Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 14, 1929.

DE NINETY AN' NINE.

Po' lil brack sheep don' strayed away, Don' los' in de win' an' de rain; An' de Shepherd He say, "Oh, hirelin' Go fin' dat sheep again.

But de hirelin say "Oh, Shepherd, Dat sheep am brack an' bad." But de Shepherd He smile like dat lil brack sheep

Was de onliest one He had.

An' He say, "Oh, hirelin' hasten, Fo' de win' an' de rain am col'; An' dat po' lil sheep am lonesom' So far away from de fol'.

But de hirelin' say, "Oh, Shepherd, Dat sheep am ol' an' gray." But de Shepherd He smile like dat lil brack sheep

Was fair as de break of day.

An' He say, "Oh, hirelin' hasten, Lo! Here am de ninety an' nine; An' dar far away from de sheep-fol' Am dat po' lil sheep of mine.'

But de hirelin' say, "Oh, Shepherd, De res' of the flock am here.' But de Shepherd He smile like dat lil brack sheep

He hol' it mostes' dear.

An' de Shepherd go out in de da'kness, An' de win' de' rain was col'; An' de po' lil sheep, He fin' him, An he bring him back to de fol'

But de hirelin' say "Oh, Shepherd, Don' bring dat sheep to me!" But de Shepherd He smile an' He hol' him

close. An' dat lil brack sheep-was me.

-Selected.

THE 3 DARLINGS.

Gavnor was the middle one: there were three of them. Patricia was the eldest. The fact that never at any time had she been called Patsy or Pat describes her best. Tall and slim, dark and regal, with aloof black eyes and a sulky mouth. And with two hobbies-clothes and men.

Geraldine was the youngest. But she never had been called anything but Jerry since her christening. Small, without hips or breasts like a boy, was Jerry, with curling flames of bright hair licking her little face in a wind-blown bob and wide blue eyes that looked at you with a blind, transparent stare. And a rather inadequate nose but the most satisfactory mouth imaginable. And a glorious golden-white skin. Her hobbies were more numerous and more frequent than Patricia's: tennis and boys......ukulele and boys...... frat pins and boys..... then, after a while, just boys.

Gaynor was two years younger than Patricia, three years old than Jerry. She was, if one bothered to classify her at all, what the French very nicely call chataine. But usualno one noticed Gaynor's hair, which was nut-brown, or her eyes, which were a smoky-gray, or her mouth, which was much too wide for beauty, but beautifully generous. And she had no hobbies-she couldn't spare time for them-but she did have many occupations. For the Darlings were poor.

twitching in agony. And Gaynor, born and reared in the atmosphere of note in her sulky voice. Gaynor's nerves intolerably. the st-bles and kennels, knew that She said suddenly, bitterly: "And the animal in giving life would be

Decorations and wounds, of course. She knelt, stroking the whimpering dog, miserably conscious of her own impotence in the face of relentless Nature. Then the collie raised her head. Her body bent, then suddenly relaxed. She gave again that sharp,

high cry. A little later Gaynor gathered up the litter in her sweater. There were four of them with little red noses and a persistent little snigger. Their mother lay, exhausted and quiet, upseemed to glaze even as Gaynor knelt, topics.' above her.

denied it.

"Oh my dear, my dear, my dear," wept Gaynor suddenly, aloud, "if you were so delicate, why didn't you stay at home and have your babies with proper canine obstetrics?" But the collie did not hear her.

And sitting there, with the rain streaming over her, the dead dog and you, Patricia Darling-" the sniggering puppies, Gaynor wept softly in unison with the day.

She was still crying when she saw him. He stood a few yards beyond secretly pleased. the alder and he was as drenched as she was. But she did not see that at first. She saw only his face, miles, miles, miles above her. A thin, dark face with eyes that looked oddly tired and worn so early in the morning. He said: "Please don't cry. It had

to happen. Thistle always ran away. I've always had to go hunting her. I've been hunting her all night.' Perhaps that was why his eyes

looked so tired and haggard. She forgot to cry, wondering about his tiredness. He knelt down across from her,

Thistle's still, wet body between them.

He said, flushing: "I'm so sorry for you about this wretched business. I'll take the puppies."

