

PIDGIN ISLAND

Right-about-face, with never a glance back, into the open, down the path to the dock, went Smead. In the parlor no one spoke till the putter of the motor died away in the distance.

"Simmons," said the very old man, "I hate that man greater than all the hatreds in my life combined; yet, what a son-in-law he would have made, born right!"

"I am tired, and my arm aches," said Diana.

"Grandchild, I am a very old, very lonely man. I have brought my pride to you and laid it at your feet. If your mother had come to me at any time, God is witness I would have taken her in my arms. But she was proud. Too proud to admit that her judgment was wrong and mine was right. I want young people in my house; laughter, music, coming and going. I want the ghosts driven out of its corners."

"Grandfather, I am going to marry the man I love. Whatever he says."

"Mr. Wynne," said Cranford, "I have but