

simple evening meal.

But little sleep came to her on that last night of her maidenhood, but she rose next morning with a sweet, proud, pure resolve to learn to love the man she was to marry, and think only of him. Before taking up any of her small tasks for the day she hurried away to a spot she often frequented because of its solitude, and there, to her dismay, she found Fred, more handsome and fascinating than ever.

"I hoped you would come here this morning and give me a last chance to plead my cause," Fred exclaimed, but she shrank back, her face first scarlet, then very pale.

"You must not plead anything," she said, gently but firmly. "This is my wedding day, and I cannot listen to you," and without waiting she ran away, her hands clasped over her ears, her heart beating violently. She suffered all that day, but she did try hard to put Fred's image out of her mind and think of the man whose bride she was to become that night; yet, even when she was dressed in the simple white gown, and in the parlor of the parsonage, she could not banish the handsome, pleading face of the man she had learned to love with all her girlish heart.

White as death, with her lips compressed until they lost most of their girlish curves, she waited for her bridegroom, and so faint was she that she did not raise her eyes when at last Gordon Phillips entered the room. She felt as

though moving in a dream when her father took her by the hand and led her up to the waiting minister. She knew that a man was standing beside her, but her eyes were never raised to his face. She heard a voice that broke repeat the "I do," and did not recognize her own voice as she took her vows, but as the ring was slipped on her fingers she gave a start, and at last raised her great, violet eyes to find a pair of dear, familiar dark ones looking down upon her, and she staggered so that a strong arm had to be thrown about her to keep her from falling. She never remembered the rest of the service, only awakening to a delicious reality when she felt her husband's lips on hers and his voice saying:

"My brave darling, you truest of little loves, look at me," and she knew that she was in Fred's arms; that it was his ring she was wearing and that she was his bride.

"What does it mean?" she cried, struggling to get away, although she felt her resting place to be the dearest on earth.

"What happened, darling?" Fred asked, again kissing her, while the clergyman and her father beamed.

"Why, I was to marry Gordon Phillips," she faltered.

"Frederick Gordon Phillips," her husband corrected, and then light came to her.

"I fell in love with you the first moment I saw you, but I resolved to win you as a poor man," Fred said joyously. "Was I cruel?" he