

A JOURNEY'S CURIOUS ENDING 337

He now was holding out both arms, and without a word I walked over to him.

* * * * *

When Dick and I, foolish children, came to ourselves, we were alone in the room, for my mother and Mr. Carmichael had suddenly found it discreet to visit the dear invalid upstairs.

Mrs. Might, when, in a few moments, I met her, was radiant.

"I'll not give in yet, 'twasn't that walk home from the parin' bee done it!" She said.

Gay was my bridesmaid, and when, before the ceremony, she arranged my hair with the middle parting, and the loose, black waves running down to the silver-pinned coil, she told me over and over again how lovely I looked. But I am sure she looked so very much lovelier than I, with her face now so full of gentleness, and so spirituelle as to be fairer far than that of the old Gay, that the people must have looked at her rather than at the bride, whose only glory must have been because of her happiness.