



Righted in Time

He went on: "So, you see, I'm honest with you. I can't offer you the money—or even part of it. I don't even feel as if it were mine to offer. It's a trust—to spend on far more people's needs than just yours and

want all the money I can get—for them." He turned and looked into her eyes. "So we're friends, aren't we? We understand each other. Ah, I knew we should."

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mine. That's why I wanted to see you—to explain it all."

Moya met his eyes. She still looked wondering and doubtful. So this was why he wanted to see her—for no other reason than that had set her mother calculating and scheming. She felt utterly taken aback. He did not even say he was sorry, or make excuses for her appropriation of the money. He cut the ground from right under Moya's feet.

She found herself gasping out, without in the least intending to speak. "Oh, I think it's splendid of you, I'm really glad you've got the money. You can do more with it than I can—I see that now. I should have just spent it on myself. Perhaps it would have spoiled me completely. I daresay it would. Oh, I am glad you told me all this. I—I only wish I had known it before."

She felt deadly ashamed. What would he say if he knew all she had thought, and what she had said to Barry, too?

"Because you've been thinking some hard things of me," he smiled. "But

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now you understand. I'm shameless, you see—have no scruples in taking the money, not the least! I'd take more if I could get it; all I could, in fact. You were speaking of London just now. If you'd seen only what I've seen just this day! Of people who live all their lives with grimy toll, who never hardly dream of such a place as this, all peaceful sea and sunset and fair sky. Yes, I've no scruples when I think of them.

bathing before breakfast, as you promised."

"I overslept myself, and forgot all about it. Oh, do stop that awful noise, boys"—as the wedding march intensified—"you'll horrify Mr. Berkeley, if you behave young hooligans."

"He's out for a swim, Miss Moya, and isn't back yet. As for us, we have been round to the Tremmonds, consoling Barry, poor chap! Done for himself, he has! Bet he's as sorry as he can be by now."

Moya's dark eyes flashed fire. She knew Guy might be back any moment, and besides, her mother would come down soon. "If you're going on like this all through breakfast," she threatened, "I won't stand it—I'll—"

The expected happened. Guy came in at the door, and a second later was followed by Mrs. Raleigh.

That lady had a deterrent influence on her sons that was rather surprising. They dared not go too far with her—why, one hardly knew, seeing they were without a father's control. They sniggered a little now, and made hideous grimaces at Moya behind Guy's back. But only Harry, the youngest, plucked up sufficient courage in the face of the icy dignity which was Mrs. Raleigh's breakfast manner. "Have you congratulated Moya?" he demanded carelessly of their guest. "She's been and gone and done it, you know. It just happened yesterday. Barry has hardly got over the shock yet, poor chap. I say—"

Perhaps Guy may be excused for looking bewildered and uncomprehending. He had not heard the wedding march. He was speaking to Una at that moment about the tides and the best bathing place, and how much he had enjoyed his swim in the sea, the first for many a long month of hard work.

He looked up, but before he had had time to speak, or Moya even to flush with annoyance, Mrs. Raleigh broke in. "Please take no notice of it, Guy. It's just a mere joke of the children's—a passing thing. Of course I'm annoyed about it. But—I realize it's only a girl-and-boy affair—not serious enough to forbid. Something to be laughed at, and forgotten."

Hardly knowing what she did, Moya looked up, her face crimsoned. She caught the look of surprise in Guy's deep-grey eyes, she saw the angry purposeful gleam of her mother's; but

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from their foundations. And she wondered how she was going to build them up again.

When Moya came down the next morning to breakfast her ideas had hardly readjusted themselves even then. One predominant thought whistled—had her mock engagement been so necessary after all?

Not even the most soaring flight of vanity could read into Guy Berkeley's words more than that compact of friendship had avowed. He had come to see her, not for a prospective bride, not to make reparation for her lost fortune—reparation from which all Moya's honest soul shrank—but to tell her of his work, the work which was plainly his life.

He had not talked to the others as he had spoken to the quiet seashore to Moya. He had laughed and chaffed with the boys, had fallen easily enough into the holiday life of the cottage. But Moya could not help thinking what her mother would say if she knew Guy Berkeley did not look on his money as his own at all, but as a trust to use for others.

"Would she be so eager for me to marry him?" thought Moya, a little sadly. "Oh, dear, life is a funny thing. What would Barry say? How can I tell him?"

She came downstairs to the lower-raftered room where the breakfast was laid, into an atmosphere that grated on this perplexed, troubled mood.

A shout of boyish laughter greeted her. A shrill whistling of the opening bars of the wedding march.

"Congratulations, Moya. Been dreaming of him, eh? Couldn't sleep, perhaps, for joy. You're awfully late, you know. Why didn't you come

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he looked at her with a friendly, frank smile. "I've come to congratulate you," he said. "I've not had a chance before, have I?"

