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## ABIJAH THE BRAVE

waiting under the blue barège. Then he brushed an imaginary speck off his sleeve, then he drew on a pair of buff kid gloves, then he went up the path, rapped at the knocker, and went in.

"Not all the heroes go to the wars," thought Rebecca. "Abijah has laid the ghost of his father and redeemed the memory of his mother, for no one will dare say again that Abbie Flagg's son could never amount to anything!"

The minutes went by, and more minutes, and more. The tranquil dusk settled down over the little village street and the young moon came out just behind the top of the Perkins pine-tree.

The Perkins front door opened and Abijah the Brave came out hand in hand with his Fair Emma-jane.

They walked through the orchard, the eyes of the old couple following them from the window, and just as they disappeared down the green slope that led to the riverside the gray coat-sleeve encircled the blue barège waist.

Rebecca, quivering with instant sympathy and comprehension, hid her face in her hands.

"Emmy has sailed away and I am all alone in the little harbor," she thought.

It was as if childhood, like a thing real and visible, were slipping down the grassy river-banks, after Abijah and Emma Jane, and disappearing