

they stood before the train gate. "Three months gone we were strangers."

"And now——" began Cutty.

"With hoops of steel!" interrupted Kitty. "You must write, Cutty, and Johnny and I will be prompt."

"You'll get one from the Azores."

"Train going west!"

"Good luck, children!" Cutty pressed Hawksley's hand and pecked at Kitty's cheek. "Shan't go through with you to the car. Kuroki is waiting. Good-bye!"

The redcaps seized the luggage, and Hawksley and his bride followed them through the gate. Because he was tall Cutty could see them until they reached the bumper. Funny old world, for a fact. Next time they met the wounds would be healed—Hawksley's head and old Cutty's heart. Queer how he felt his fifty-two. He began to recognize one of the truths that had passed by: One did not sense age if one ran with the familiar pack. But for an old-timer to jog along for a few weeks with youth! That was it—the youth of these two had knocked his conceit into a cocked hat.

"Poor dear old Cutty!" said Kitty.

"Old thoroughbred!" said Hawksley.

And there you were, relegated to the bracket where the family kept the kaleidoscope, the sea-shell, and the album. His children, though; from now on he would have that interest in life. The blessed