

In a word, Compton had arrived at that stage of the disease wherein he was willing and anxious to make a doormat of himself for her to wipe her dainty feet upon, before Louise understood.

When at last she became conscious of his anfatuation she avoided him so pointedly that Compton's hopes sank considerably below zero.

Compton, however, was not the man to give up without an effort. In sheer desperation he proposed at the very first opportunity. His joy and gratitude knew no bounds when he found himself shyly accepted. His caresses were accepted more shyly still, and no amount of coaxing could induce Louise to return them. It was too soon, she said. She was not ready.

Compton's sincerity stood the test. While he made no effort to conceal his longing, he put a powerful restraint upon himself, and let her feel that in this, as in all else, her wishes were to be considered before his.

He felt justified, however, in urging an early date for the wedding. To this fortunately, neither Louise nor the family objected. In fact, neither Louise nor the family realized what a change marriage was going to make in the Eddington household.

Compton did. He smiled sardonically as he thought how those two selfish

"Just try me, and see," he muttered, huskily.

If she had suggested dancing a jig upon his prostrate form, he would scarcely have opposed her, and Louise knew it.

Again, with her cheek against his, she laughed in that delicious, infectious way of hers.

"Don't you want to know what my great ambition is?"

"If you care to tell me."

"I'm dying to tell you. It's just this: I've taken a violent fancy to—are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, what I want to do more than anything else in the world is to— to make my husband comfortable in his own home."

By the time Compton recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to put his gratitude into fitting words, he was breathless from his efforts to express it otherwise.

About six months later the Compton's invited a few select friends to dine with them.

To the most casual observer it was evident that Compton was supremely comfortable in his own home. It was equally manifest that he was thoroughly in love with his wife.



On the Loops

girls were going to squabble over which one should go into the kitchen on the cook's afternoon out, and how that fat, self-indulgent Mr. Eddington was going to fret and fume himself into a tantrum some morning when his paper failed to arrive.

As for Louise, he meant that no unpleasantness should touch her. If there was any sacrificing to be done, he intended to do it himself. Her wishes were to be consulted in all things whatsoever. In a word, he meant her to have a taste of doing as she pleased. He even settled an income upon her, lest she might deny herself some desire rather than ask him for the money with which to gratify it.

All this he explained to Louise on their wedding day, just as soon as they were alone. When he had finished, her blue eyes were misty, and he saw that she understood.

Without a word, she raised her face, of her own sweet will, and kissed him. And, as if there were not sufficient reward, she got her arms around his neck, and her soft, warm cheek against his, and gave vent to a joyous, delicious little laugh.

"What is it?" asked Compton, laughing in sympathy.

"I'm so happy, Georgie," she murmured. "It's so delightful to know that I can do exactly as I please, because—"

"Well?"

"Because there's just one thing that I want to do more than anything else in the world, and now I know that you won't oppose me. Will you?"

Compton was tingling from head to foot with the joy of her caresses, now bestowed for the first time.

"By the way, Compton," remarked Conner, with a sly wink at Jones' when the men were alone over their cigars, "how are those matrimonial theories of yours working out?"

Compton, the benedict, flicked the ashes off his cigar, and not the first particle escaped the tray.

"Forget it!" he replied, good-humoredly. "When a man marries the right woman, he has no need of theories."

It Must Be Settled Right

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

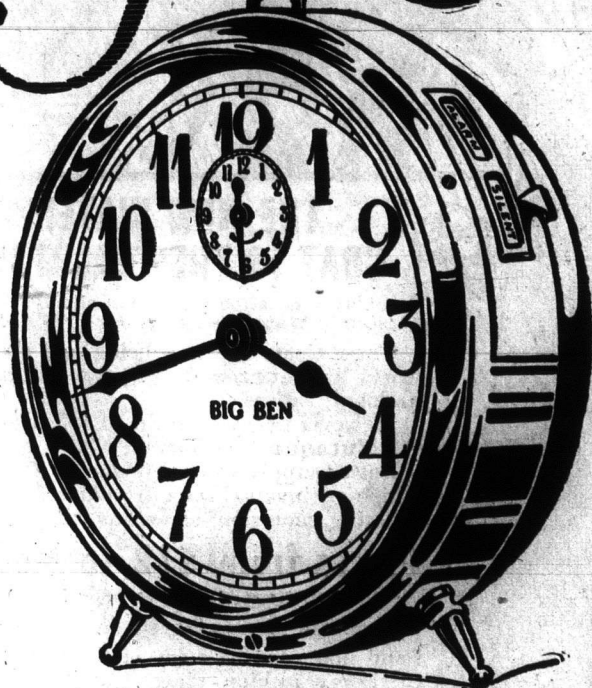
Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warnin
And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage,
Though the enemy seemed to have won,
Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong,

The battle is not yet done
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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