Now those words took Moya back. At best she had expected him to ignore the subject, which had occasioned that painful little scene in the breakfast-room. She did not think to find him approach it in so frank and unembarrassed a spirit.

He went on without waiting for her to reply. "I know what you're feeling—hurt that a mere stranger should see and hear this. But then, I don't want you to think of me as a mere stranger. I want you to think of me as a friend. That's why I came to on the one which played with clinging strands of seaweed that clothed the ing. It came to her suddenly that he was thinking she was fatherless, and realized that a mother's unselfish love had never filled.

"Are you thinking why I say all this? Because I want to be your friend. And I think one day perhaps you will need a friend. When you do, think of me."

He laid his hand lightly for a second other, and win the happiness that only true love can give."

Moya looked silently at him. His grey eyes were kind and a little pity-speak about it at once. I want to give you my good wishes for the future. I heard what Mrs. Raleigh said, of course. But I want you to know that I, for one, don't think that I believe that youth often has the best in life—and nearly always knows the best and purest of love. A boy-and-girl affair—why, it means a setting out on life together, it means all the hopes of the future. And when you've known each other pretty well all your lives, as I understand you two have done—no, I wanted you to know that I, for one, don't laugh at it. I, for one, give you all my good wishes, and hope you'll keep true to each breakwater. His whole manner was kind and protecting, like some elder brother who would take the place of a dead father, and protect his little sister from a hard, unsympathetic world. And Moya all at once felt a sob in his throat, while a wave of shamed color swept from brow to chin.

What was she doing—to take this man's sympathy and kindness? What would he say if he knew it was all a pretence? Una's loving words of congratulation had first stirred her uncomfortably. But how much more of this? She had no right to this beautiful offer of sincere friendship. What would he say if he knew what her mother's words plucked the truth far nearer than his own thoughts.

She felt she could not meet those honest grey eyes, that searched hers so kindly. He meant to reassure her. Instead she felt miserably shaken from her own self-esteem.

"Oh," she said tremblingly, "you

mustn't think—I don't want you to think—" and caught herself up quickly. Of course he would have to go on thinking this. She had plunged headlong on a course she had never considered where it might lead. "I don't think that," he said, misunderstanding her meaning. "I am sure you would not enter on a mere passing fancy—that it must be deeper than that if you have the courage to take your own way in spite of opposition. I am sure your mother is mistaken. And if you are true to yourself and to your lover things will come right in the end."
(To be continued.)

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(Columbus Dispatch.)
A fool there was and his home he sold, Even as you and I; And he laughed as he counted out his gold. Even as you and I; But he realized when it was too late That his profits would all evaporate On another purchase of real estate; Even as you and I.

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The impulsiveness of great man has led to amusing incidents. This story of Rossetti, who was an ardent lover of rare and beautiful china, is one in point:

The great man dined one evening with friends who had learned from him the joys of china collecting. The dinner was served in beautiful specimens of various sorts of ware, and, for the better display of the dishes, was set out on the table. The salmon was served in an especially precious dish. When the cover was removed, Rossetti started, leaned over to examine the dish, took it in both hands and turned it upside down to see the marks on the back. The salmon, of course, fell out on the table cloth, but Rossetti paid no attention, and only exclaimed: "The very dish I was going to get to-morrow!"

The lady was so elated at having got the dish ahead of her guest that she quite forgave the present treatment of her salmon and of her table cloth.

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most of all, she met Una's gaze, pained and questioning. It seemed to say to her "Is it really no more than that? Haven't you courage to fight for love—the most sacred thing in life?"

Suddenly Moya got up from the table. She put one trembling hand on the back of her chair.

"It isn't, mater," she said, in a low, choked voice. "You know it. It isn't that—not that!"

The words were incoherent. But Moya did not wait either to say or hear any others. She went away out into the further corner of the garden, and from thence to the cool solitude of the shore.

The morning haze was still over the sea. Everything was lovely and serene. Moya sat down on the arm of the breakwater, the little waves almost under her feet, the cool breeze fanning her hot face.

Back again came Barry's laughing words—that he might be helping her out of one hole into a worse one. She had done this to save her pride. Then why was she sitting there, feeling so humiliated?

She gazed down at the clear spray, leaping gracefully in little jets and eddies of pure crystal, beneath her feet. Then she caught a sound of clattering stones, and looking up, she saw Guy Berkeley coming down the cliff path.

He must see her, of course, outlined as she was against the blue water, as she sat perched on the old breakwater. But he would not come to speak to her—after this.

Yet he came on, and Moya perceived that probably he had come purposely to speak to her. For he picked his way round the pools of outgoing tide till he reached the breakwater. Then

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