

tea, the girls brought out their mandolins and guitars and for the next hour and more we sat about and sang all the college songs we knew. There was harmony, even in nature. The pale moonbeams seemed to sift through the trees and dance in perfect time to the vibrant strings. The little waves rolled up on the shining sand with a soft, regular, lapping sound. The trees, stirred by the warm evening breeze, swayed rhythmically. And in the little company gathered in the shadow of the stately pines, there was perfect harmony of spirit. A long deep silence fell after the songs had ceased. Then, as by some tacit understanding, the group separated. When, finally, I glanced up, Dorothy and I were alone. She sat swinging idly, keeping up an endless accompaniment on the guitar. Her eyes were fixed upon some indefinite object in the distance, and as I gazed I thought I could detect a certain wistfulness stealing into them, as of a wish but half fulfilled. Quietly I sat there, watching her, afraid to move or speak, lest I should break the spell. But, as though feeling my ardent glance by some strange telepathy, she turned toward me. The guitar fell to her side, the last notes lingered in the air a moment, tenderly, soothingly, and then—Dorothy sighed. In that instant my whole soul went out to her as it had never done before. There was something so touching, so pathetic, in the posture of the frail figure that it was impossible for me not to love her. I reached out to stop the swaying hammock. My hand fell upon hers and involuntarily clasped over it. For a moment she did not draw it away. Then suddenly she rose and moved toward the dark belt of shadow beneath the pines, with an almost imperceptible gesture of invitation to follow. I was by her side in a second, and thus we walked in silence, the soft carpet of pine needles deadening the sound of our footsteps. Of a sudden we came to a stop. There, in an open glade not far ahead, where the shimmering moonbeams fell in unobstructed radiance, appeared two figures. One was Tom Edrington and the other, one of Dorothy's camp-mates. They were walking slowly, and the expression of their faces, turned each toward the other, told, more plainly than words, what had been their conversation. I turned to Dorothy. She nodded her head knowingly and sighed again. That sigh took away the last vestige of restraint from my lips. I was mad with love for her, and though I tried to speak calmly, my voice trembled.

“They are very happy,” whispered Dorothy.