

could have fallen in love with Mr. Cross. He was just made for women to love and trust and rely on — and I guess the woman is happy that got hold of his heart and was able to keep it all for herself. That's what his wife has done. I never knew just what her other marriage was like," Mrs. Murray confided, "nor her history, but oh, Miss Onderdonk, that pale, little thing must have gone through a lot. When they were married, she was so white and thin you'd have thought she was dying; and it would have done you good and yet made you cry to see the way Mr. Cross kept looking down at her as they stood at the altar. It was just as if he wanted to pick her up in his arms and hold her there as if she was a little, sick lamb. He took her right out to Arizona, where he'd bought a big ranch. Mrs. Heath has showed me pictures of it, with them on horseback on a high hill and all around them the sunset. Miss Onderdonk, it looks like Heaven! And oh," she added, with a delighted gurgle, "maybe you don't know that Mrs. Cross writes stories!"

"What do you mean?" Miss Onderdonk cried, quivering with romantic interest. "Stories?"

"Why, a novel of hers has just been published; she began it in the old house. It's about a shipwreck somewhere at the ends of the earth — full of romance, and spots of it awfully funny. It's called 'In Desert Places.'"