

"reception" that a gay witch of thirteen or thereabouts, Wynant Darling's third daughter, in fastening a bridal bouquet in my button-hole, got her fingers tangled in a mere threadlet of a gold chain, and drew from the breast-pocket of my vest, a locket.

"If I ever!" she screamed. "Uncle Barry—the confirmed old bachelor—carries a medallion likeness next his heart!"

Her father chid her so sharply that I was fain to take her part and pass over the indiscretion with a jest.

It was not until I was safe in my bachelor quarters that, moved to something akin to tender remorse that I had thus jested, even to shield the abashed child, I opened the case and looked at it long and reverently. There is no pictured face within. Only a ruby ring, too small for the least of my fingers, encircled by a lock of brown hair and protected by glass.

On the inside of the lid are engraved the words—"My Little Love."

THE END.

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