

PIDGIN ISLAND

From under his arm he took the gray cotton casings and shook forth the butts of two Bristol rods. With trembling fingers he unscrewed the caps. A silvery cascade poured into Diana's lap; pearls, pearls, pearls!

"That was the wall I could not get over; I knew not how they were going to smuggle them in. Cran, these belonged to Frances' mother. Uncle Sam has had his tithes long ago. But if you had stumbled on them earlier, you would have had to report them, and they might have been confiscated."

"I understand."

"Diana," said the wife, "he meant it, he meant it!"

"Of course he did! Uncle Billy?"

"Huh?"

"Mr. Cranford and I are going to be married this afternoon."

"And Mr. Cranford," said the owner of that name, "desires the pleasure of your company as best man."