

bade adieu to the hostess and left the house. He had one more reception to attend that evening, not far from his own home. It was a stag party; and, remembering the theater program, he determined to stop at the house and put on a black necktie. He drove fast, and arrived but a moment after Dolly. The hall was dark, and he turned on the electric light with a quick snap of the button.

There she stood, leaning against the lower balustrade of the stairway, all in white and pink. Her face, flushed with mingled shame and joy, looked shyly at him from the delicate folds of the lace scarf. The cloak lay in a ring of white silk and fluffy fur about her feet.

And suddenly love triumphed over shame; shame for weakness and mistrust which he should never know.

The flush of a whole life's triumph mounted to her cheeks; its joy sat on her parted lips. The sunlight and moonlight and starlight of love burned in her glorified eyes and beckoned him like a beacon. He strode toward her with arms open.

"Why, Dolly," he cried, "how young you look!"

THE END