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## CUPID AND THE CANDIDATE

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tremulous and woe-begone, and tears glistened on her lashes. Dick's control almost deserted him. "Poor Prue, poor little Prue! I am sorry I made you cry."

"Stop, Dick, I can't bear it. Be angry, anything, but not that." And Prue tried to hide her face on his arm.

"Don't," he said, hoarsely. "Leave me strength to say good-bye. I dare not trust myself to say any more. Good-bye."

She closed her eyes as if to shut out the import of the words.

"Good-bye." Just once she felt his lips touch hers softly, and then, as if in a dream, Dick, her chum,—Dick, whose tenderness and consideration had been as "a rock in a weary land"—was gone, driving through the soft dusk of the summer night like one bereft for the time of reason.