She handed them, still wrapped in her sweater, to him.

She said gravely: "It doesn't matter—only her dying. Then, very seriously: Orphan collies are terribly sensitive. You'll have to be very careful raising them." His eyes rested thoughtfully on her glistening face. He seemed not to hear her.

But a moment later he said: "Yes, very sensitive."

She stood up. He continued to kneel on the ground beside the collie. She said: "Do you wish me to take them, or send anyone to look after Thistle?' He rose quickly, as if suddenly con-

scious of his delinquency. He said: "Oh, no. You've done

quite enough. I can manage easily. And thank you." He thrust out his hand. "My name's Alan Colford. I've just come to live at Arden Hall for the summer."

She put her wet, grimy hand in his. "And mine's Gaynor Darling. I live at the Oaks-just off the Middlebury Road." She was suddenly overcome by an enveloping shyness. She drew back her hand, flushing. "Don't forget to keep them wrapped in flannel Good-And she wa

It rasped quite a lot about himself, evidently. after his going.

Oh, no, not married or engaged. Dear sharply. Gaynor fled precipitately to me, no, I can't abide living off the the upper floor. governor's money." Her imitation of dusted?" masculine pomposity was perfect. While he was in the house she Jerry giggled. Patricia's nostrils seemed unable to remain still. She

flared slightly. But she laughed softly, said soft- and bedrooms, and though it was ly: "Oh, no, he didn't tell me. I late afternoon, set to work again, found out all about him from Jeff rearranged dressing-tables, put away Langhorne. Mr. Colford, after speak- Patricia's flame silk kimono, cleaned, ing so nicely of you, devoted the rest, for the second time, their community on the dark, sodden foliage; her eyes of his conversation to-to impersonal bathroom.

"Such as 'Do you like to walk in and powder her nose. gardens? Isn't the moon beautiful? She said, squinting What a lively perfume—ah, yours, the dim mirror: "I let him in and he Miss Darling......Patricia Darling— gave me a look —like this—" She such an intriguing name but rather looked hard, and what she considerdangerous-for me I mean; so tempt. ed passionately, at Gaynor. "Then he ingOh no, this isn't a line. I said, "Jerry, dear child, if you get haven't any line. Certainly not with any prettier, the state will have to

ly Gay-could see that Patrica was with that Dark-Lady of the Sonnets

"Such being the case, Jerry dearwhere Alan Colford's concerned, don't poach out of season."

priority arose.

him first."

trict significantly, if ambiguously. "More of you, perhaps," said Jer-ry, with a meaning glance at Pa-tricia's frock. "But give me time of course; she knows old Chloe is darling-just wait till I spring my napping this time of day." new swimming-suit!

keep out of the way on that account. I only meant, don't turn the drawing room into a community-house parlor when he calls." And her eyes seemed to include Gaynor in that

edict as well as Jerry. Hands off—out of the way--no butting in where you're not wanted suppose they talk about all that or expected, said those black-diamond eyes.

Well, if Alan Colford had given Patrica, in one evening, sufficient rea- scrubbed the basin with fevered enson to issue that ultimatum-

Gaynor closed her eyes as if the I'm busy." shaded lamplight hurt them. She saw a tired young man in shabby singing. tweeds. She opened her eyes and Gay s saw Patricia-Patricia, the exquisite, Patricia, the real beauty of the family-and poor, lovely Jerry-

Gaynor turned her head to the liar, liar. When she suffered agonies wall. She said, "Please go I want to during these visits of Alan. When it sleep.'

They went. But what Gay really wanted was to weep. It was three months later.

Upstairs, in the cool, dim bedroom, Mrs. Darling said, "Gaynor, as only Gay could mix it. Or he I really think—I really believe would come out of the drawing-room believe Patrica will bring it off."

Gay looked at her blindly. "Bring know !

course." Then suddenly

There was a faintly patronizing Spanish mahogany sofa-they were always crushed and limp from his broad back, always faintly reminiscent of Patricia's favorite perfume, just purchased." The bronze knocker clattered

wandered restlessly about the halls drive."

