

AMARILLY IN LOVE

Lily Rose had no appetite that night for supper. She was too absorbed in the blissful pleasure of watching Amarilly as she cut the meat on Derry's plate, and performed similar offices for him.

"It's better than movies nor novels," she thought, as she whipped the work through, scuffled the children to bed and maneuvered their elders into remote backgrounds.

"Amarilly," said Derry, when they were alone in the long, low-ceilinged, dimly-lighted living-room, "I have a confession to make."

"Something about your past?" she asked with a light laugh.

"Yes; a very recent past."

"About the red-headed girl whose picture you painted?"

"Much more recent than that. Amarilly, a promise has a serious and solemn meaning to you, hasn't it?"

"Why, of course, Mr. Derry."

"Aren't you ever going to omit the 'Mr'?"

"I don't believe so, Mr. Derry. It would be just as difficult as it would be to stop saying 'Ma.'"

"I think I like the sound of it, anyway. But I won't make this confession, Amarilly,