

AMARILLY IN LOVE

"I told you, Mr. Derry," reminded Lily Rose, the next day, "that a way would come. Do you know, though I bet she wouldn't own up to it, I think Amarilly way down in her heart is sorry your hand ain't injured for keeps."

"Why, Lily Rose!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes; she would so have loved to fuss over you and teach you how to use your left hand. It's the motherin' instinct that leads women to love, and if they don't feel like motherin' the man they've wed, God help him!"

"Lily Rose," asked Derry gravely, "did you read that in a book?"