Jerry ran up to wash her hands

at herself in you, Patricia Darling—'" legislate against your appearing in A pillow effectively stopped Jerry's public." And there stood Patricia in bantering recital. But one—certain- the doorway of the drawing-room, air of hers thinking, I reckon, that But when Patricia spoke, it was she looked like Queen Guinevere or with a peculiar, distinct emphasis: the blessed damsel—"

"Damozel," murmured Gaynor. "Damsel," repeated Jerry-she could be very stubborn. "And draw-And that is when the question of ling in that come-and-kiss-me-quick before-I-die voice of hers, "Jerry, "Apple sauce!" said Jerry. "I saw darling'—can you feature that, Gay? m first." Darling ! 'Jerry, darling, would you "But he saw me more," said Pa- mind asking Chloe to make some

Jerry, satisfied with her beauty Patricia smiled disagreeably, labors, turned toward the door. She "Don't think that I'm asking you to said, "I'll take it in for you, Gay.

You'd better hurry.' Gaynor gave a bitter little laugh "Why? He won't go for ages yet." Jerry paused, her mouth rebellious. "You bet he won't. She'll spin his visit out for all it's worth-the sneaky 'fraid-cat! Gay, what do you time in there alone? Do you think he kisses her?"

"I don't know-or care." Gay ergy. "And you can make the tea-Jerry ran down the curved stairs

Gay sat suddenly down on the

bathroom floor and leaned her head against the tub. Didn't care! she had said. Oh,

was only in a frenzied activity that she could tranquilize hereslf. Sometimes she saw him, but not

often. Sometimes Patricia would call her to mix him a special mint juler would come out of the drawing-room just as she was passing through the hall on her way upstairs. Or they what off, Mother?" As if she didn't would pass each other in the garden. "This marriage with Alan Colford always stopped her: "Where have

-that contraption off your head and say 'Alan, surely the place'-meandrive over to the Hall with me to ing myself, naturally—'must bore give your opinion on a new filly I've you.' But he always smiles in that ist purchased." swift, fascinating way of his, and She looked at him bitterly. She says: 'Oh, no, Patricia. This place

said in a swift, bitter voice: "Thanks, could never bore me.' Only his eyes but I happen to be busy; and this- are on me, and they say, 'you' inthis contraption on my head happens stead of 'this place.' to be a dust-cap.'

there's no earthly reason why you to be done." can't get up from that ridiculous

Her face was drained of every ves- her. tige of color. She said slowly, "No Of course that was what he wantearthly reason except that I don't ed to discuss-Patricia. Patricia, care to.

the garden.

of the concert out of him-trying to you not, think I've got a chance? tice me when there's no one else much the unapproachable Queen about to feed the flame of his vanity Guinevere-" But her throat hurt her intolerably.

Alan brought his gaze back to her. succumbed to Sir Lancelot. He said quietly: "I'm sorry, Gay, I was so beastly rude. Won't you drive or ride over that afternoon. show I'm forgiven by driving over to the Hall with me after all?"

At his tone, the citadel of her pride and resentment crumbled hopelessly. She said, in a swift, choked voice: "Alan, I'd love to. But I can't--I really can't. I must finish this veranda. Patricia's giving a bridgeparty and Aunt Chloe is too busy." "Perhaps later?'

But she shook her head. "No, it isn't possible. I've the sandwiches to do later.'

Then Alan said deliberately, distinctly: "Gaynor, when is your afternoon off?"

"My afternoon off?" And she stared at him in blank amazement. "That's what I said: When is your afternoon off? Perhaps on that day you might care to take a drive."

His intent, his meaning was unmistakable. She put her hand to her mouth to hide its sudden quivering. He had deliberately, cruelly, shown her what she was—a dull drab, an the drawing-room threshold. inattractive and uninteresting house- "Someone," said Gay decisively, hold drudge, spineless, resistless, futile, good only for the drab things of life, such as—as—And in that swift, bitter moment, the whole panorama of her twenty-one years went flying past her:

"Gay dear, give Jerry your dolly Oaks that evening. -don't make her cry.' "Gay, dear, I'm sorry, but you can't It was ten minutes past the hour when Gaynor arrived at the fork. He

go to the party with Patricia. Moth- was there, waiting for her in the blue er has a headache and needs her little nurse." "Gay, dear, would you mind press-

ly they had gone a few hundred ing Jerry's pink organdy for the yards, he reached into his pocket. church supper?"

