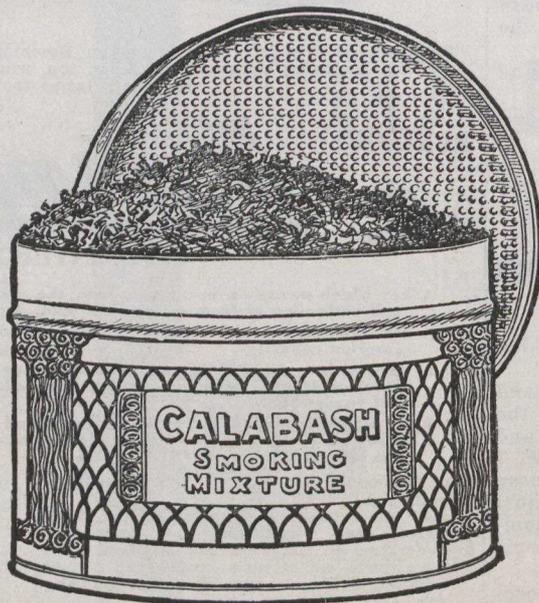


# CALABASH

HIGH GRADE

## SMOKING MIXTURE

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*Triscuit is the crisp, tasty Shredded Wheat Wafer—delicious for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalade. Toast in the oven before serving.*

Made by

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D64

I may persuade myself it is true.

To begin with, it was a dull morning, and it was not till after tea that I felt inclined to go out. Even then I did not want to work, but wandered round the garden, idly cutting a few sweet peas which are still blooming bravely. I saw nothing of my neighbour all day, and was beginning to think I had been mistaken in thinking he had returned, but just as I was about to go in I heard his door bang and without looking round I felt that he was there at the privet hedge. I am evidently subject to fits of shyness, for I felt as though I dare not turn round to greet him, and went on snipping away at the sweet peas. At last I heard the familiar call, "Miss Rosemary," and then, of course, I had to turn and go to him.

"How long were you going to keep me waiting?" he asked. "You knew I was there," he said positively.

"I was busy," I said, feebly. He looked different to-night, his eyes were so bright, and his face had a boyish, eager look.

"How have you enjoyed yourself?" I asked.

"Why have you hidden yourself away all day?" he demanded, ignoring my question.

"It's been so dull," I answered.

"You've been working on many a worse day," he said, "and I can see several things in your garden that want doing, even from this side of the hedge."

I nearly said that that was my business, but his reference to the hedge made me shy again, and I was glad I hadn't when he said: "You can't think how I've been longing for a glimpse of you; but never mind that now, come along, and let us go up the hill, then we can talk."

I meekly obeyed, went in and put on an extra wrap, and soon we were walking up the lane. It was nearly dark when we reached the top, but the moon was coming up, and it was a much finer night than I had expected. We rested for a moment as we always did, against the fence on the edge of the wood. Suddenly a trembling seized me again, and I felt like running down the hill and never stopping till I reached the sanctuary of my little home. At the same moment my neighbour turned and stood in front of me.

"Rosemary," he said, "tell me, have you missed me at all?"

"Yes," I answered, swiftly and simply, almost before I knew I had spoken. I felt his eyes trying to read my face in the faint, soft light.

"Tell me more," he said, but I was tongue-tied again; there was something new and masterful about him that made me afraid and tremulous.

"Let me tell you how I have missed you," he said, when I made no answer. "Every day has seemed like forty-eight hours, and every hour of it flavourless and empty. And, now that we are together again, an hour has seemed like a minute."

He had spoken passionately. Then his voice grew very solemn and reverent. "Rosemary," he said, "I can wait no longer. I must tell you I love you. I have asked God to give you to me for my own. Will you come?"

He took hold of my hand, and at his touch all the fear and all the trembling died away.

"Yes," I said simply, and as I spoke I knew, with a swift, keen joy, that I had entered into a haven of safety and happiness such as I had never dreamed of.

September 13.—The world is made new. I had an appointment with my beloved at the privet hedge for nine o'clock this morning. We stood and looked at each other across it for a moment.

"I shall not come till you ask me," he said; "you have kept me waiting so long."

Then I had to capitulate. "Will you come over and walk round my garden?" I said as carelessly as I could. In a moment he was through the hedge and his arms were around me. How thankful I was for the seclusion of my garden then.

"The first piece of work we do in our garden after we are married," he said, boldly, "will be to uproot that privet hedge."