

There was but one way out of the rather sultry atmosphere.

"You will be my guests in the dining-car?" said Latimer.

"I want five minutes to wash up," declared Winifred. "We ran the last mile and a half."

"And I kept telling her all the while there was plenty of time," said the pitiful Polly.

When half way down the platform he picked out his wife's face in the front rank of the waiting crowd, a place to which her diminutive stature entitled her by the law of common kindness. He waved his hat, and her slightly myopic stare gave way to a soft glow of recognition which made him feel that perhaps he had not sinned against her as greatly as he imagined. He bent down to kiss her, and so remained, that she might scan his face at close range and give her verdict.

"You look very well, Henry. I am thankful."

"And you?" He tried to find out for himself, but he had known her these thirty-five years and never yet been certain when she was well and when not.

"I have been very comfortable," she said and took his arm.