"Gay, dear, have you time to mend something to show you." the lace on Patricia's slip while she's dressing?" "Wonderful luck Gay. Here, look at this." And he laid the paper

Patricia, Jerry-Jerry, Patriciaalways, always, always She looked at Alan with blind, finger.

swimming eyes. She said, "I don't have afternoons off. But perhaps sketches of gigantic steel structures and a blurred photograph of Alan. He said, tickling Mary of Scots ab-

sently: "Well, then, I want you to

Gaynor interrupted with a sudden Alan said cruelly: "Well, whatever deep weariness. "Patricia, I can't it is, it is perfectly hideous. And listen any longer. There's too much She went down the steps and

position and come with me for a around the house, carrying the pail and soap and scrubbing brush with

with that aloof, intriguing little pose "Oh,' he said, and looked out at of the untouchable ice-princess, made

him uncertain, unsure of himself and Gaynor stared blindly down at the his suit. He thought, no doubt, Gaywet scrubbing-brush. There! she nor could help him; would, no doubt, thought. Perhaps that took a little say: "Now listen, Gay, do you, or do-

patronize me, condescending to no- I'm mad about Patricia, but she's so-

But even Queen Guinevere had Alan, contrary to habit, did not

"On account of my bridge" Patricia. explained. "He loathes a lot of silly

women."

"Hot apple sauce," said Jerry. Gay said nothing.

But at six o'clock the telephone shrilled peremptorily.

"For me," said Jerry from the hamraock.

"For me," said Patricia from the piano.

"Fo' Miss Gay," said Aunt Chloe from the dim hallway. Gaynor came out of the pantry.

She said into the mouthpiece: "Hel-

Why.

And he

lo? Yes, this is Gaynor....Oh, no-no.

of course I've not forgotten What?

1 don't know if I can make it Well,

if it's that important, I'll try. Good-

by." She hung up and went back to-

"Who was it?" said Jerry in the

"What was it?" said Patricia on

"and something for just me." And

jerry went back to her hammock.

Patricia went over to the mirror to-

But Alan did not drive over to the

shining dragon, and they drove off in the direction of town. But direct-

"Look" he said exultantly. "Ive

on her knees and pointed with his

the pantry door swung to behind her.

Before three ?.... Before two ??

ward the pantry.

powder her nose.

doorway.

"Land poor," the widowed Mrs. Darling would smile ruefully, waving a beautifully white and thin and blue-veined hand vaguely. "This house and plantation are about the oldest in Virginia, and I reckon the poorest.'

So Gaynor sewed dainty organdies, and dusted slender Chippendale, and polished old silver, and weeded the rose-garden, and fed the kittens and dogs with which the place abounded.

Mrs. Darling was very given to remarking: "I really don't know what I'd do without Gaynor."

Gaynor could have told her, but, of course, she didn't. Instead, she went on sewing and dusting and weeding and wearing Patricia's hand-emdowns. For being the middle one, Gaynor never got a new frock of her own. Patricia did, because she was time Gaynor had worn Patricia's they were too old to do over for Jerry.

Very simple and quite systematic when one considered it. Gaynor had considered it. Not that it really mattered. Not even when Alan Colford ter. For there was always, of course, Patricia and Jerry. Patricia saw him first. At least

she said so, though Jerry claimed he had seen and looked after her on the Middlebury Road. However, Patricia's claim seemed to be the more legitimately staked as she and Alan had met at the Langhornes' dance, which Jerry had scorned as too wet for expression, and Gavnor had ignored for reasons best known only to of it." herself.

But as a matter of actual record. Gaynor had both seen and met him first, though of course she never had terested.

She had been walking in the rain Falls when she first heard it—that low, whimpering whine. She stopped and listened. It came from her right—somewhere beyond the path ir cry. Gaynor, recognizing that cry, ran swiftly in its direction.

She found a collie bitch panting, leaves beneath an alder.

Gaynor sank to the sodden earth trying to make a lyin-in kennel? remember. Have I time to carry you home, I But she had! She had willed so from side to side, their pupils dilated. wonder." And she bent over and hard that he would. Only at that This room, which she dusted every head.

