



than himself.

way to assault a position. To the if I wait. You love me new, only you trailing rose vines. overgrown, all its length, by end of her days, Emilia was to have don't know it."

the nameless something which al-lures men; but the touch of old-fash-He thrilled her secretly. Of the sort that swept one to the saddle and away, this gallant Dick Stoddard, ioned dignity her father's upbringing had given her kept most of them with his laughter and his arrogant, from daring too much. Dick would charming certainties. But the steady have been assured with Cleopatraold Datch blood that had given her or Queen Mary of England. He went a yard of golden hair and a rose-andon whispering love-taik to Emilia as white skin had given her other they danced. things, too. She wanted to be swept away-part of her. But there was the

"You peach, you little beauty . over you." She said nothing, only forward to kiss her... One of the smiling dreamily up at him. She was half mesmerized by the music and sweeping the girls and men back into the motion. He spoke again, sud- the room to do their duty by dancdenly, more intensely. ing, occurred. Emilia found herself

"Emilia, darling, marry me. I'm herded in, introduced to some mad over you. Marry me before we stranger for the fortieth time that go across. Lots of fellows and girls evening, and mechanically dancing are doing it. What do you say, you and replying to him, to the musicsweet thing ?" the wonderful, romantic, exciting She stared at him, a little startled, music.

snapping awake, out of the trance of encircling arms and motion and mu-sic. But Emilia was not quite ready had to go down, belatedly, to see his sic, But Emilia was not quite ready for love yet. Eighteen, before the people. They were silent, crossing the war, was mentally older, emotionally turf. It was too beautiful a night to younger than now. go in, they were too restless, even controlled Roger.

"Dick-we can't-we don't know tach other well enough-"

"That's not it. If we love each the moon made a track on it, and other well enough, it's all that where silent strings of barges trailed counts!"

low lights at intervals. Far up was The music stopped. He led her the light of a warship. Sharp-scented to be tempted to snatch her into his autckly sway, out on the forbidden asters and chrysanthemums grew in arms, and said abruptly, "Emilia, aters, before a too-zealous chaperon big, casual-seeming masses here and will you marry me before I go?".

"Remember when we all helped mother plant these?" she said, speak.

ing softly. "I remember." Isabel Valaty, dead for years, was a living memory still. "Then you ought to remember that there was one monthly climbing rose!" She knelt at the river's edge, her arms full of long stems. The moon was quite high now. It turned her into a silvered image, silver-gold for hair, silver-blue for gown, statuesilver face and body. Her hair, loosened by the evening of dancing, had been pulled all down by a catching rose bough. It was such hair as girls envied then. And like everything else about Emilia, it was part of the romance she sent out from her like a scent. She was Melisande in her tower, or, farther back, one of the Grimm princesses they had read about together. With a childish con-

They left at twelve. Roger took fident coquetry she broke one of the withes, set with tiny pink roses as she had told him, and tied it round her head.

"These are the 'roses that hung o'er the wave,' and they aren't withcred!" she said, smiling.

The river was black except where The touch of her hand, and her smile up at him, broke his control. He drew away from her, so as not

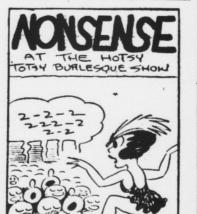
MANY INJURED WHEN CIRCUS TRAIN RAMS BOX CARS



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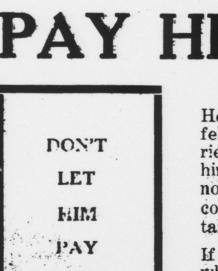
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