

A MAID OF MANY MOODS

reminded John Sevenoakes and Ned Saddler that the hour was late. It was then that Berwick went to Deb, at a moment when she stood apart from the others. He held towards her a small leather-covered box.

"'Tis my wedding gift to thee, Deb," he said, his grave eyes upon her changeful face. "'Tis a pearl collar my mother wore on her wedding-day when she was young and fair as thou art. I will not be here to see how sweet thou dost look in it."

"Thou wilt in the church, Nick?"

"Nay, I will not. I have not told thee before, as I would not plant a thorn in any of thy roses, but I ride to London on the morrow. I have much work there, for later on I sail to America to the new Colonies, in charge of certain stores for Sir Walter Raleigh."

She raised her eyes, tear-filled and tender, to his.

"I wish thee peace, Nick," she said, "wherever thou art—and I have no fear but that gladness will follow. I will miss thee, for thou wert ever my friend."

He lifted her hand to his lips and went away,