But the dog twisted from her grasp

gone swiftly.

Yes, she had seen him first. For it was the following day that Jerry announced that a handsome stranger -oh, a most magnificent fellowhad cantered past her on the Middlebury Road and turned to look back

even as she had turned in her own saddle. And it was the night following that day that Patricia had come home from the Langhorne party to tell Jerry and Gaynor the entire history, as she had learned it, of one Alan Pell Colford.

Son and heir of the "Steel Colford. (That had come first.) But not just a rich man's son-no, a real worker Lafayette Escadrille at the very beginning of the war and, of course, all softs of decorations, not to mention wounds. Then, later, back to the engineering he was so mad about | could possibly happen, Mother ?' -in a way, the real reason for his

presence in Virgina -- they were Pittsburgh people. But something to do with mines had brought him hereprevent those awful explosions. And nor-and said, "Oh, anything; perhe wasn't married or engaged. Look- haps Jerry-" ed like a god and drove his car like the eldest; Jerry did, because by the a devil. Oh, yes, he had brought her time Gaynor had worn Patricia's they home; was, in fact, coming to tea tomorrow, no, today, in order to meet mother and the "family."

"I'll tell the world you handed him an uppercut that must have knocked him for a kayo," said Jerry, who at erature of Mr. Witwer, though she did not at all times succeed in quot-

ing him correctly. Patricia managed a frown for Jerry's slang and a faint smile for her own powers of fascination at one and the same time.

Then she said suddenly, turning to Gay: "Why didn't you say that you and he had met?" Gaynor flushed. "I never thought

But Gaynor never had been a suc-

cesful liar. Patricia's narrow dark brows drew more sharply together. "Well, he did. mentioned it. She had not wanted to The very first thing he asked me mention it at the time and later— when we were introduced was, did well, later, no one seemed at all in. I have a sister by the name of Gay-nobody's prize Christmas package !" Thistle's progeny. It yapped at Gaynor.'

"I'm sure," mocked Jerry, "that through the woods above the old Mill Mrs. Price would not approve of a young man with such blunt man-She grinned maliciously. ners.' "Feature anyone asking Patricia if looks at you." she even had a sister-Patricia the the green density of a thicket-a soft Perfect. No family could be expectmoaning, then suddenly a sharp, high ed to produce another such rarity." "Neither expected, nor does," returned Patricia shortly. Then, to

Gaynor again: "I can't imagine why whimpering, twitching, trying to make a bed for herself in the damp It certainly put me in an awkward position.'

Gaynor drew farther back into her beside her. "Poor darling, are you pillows. "I never thought that he'd

tried to lift the writhing collie while time she hadn't known he was Alan the rain splashed down on her bare Pell Colford, et cetera. At that time he was only a tired young man in

shabby tweeds and muddy boots. and lay gasping and whimpering, moving her head unhappily, her body he spoke of you quite a little." Patricia said, "As a matter of fact, inviting plumpness, placed carefully

"Oh, if she shouldn't ! If anything should happen-after all my hopes, my dreams, my plans !"

Gaynor closed her eyes. She saw her mother's hopes—a brilliant social career for the lovely Patricia, a brilliant launching of the fascinating Jerry. Her mother's dreams-a London season, an apartment in stairs and rose. Paris, a villa at Cannes. Her plans -perhaps, with the Colford fortune behind her, even a title for the democratic, slangy little Jerry.

But Gaynor saw also the structure of her own hopes and dreams come crashing down about her-no, flutter down about her, a jerrybuilt house of flimsy paper cards. She said, opening her eyes to the Blue Virginia day that seemed suddenly dark, suddenly sinister: "What What? Only a miracle. But Gay-

nor did not believe in miracles. Her mother looked at her without seeing her-it was a peculiar little some sort of engineering gadget to habit Mrs. Darling reserved for Gay-

> Of course after Patricia there would always be little Jerry. "It

> would be the-the same for you wouldn't it, Mother?" Mrs. Darling stirred

'No. I don't think he loves Jerrythat is, seriously. She thinks she's crazy about him and he might ter? came into her life did it really mat- that time was a devotee of the lit- amuse himself with her. But to marry her-"

ness. on Patricia."

