

licked it. Poor William Bold! His wildest dreams had not pictured a woman like that.

His Esther sat darning in a low chair outside the cottage door. She looked up calmly as the gate fell to.

“Mother,” her son said, “I’ve brought my Gwen.”

The maiden in white slipped quietly on to her knees, to be on a level.

“Please kiss me,” her deep tones said, simply.

The two women looked into each other’s eyes. Their lips met.

THE END