
ROSEMARY AND RUE

At that moment Muriel reached Bleur House. "God protect my poor brother from harm!" she pleaded as she closed the door. "He knows not what he is doing."

Lawrence Lescot passed slowly, on his lips the music of those tender words—

"You are the moon, dear love, and I the sea."

Arthur Gravenor's fingers were on his pistol. He tried to move the trigger, but they refused to obey his will. All control of them seemed gone. The next moment the pistol fell into the grass. He tried to speak, but his lips and tongue were dry and no sound came. Hurriedly he rose and stumbled home in the moonlight, his mind a prey to strange, bitter thoughts. His angel had heard Muriel's prayer and borne it to the great white Throne.

Lawrence Lescot did not know that a few minutes before he might have been swept out of existence forever by a deadly pistol shot. He hurried on gladly, his dinner-pail dangling musically on his arm. Presently he saw a flickering light at Mazie's window. His eyes sparkled, and there was a look of sweetness on his manly face as his thoughts stole to the little queen whom he worshipped. Since this bright angel had come into his life, his days had been one continued period of love and song. Life held forth far greater possibilities to him now that it was radiant with Mazie's