

AMARILLY IN LOVE

unless you promise perfect absolution. Will you?"

"I surely will, Mr. Derry," she promised.

"As I was about to say, Amarilly, having promised to marry me, you will not retract under any circumstances?"

"Yes; under some circumstances."

"What, for instance?"

"If you should tell me you had changed your mind and didn't care for me."

"That would be impossible. My love for you is more rock-like than the laws of the Medes and Persians. So, now for my confession. The wound in my hand is only a flesh wound which a little time and attention will entirely heal."

With quick intuition Amarilly grasped the situation.

"Oh, Mr. Derry! Such a flimsy trick! And I played right into your hands."

"Yes; and into my arms, too."

"But, Mr. Derry, that doesn't seem like you —"

"Wait, Amarilly. I didn't deceive you. Courville's housekeeper is a pessimist, and she worked a grudge off on Dumps by voicing her forebodings, I presume. When I first