

THE HONORABLE MISS MOONLIGHT

The young man was staring at him now strangely. He seemed unable to speak or move. A look as of almost troubled awakening was in the face of Gonji. It was as if a thought, long thrust aside, had suddenly recurred to him. During all these agonizing months, when he had wandered about from city to city, he had been possessed with but one idea—the finding of his wife. Now, suddenly, the gateman's words came to him as a very revelation. Strange that he had not even thought upon this matter since he had left Japan. He was a father!

"It is—possible!" he gasped. "I have a—"

"Son! Gloriously a son, master!" cried Kiyo, grinning joyously.

The young man continued to stare almost incredulously at the gateman, but in his face was no reflection of the joy visible in that of the faithful retainer. He was overwhelmed with the sense of a new emotion whose very sweetness tore at his heart, and brought unbidden tears to his eyes.

Suddenly, against his will even, there came vividly before his mind's eye a vision of Ohano as he had seen her last, crawling upon her knees toward him and beating her hands futilely together, as she besought him piteously to permit her to attend him through the dark paths that led to the Lotus Land.

How the gods had comforted the unloved wife, was his thought, and with it came a sense of over-