

but only speaks when the hour comes and the woman."

Tibbie did not ask what he meant, being hard put to it at the moment to hide the tears that were welling in her eyes at the prospect of the last good-bye. But Archie Mackerrow had not yet come to the end of his resources or his presumption.

"Tibbie, won't you—" he asked as he leaned out of the window when the green flag was waving—"just one, for auld lang syne; look, I'm the only poor beggar on the station who hasn't somebody to kiss him good-bye."

Tibbie lifted up her face, and they kissed one another, and when she walked away the tears were raining down her cheeks.

"It wouldn't be believed out of a book, Tibbie Fleming," she said to herself severely. "I am sorry for him, but I'm most of all sorry for Ailie, who had the chance, and who let it go by her."

But she never told Ailie about that kiss, nor did she so much as mention that she had seen Archie Mackerrow until a long time after, when it was easy to speak of it casually, and when the throng and press of other matters at Alison's home allowed them a little breathing space.