

Plain Mary Smith

feeling of putting through a thoroughly successful put-up job added to the other.

Dead silence after Saxton stepped within the little house. Then come one cry—"Arthur!"

The whole business, from the cradle to the grave, was done up in one small word.

Perez come down the hill; I left my brush-pile. Arthur and Mary were sitting on the stone step, hand in hand. I 'll bet they never said a word after that first cry, and they held hands like they was afraid to let go, even for a minute. I thought we 'd have lots of explaining to do, but shucks! They did n't want any explanations. There they were, sitting on the door-step, hand in hand. Good enough old explanation for anybody.

They did n't even see us.

I raised my voice, calling to Perez, "Your Excellency, I have the honor to report Panama has fallen!"

And there they sat, hand in hand. They did n't even hear us, neither.