
ROSEMARY AND RUE

upon her return had hurried to Aunt Hawkins' room and, in the extremity of her anguish, had poured out her heart to her.

"I feel sorry for Arthur," Mrs. Hawkins remarked, "but, Muriel, be careful not to mention the matter to him. If he knew that you tracked him to the place, he would never forgive you. He would hate you all his life for it."

That evening Muriel went to bed with a heavy heart and drifted into a nervous sleep.

Arthur, lest he might disturb the sleepers, tiptoed to his room across the hall. He did not turn on the light. The room was bathed in the moon's soft rays. One face looked out brighter than all the others on the wall. It was Mazie's. In a time of friendship she had given the picture to him. Long he stared at it. He felt sure he could never forget her. Love had set its tendrils too deeply into his heart, and he feared they would have to remain there always. He could not sleep. The past haunted him. He rose and opened the window. A wandering breeze swept in, cooling his face. Kempton slept peacefully. Afar off, the lakes flashed like sheets of molten glass beneath the starlit heavens. Now and then a bird voice sounded in the surrounding trees. It was like the cry of a soul lost forever in impenetrable darkness. Presently the clock in the cathedral tower chimed the