

a casual end but Gerry Lansing was quietly tenacious. Once moved he stayed moved. No woman had ever stirred him before; he did not imagine that any other woman would ever stir him again.

To Alix, once the shock of finding herself engaged was passed, came full realization and a certain amount of level-headed calculation. She knew herself to be high-strung, nervous and impulsive, a combination that led people to consider her flighty. On the day of the wreck Gerry had shown himself to be a man full grown. He had mastered her; she thought he could hold her.

Then came calculation. Alix was out of the West. All that money could do for her in the way of education and culture had been done but no one knew better than she that her culture was a mere veneer in comparison with the ingrained flower of the Lansings' family oak. Here was a man she could love and with him he brought her the old homestead on Red Hill and an older brown stone front in New York whose position was as awkward as it was socially unassailable. Alix reflected that if there was a fool to the bargain it was not she.

All Red Hill and a few Deerings gathered for the wedding and many were the remarks passed on Gerry's handsome bulk and Alix's scintillating beauty but the only saying that went down in history came from Alan Wayne when Nancee, just a little troubled over the combination of Gerry and Alix, asked him what he thought of it.

Alan's eyes narrowed and his thin lips curved into a smile as he gave his verdict: "Andromeda, consenting, chained to the rock."