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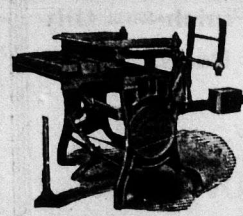


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ideals of honor to which she had hitherto so sternly held herself in the face of Danny's need?

She tried to explain her change of ground to Traylor.

"I'm going to copy my notes for you," she began, and then paused for a word of encouragement from him. He did not speak, but she could hear his heavy, anxious breathing. "I've never done anything like this, before," she went on, "but I think I'm warranted this time. You know, Danny," her words tumbled over each other, "a woman doesn't love as a man does, with honor first. No woman ever said I could not love you, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more."

When a woman really loves there's nothing—honor, advantage, opinion of people—nothing counts. Do you understand?"

"I think I do," said Traylor, quietly.

For what seemed hours to the man, a silence, broken only by the scratching of Terese's pencil, followed. He walked nervously up and down the room, coming to a halt before the fireplace, from which vantage point he studied the girl's pretty, delicate face, now tear stained and flushed; and noted the trembling of her hand as it guided the pencil across the paper.

At last Terese came over to him with the copy.

"Here it is," she said. "You'll understand from these without my telling you."

She turned and walked across the room with uncertain steps.

"Where are you going?" asked Traylor, sharply.

She turned in the doorway.

"Back to the office to tell Mr. Carter what I've done."

"Don't do that. You'll be fired."

"Yes. I suppose so," she replied, bravely. Then she burst into a passion of tears and Traylor took her in his arms. She pushed him away almost fiercely.

"You don't understand," she sobbed, and Traylor, completely puzzled by this new phase, agreed with her. "It's not being discharged that I care about. It's that you would do—"

"Terese!" Traylor silenced her sternly. He led her over to the fireplace and pointed to a tiny gray heap in the embers.

"Do you see that?"

Terese peered through her tears. "Yes."

"Do you know what it is?"

"Oh! Danny! Yes! I should have known it. How can you ever forgive me?"

YULE BY THE INGLE.

Like hopes faint faltering from the lip
The last leaves drop from off the brier,

Where now the shriveled, ashen hip
Shows once the red rose lit its fire;
But by my genial ingle glows
Her cheek—the summer's fairest rose!

The garden copse is reft of song;
No meadow choir salutes the sun;
The wan night long, the white day long,

Pale Silence keeps its orison;
But where my ingle sheds its cheer
Her voice—sweet autumn's own—I hear!

The branches writhe against a vault
With tattered vapory streamers strewn,

Where outcast winds make mad assault,
Blurring the vespers of the moon;
But by my ingle, in her eyes,—
I see spring's hyacinthine skies!

So all the year meets at the Yule,
Transmuted by Love's wonder art;
His glass, as doth a magic pool,
Make rime and bloom seem one at heart;

Yule by my ingle means for me
The crown of life's felicity!

—Clinton Scollard, in Smart Set.



Fording the Stream.