

BY-O-LO.

Baby, wonder-eyed and wee, Lying on your mother's knee...

LANDRY'S LETTER

By GRACE G. BOSTWICK

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FELT horribly sorry for Katherine when Landry died. It must have been an awful blow...

You see, Landry was a fine fellow, an unusual fellow. I don't believe there was a selfish fiber in the man's whole make-up...

He and Kit had been engaged for a long time, and I knew that he fairly worshipped her, though he was very quiet about it...

A few months before Landry's death Kit seemed to change some way. She took to moaning about for all the world like a disappointed lover...

One morning, on my way home from an all-night vigil, old Damon lost his head and I came a pretty cropper...

"Landry'll be good and jealous if you don't watch out," I told her. "I believe you're in love with me, old girl..."

"What if you'd been killed?" she whispered. "What if you'd been killed?"

"You'd still have Landry," I retorted, and Kit slapped me. It wasn't the first time by any means...

It was shortly after that poor Landry came down with typhoid. It was a hard case from the start...

She took my hand and held it tightly in both of her own. I felt a sudden

lightening at my heartstrings, and a rush of tenderness swept over me. "Lonely, old girl!" I asked softly...

"Poor heart," I said, and I bent and laid a gentle kiss on her forehead. She turned her pale, luminous face up to me...

She nestled closer in my arms and laughed a little, low laugh of contentment. "Oh, Freddy, boy," she said...

"And—Landry?" I faltered. "Oh, my dear, I never loved Landry." (Ah, so I knew now why he was glad to go, poor duffer, poor, unselfish, loving old duffer.)

"When your horse threw you that time, then I knew beyond a doubt, for I suffered agonies thinking what might have happened to you..."

"You confounded blind old bat," he wrote, "what in the name of all that's holy, do you stay around here for?"

"Well, you must know some time. It will come to you all at once, as the knowledge of it came to me—then, old boy, I wouldn't mind being in your boots..."

"You weren't cut out for a pill-doper, old man. Drop it. Well, so long. 'Take keer of yerself,' and be good to her to make up for your cussed stupidity, Landry."

The name stared up at us in his well-known writing, and suddenly, an overpowering sense of his nearness mastered me...

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