

THE HONORABLE MISS MOONLIGHT

erately cast forth a pure and beautiful soul. Nevertheless, he experienced a sense of uneasiness at the thought that all had not been well with them.

"Come," he urged. "Do not hesitate to confide in your master, good Kiyō-sama. Tell me the news, be it good or bad."

"All is well. All is well," almost sobbingly chanted the gateman. "I pray you enter the shiro. There you will see for yourself."

Gonji turned a bit uneasily toward the house, then halted abruptly.

"I read in your face," he said, "a tale of some calamity to my family. Already I know of my father's glorious sacrifice for Tenshi-sama"—bowing as he spoke the Mikado's name—"for I was with my father at the end. So if it is that—but no, there is something else troubling you, Kiyō. I know you too well not to read your face. Is it my mother?"

His voice broke slightly, and for the first time in years he was conscious of a sense of tenderness toward his mother. She had been the main source of all his misery; but she loved him. This Gonji knew, despite all.

Again Kiyō hastened to reassure him, this time eagerly and proudly.

"Iya, master. Thy mother is in excellent health. Happy, moreover, as never before, with the honorable Lord Taro, thy son, embraced within her arms!"