But Patricia didn't need it. was, said the little complacent air had, therefore, no use for such acabout Patricia quite able to take care coutrements-and upon her small of Patrica.

somebody else a chance once in a a little shiny. while. What are you trying to dosandbag and hog-tie him?

mother severely. "Don't you be Vere-ish," return- treat, there he was.

turned Jerry with cool impudence, then suddenly vicious: "I'd like to he erroneouely called a car, and on

"I suppose you think you're the nor ungratefully, topmost angel on the tree," said "Good morning Patricia, forgetting in her fury her ing. languid air of the ice-princess. "You're burning up because he never

"Oh. doesn't he !" mocked Jerry. "What a lot you know !" "Girls !" cried Mrs. Darling. "How

can you so utterly, so disgustingly forget yourselves? Gaynor, will you see if the drawing room has been Gaynor went out. In the long drawing-room, surrounded on three sides by the white columned, double-

storied veranda which gave to the room a perpetual dim twilight, she stood rigid, her eyes moving slowly

from side to side, their pupils dilated. day for his coming; those Waterford glass jars kept filled with her Marechal roses; those cushions, made by her hands, shaken by her hands to

against the sides and back of the

you been, Gay? What have you been doing?' Where? Anywhere that was away from him and Patricia. Doing? Any-

thing that would keep her from thinking of him and Patricia. "Oh, just for a walk-picking huckleber ries for dinner."

She heard Jerry coming up the

"Oh, Gay, Alan wants to see you a minute." Jerry looked in at the doorway. Her eyes glinted mali-ciously. She said: "When I went in with the tea, he gave me another look-so I stayed. Pat was furious. As if I care!" Then, remembering her mission: "He wants to ask you something about a dog."

Gay went down to the hall. Her eyelids drooped over the hot flames of her eyes. Something about a dog! She did not seem to see that he had intended to shake hands.

Patricia, in her graceful Queen Guinevere attitude by the door, said, 'Alan's collie— Her words died away upon Gaynor's consciousness. Alan's colliethe cause, the helpless deus ex ma-

china of their first meeting-She heard Alan's voice explaining

something. "I took one of 'em to the vet in town, but I'm going for uneasily her in the morning and I thought-She nodded without actually knowwhat he thought. What did it mat-

Gaynor was scrubbing the front veranda the next morning. She wore Gaynor said, with sudden bitter- a checked gingham dress, its sleeves "Then we'd better concentrate rolled up above her elbows, a pair of almost shapeless golf brogues-Jer-She ry's, as Gaynor didn't play golf and f Patrica. Jerry said, "Be a sport—give face was unpowdered and more than

So she wasn't, one may see, exact-ly prepared for Alan. She heard a "Don't be vulgar," advised her sharp scrunching in the driveway and before she could make a dignified re-

He drove the huge shining dragon

"Good morning," said Alan, smiling. "I've brought Mary, Queen of Scots, to call on our way home from the veterinarian's."

Gaynor sat back on her heels and stared at him. She said, "Neither Patricia nor Jerry are up yet." Then, accusingly: "It's not nine o'clock.

He was still smiling. "Well, I on-ly just stopped to show you how splendidly our orphans are doing. This little fraud didn't have a thing wrong with her-just tried to digest a few tacks, didn't you, old lady?" Gaynor let him talk to her profile.

She went on scrubbing-what did it matter what she did? how she looked? She went on scrubbing...

Then suddenly, impatiently, said: "Gaynor, for heaven's sake stop that swishing a minute! I want to

ask you something." "Well?" Her tone was not encouraging

He said: "I want you to take that ally every evening. I sometimes

spend it with me, if you don't mind. As a matter of fact, I want to talk with you- discuss something with What time shall I come and you. fetch you?"

She still looked at him blindly. "What time?" he said again, a trifle sharply.

She said faintly: "About four o'clock. Only please don't come to the house. I-I'd rather meet you at the fork in the road."

He said, that sharp note still dominant in his voice, "Why?" 'Oh noth-Her eyelids fluttered.

ing-only Patricia and Jerry would expect to come too. And you said you wanted to-to discuss something Day after tomorrow! with me."

