

"Her Knight Proved True" 335

I was loth to sleep, lest she should arrive without my knowing of it. I could hardly bear to leave home for even an hour in case she should come when I was away. And yet,—so it happened.

Late one afternoon, I was standing on Clark's veranda, chatting with Margaret over a letter that had arrived from Rita; when I noticed a fast-moving launch dart into the Bay full speed, straight for my landing, lower a dinghy, land some people, then turn and speed out again almost before my brain could grasp the full purport.

I dashed suddenly away from my old lady friend, without so much as a word of explanation. I tumbled into my boat and rowed furiously for home.

How I railed at that long half-hour! To think of it,—Mary in Golden Crescent half-an-hour and I had not yet spoken to her!

I jumped ashore at last, ran up the rocks and into her house without ceremony.

"Mary, Mary!" I called. "Where are you?"

And all I heard in answer, was a sigh.

I pushed in to the front parlour, where Mary,—my Mary,—was. She was standing by the window and had been gazing dreamily out into the Bay. She turned to me in all the charm of her golden loveliness, holding out her hands to me in silent welcome.

I took her hands in mine and we looked into each other's eyes for just a moment, then I caught her to me and crushed her in my embrace.