

nod a mans to luf with me. Aenyhow, I thing' I liging you without thad I be a mans. Sa-ay, I lig' you jus' lig' a—a brudder—no, lig' a mudder, with you." This was very generous, as the mother love is supreme in Japan, and Numè felt she could not go beyond that.

Cleo seemed very much absorbed on the way home. Tom was in the kurumma with her, Sinclair having stayed behind a while.

"Matsu is going back with us to America," she said. "I think she is a dear little thing, and I shall educate her." She was silent a moment, and then she said, very wistfully:

"Tom, do you suppose I can ever make up—atone for all my wickedness?" and Tom answered her with all the old loving sympathy.

"*I never could* think of you as wicked, sis—not wantonly so—only thoughtless."

"Ah, Tom—if *I* could only think so too!"

When the boat moved down the bay Cleo's and Tom's eyes were dim, and when the wharf was only a shadowy, dark line they still leaned forward watching a small white fluttering handkerchief, and in imagination they still saw the little doleful figure trying to smile up at them through a mist of tears.

And a week later the selfsame missionary who had given Sinclair so much work, and thereby helped him bear his trouble, married them—Sinclair and Numè. The girl was gowned all in white—the dress she had worn that first time Sinclair had met her.

About two years later a party of American tour-