

422 THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

a kiss, which he had intended for the lips that were so near, somehow failed of its destination, and fell upon what seemed to him a rose-leaf gone to Heaven, but which was, in fact, Jerry Dangerfield's left eye. His being tingled with the most delicious of intoxications, to which the clasp of her arms about his neck added unnecessary though not unwelcome delight. Then she drew back and held him away with her finger-tips for an instant.

"Mr. Thomas Ardmore," she said, with maddening deliberation, "it may not be important, but I must tell you in all candor that it was the other eye."