He laughed. "So I do. And I certainly don't want Patricia or Jerryespecially Patricia-to hear it. At least, not just yet." He flicked his a work for the gods." cigaret to the sunny lawn. "Well,

tomorow at four-the fork of the road. Cheerio till then." And with a sort of Fascist salute.

he was gone, roaring down the driveway.

Gaynor, on her mat, suddenly buried her face in her damp, reddened hands.

She heard Patricia's soft drawl at ry or Patricia." the upstairs window: "Gay, who was that?

Gay said through her fingers, 'Alan Colford."

She heard the sudden sharp rattle of blinds above her. She looked up and saw Patricia's dark, miraculously smooth head and flame-silkcovered shoulders thrust out of the window.

"Alan? What on earth did he want at this time of morning?" Gay gathered up her scrubbing paraphernalia. "Nothing. Only stop-ped in on his way back to the Hall with the collie puppy."

Patricia was frowning. Something seemed to annoy her. She said sharply, as if realizing Gaynor's position and attire for the first time: "Don't tell me he caught you in that---that awful make-up!'

Gaynor's pointed little chin went forward. "He did. What about it? What do you care? It wasn't you was it?"

Patricia laughed softly down at "Rather not! But after all, her. Alan is a gentleman, and gentlemen are inclined to be fastidious about-about the appearance and habits of their finance's family."

Gay said, not looking up at Pa ricia: "Fiance? You mean-

But what a silly, what a ridiculous question ! What could Patricia mean except just what she had said? Patricia never exerted herself to sav things to Gavnor that she didn't mean.

Patricia now said: "You know exactly what I mean. Not that we've actually come to any definite understanding. Alan is absurdly shy for so dominant a personality. But a girl always knows a man is in love with her, and heaven only knows Alan

has demonstrated his interest in this house. Every afternoon and practic-

It announced, in discreet headlines, that the plans of one of Alan Pell Colford, son of the famous "Steel" Colford, had been accepted for the construction of a stupendous bridge to be swung across some terrific, unpronounceable chasm in Peru. and that said Alan Pell. Colford would himself superintend that construction. It said a lot more. But Gaynor saw only the last words she had read. "Operations will start immediately and Mr. Colford expects to sail next Saturday."

The paper was a week old. Why, Saturday was-was day after tomorrow!

She sat back, aghast at the wave of desolation that swept over her.

He said: "What is it, Gay? Aren't you pleased? You know I once told you that this was my life's ambition: a man's work-no, more than that-

She said her eyes fixed unseeingly on the white ribbon of the highway: "Of course I'm pleased. Only -only it came so suddenly-the

thought, I mean of your going. He accelerated the speed of the dragon. It roared along the road.

He said at last, "That's why I had to see you today, alone, without Jer-

Patricia! The thought of her leaped suddenly into Gaynor's numbed consciousness. What about Patricia? No wonder Alan felt he needed aid in that direction. Only the evening in which to get properly engaged, plans

formed and future dates set. They were roaring through a small hamlet where a few stately old mansions still stood, unchanged, behind the high pickets of their fences. But several of them carried discreet boards attached to their gate-posts Antiques. Ye Olde Booke Shoppe The Lindens-luncheon, tea, dinner Begore its green-painted gates Alar stopped the car.

He said: "Gay, I want to talk to you and I can't-driving this nois: blunderbuss. Let's have tea here." She said idiotically, "But it's to early." Oh, to put off, to put of

forever that which he had to say to her! But he got out and held open the

door for her. "Well, we can have as ice, then. It doesn't really matter. No escape. She followed him u the walk to an awninged verand: where one old lady sat sipping lemon water and reading a paper:

They sat down at one of the littl green tables. They waited. Finall an old darky wandered out smiled a them toothlessly, repeated their or "Yassuh-two iced teas," an der. wandered off, to return a few minute later with a pitcher of lemonade. "We said iced tea-

—" began Alaı "Yassuh-but Ah reckon you all" like dis hyar lemonade bettah." wandered off.

Alan began to talk about Sout America. Gaynor merely listened an suffered, waiting for that time whe he had finished.

"It will be far from an easy life Gay," he said. "Nothing-certair

(Continued on page 7, Col. 1.)