inspection of the condition of all of them, so that there is seldom a bad failure of a national bank.—St. Louis Republic.

The Bride Complains. "I want to complain of the four you sent me the other day," said Mrs. Newlywed severely.

"What was the matter with it, ma'am?" asked the grocer.

"It was tough. My husband simply couldn't eat the biscuits I made with it."—Ram's Horn.

No Apparent Evidence. "Is this what they call the 'reformed' football?" asked the shocked matron in the grand stand.

"Yes," answered the person addressed again.

"Dear! Dear! The yell doesn't sound like it!"—Chicago Tribune.

Laundryman's Regret to Tell You, Sir, that one of your shirts is lost. Customer—But here, I have just paid you 12 cents for doing it up.

Laundryman—Quite right, sir; we I understood it before we lost it.—Harper's Weekly.

As Its Papa Expects. "Oh, yes, Nurritch's baby was born with a silver spoon in its mouth, of course."

"It's a curious looking child. Takes after its father, doesn't it?"

"No, indeed. If it took after its father it would have been born with a silver knife in its mouth."—Catholic Standard and Times.

the laugh, shifting her big bunch of pink roses to her left arm; "I'll dance it with all of you. I love the 'Blue Danube' and I never miss it."

She stood ready and the first of the four was just about to swing her off into the throng when a tall young man with a clean cut jaw and steady blue eyes somehow stepped out of the



"THIS IS MY DANCE." crowd, disengaged his arm with a quick "This is my dance," and swept the girl away before any of the rest of them could say a word.

"How could you?" she protested. "I didn't want to dance."

"You looked ready to start," he retorted. "Besides, didn't you promise me two weeks ago?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then don't spoil it now. It's the same old tune, Marian, that we've danced so often. The same old thrub and the same old thrill, and I suppose it will always bring the same old ache. It will always make me think of you. He held her hand closer.

She flushed painfully. "Please don't," she whispered. "It isn't fair, Fred, and you know you don't mean it."

"Don't mean it? You ought to know that I have meant every word I have ever said to you."

She gave a bitter little laugh and looked over his shoulder with unseeing eyes. "I wonder then if you could explain to me just what you meant that night, two weeks ago, when you told me a promise, a promise that seemed to me a little more important than a

valiz. Not only a promise, but an offer that seemed to me then very sincere and beautiful, and which I accepted, but I haven't seen you since and I heard yesterday that you were going away. Why did you come for this dance in this way tonight? Did you want to make a spectacle of me before them all?"

He looked at her in amazement and almost ran into another couple. "But I want to see you the next day and you were not at home, nor the next, nor the next, and you did not answer my note. What was I to think? Only that it was a pleasant evening's flirtation for you. Then unexpectedly I had this opportunity to go west to work with my uncle and it was too good to refuse, especially when there was nothing to keep me here. So, I have brought my ticket and am going tomorrow. I did not mean to come to this affair tonight, but when I thought of this waltz I was determined to have it, so I came to say goodby."

"Oh, it is cruel to tell me this now," she exclaimed. "I saw you go driving past our house with some girl I didn't know, so naturally I went out myself for the afternoon."

"It was a friend of Sister Clara's I was talking to the station," he interrupted.

"Then the next two days I had to go see Aunt Julia, who was ill. Nobody told me that you came; I wasn't going to ask, and I never got any note."

"I put it in the box on the big elm in your front yard, my dear."

"We haven't used that box in years," she answered. "You couldn't very well expect me to write and ask you if you had written to me, could you?"

"Well, could you expect me to write again to you and ask you if you were going to write to me?" he retorted.

"What was in the note?" she asked, by way of reply.

He looked down on the wavy brown hair, caught a glimpse of the pink cheeks and the white neck rising from a soft pink gown.

"The same thing I told you before, Marian, the same thing your own heart tells you—I love you."

The whole room seemed to sway with the rhythm of the music then the odor of her crushed roses filled the air, the painful tension of the past two weeks was gone, a delicious sweetness seemed to settle on her heart. She felt his eyes upon her, though she had not raised hers.

"Look up, dear," he said; "look up if you love me."

The hazel eyes were raised to his. "Sweetheart," she whispered through her quivering lips. And the waltz was over.

They walked home slowly under a full moon. One of her pink roses had found its way to his coat and her hand was clasped in his.

"Under the shadow of the big trees of her yard she paused."

"About going west?" she began tentatively.

"I must, right away," he answered, "but I'm coming to see you first. Mind you're at home tomorrow."

"But your ticket?"

"I'll change it for next week if you'll go with me."

She hesitated. "Make it two weeks and I will," she replied.

"Done!" And he kissed her to seal the promise.

"