

Her Lord and Master

"Your color's so bright—perhaps you're feverish," observed Mrs. Stillwater, anxiously. "Indy, is it all right between you and Thurston?"

"Yes—mother—it's all right." Mrs. Stillwater looked at her with an anxious expression. But Indiana met her gaze hopefully. "Don't worry, mother," she said. "I love Thurston, and he loves me—so it's all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, my darling," sighed Mrs. Stillwater, greatly relieved.

"Even if—if things don't go as they should sometimes," said Indiana, wistfully, "they come right after a while—don't they—when people really love each other?"

"Nothing matters, so long as you love each other," Mrs. Stillwater assured her, with the wisdom of her long matrimonial experience.

Indiana watched them driving off, from the window—her mother and