

abruptly to greet some people who were walking toward us.

I was singularly excited. The maniac in the boat had no such paralyzing power over me as this potentiality in a soft gray gown, with a long gray glove outstretched. My heart beat and the picture swam before my eyes, for this might be, might it not, Anita herself? I heard a voice exclaim. "This is the picture!" A lady in black with the gray girl began an apology: "We are late. As usual, Signor Boldini and some new music. Ah!" interrupting herself, "it is like—why, yes, very. Don't you think so yourself?"—the name at last, surely—but no—"don't you think so yourself, dear?"

"Yes, do tell us what you think. Isn't she weird? and can you look like that?" cried the girls.

"Ah, the other me!" said a new voice softly a voice with a low thrill in it. "It is like what I might have been, I'm sure. Some one told me once when I was a child, I remember, that I was like the moon, but having lived eight years since then in a flood of sunshine"—and the gray hand touched the black glove near hers, a grateful touch, I felt sure—"why, I am not so much like it now as I was."

"In spite of the smile that you always will and always won't smile outright. That is in the face in the moon, too, you see. Did you ever meet Mr. Eaton?"

"And do you think the girl very beautiful, and very like a maniac's dream?" broke in the shorter girl. "Do tell us, Anita."

So then it was Anita. I turned, and as I walked away faced the blue-gray eyes, like violets, and the hair like shaded moonbeams, and the smile. Not the little 12-year-old Anita this, but a beautiful, sunny creature, with the other Anita somehow suggested, and yet not there. This one more of the world, with a *savoir faire* lying over the moonshine. I had meant, if it were she, to speak to her at once and boldly. As it was. I simply gazed, and when her eyes met mine I fear it was I, not she, who blushed. But she recognized me. My identity was all in my face, I am sure. I saw a puzzled look in her eyes, and I seized my chance. I bowed; I spoke:

"Years ago you knew me, Miss Grayson, when I was a boy in Boston, and when you were like the moon."

I was introduced to the aunt in black. My father had been one of the old family friends. So in a few moments I was talking like an old friend myself. Mrs. Grayson touched on my recent loss, and then, as I turned to leave, said:

"I should be glad to know your father's son. Can you dine with us on Sunday next?"

So the golden gates were opened for me, and Sundays came and Sundays went and I was fathoms deep in love. I could not paint, I could not talk. I heard a good deal of

music, and I suppose—alack and alas—read poetry. Fatal habit of lovers. And so at last it came to the point when I must tell her. Armed with a shield of violets I met her in her aunt's drawing-room one Sunday again toward twilight. A day in April it was, and spring was in the air.

The aunt was out on an errand or enarcy; would soon be at home, Anita hoped. I said nothing. Talk flagged in consequence.

"If those violets are for this house, why do you hold them?" asked Anita; "why do you not give them to me?"

"I hold them because you will soon touch them yourself"—which was an asinine speech. Wasn't it?

"That is stupid," she laughed frankly, "and like other men, and not like you."

"But I am like other men," I answered, abruptly, "for I—" Then I paused, gave her the violets, and conversation flagged again. We tried various subjects—Russian dynamite, Sealchi; all failed.

"How good Aunt Emily is!" cried Anita at last in enthusiasm—"so full of thought for the poor and needy. I wish I had ever done any one any good."

"You saved my life once," I said. I must have said it very earnestly, for Anita flushed and then paled.

"Why must you jest with me in this way to-day? You are breaking our friendship."

"I want no friendship from you. I am glad to break it. I will tell you how you saved my life if you will say Yes to a question I am going to ask. But you must look at me and not at the violets."

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And so all the debut went for nothing, and the swells and the lordlings that had hung about got their *conge*, and I got my moonlight; for the girl with the long upper lip—who, by the way, is now my cousin—was right, and Anita was the moon Anita to her lover.

In the course of time we married. Such a bald statement of an idyllic fact! But that is all that words can do—only half tell any tale. Our secret and our love and how she looks to me still are all told to us silently by a picture that hangs over the fireplace in our nursery, for there is a nursery as well as a studio, and the picture is the picture of a moon with a face in it, and in bold black letters the name of the artist—Thomas Eaton.

A certain brown-haired baby boy, on being held up to warm his wee toes by the open fire, always sketches his hands toward the face in the moon and calls: "My mamma! my mamma!"—*Our Continent*.

The Masons of North Carolina support an Orphan Asylum with 145 inmates. God bless and prosper them.