

AMARILLY IN LOVE

As she walked across lots to the river road, she was arranging Derry's future :

"It will be a living death to him not to be able to paint," she thought. "He must learn to use his left hand as the Boarder said, and that will take such patience and time! Poor Mr. Derry! I must keep right at him every minute and not let him give up practising."

As she came around a bend in the road, she gave a little cry. Derry was coming toward her, his right arm hanging unnaturally straight, the hand bandaged.

Then something started in Amarilly's heart. It grew and grew until by the time she had come up to him, it seemed as if it were too big and too beautiful to hold.

"Oh, Mr. Derry!" she cried, running up to him. "I can't tell you how sorry I am — I —"

Her voice trailed off into a little sob, and she clung tight to his left hand which in her distress she had grasped.

He looked at her keenly, detecting a new note in her voice.

"Did Iry tell you?"

"Yes; and I was coming to you. Is it