

THE LOVE OF AZALEA

listening to them. With his hands clasped behind, and his head somewhat bent, Richard Verley turned slowly toward his home.

It was only the length of an iris field from the church, a pleasant saunter. The minister was wont to dream upon these walks—dream of the future harvest which would repay his earnest labors.

He had come quite close to his garden gate before he perceived the little figure waiting there. It was her voice—her odd, breathless voice, which called his attention to her—though he heard the one word 'convert' spoken in English. The rest of her speech was unintelligible.