

**WANT ADS**

1 CENT A WORD EACH IN-  
SERTION  
MINIMUM 15 CENTS

LOST—No. 10269 and Lamp from  
automobile. Notify Buick Garage,  
11-16-dly-tf

NICE Healed Lettuce For Sale—  
Mrs. F. F. Brooks, West Blount  
street. 11-21-2t-dly\*

STRAYED—Black Sow, weighing  
about 150 pounds, slight brown  
hair, swallow fork each ear. J.  
F. Spence, R. 4. 11-21-2t-dly&SW\*

SPECIAL NOTICE—Each lady that  
calls at our store will be presented  
with a needle case, filled with gold-  
eyed needles as a souvenir, as long  
as they last. Pianos, Player Pianos  
and Music. No. 107 North Queen  
Street. Forrest Smith. 10-9-26t-dly

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—Small  
Snare Drum for Orchestra work.  
Will sell cheap for cash. Drum is  
new. Apply at this office or Phone  
242. First call gets the drum.  
11-20-2t-dly

WANTED—Good live agent in Kin-  
ston to represent our Cleaning and  
Dyeing Plant. (No pressing club.)  
Write us for particulars. We have  
one of the biggest and best plants in  
Virginia. Powell's Dry Cleaning and  
Dye Works, Danville, Va.

FOR SALE—34 1-2 acres fine land,  
located about one mile from the  
corporate limits of Kinston, on Tow-  
er Hill road, 31 acres cleared and the  
rest is heavy timbered. Good build-  
ings. Yield this year 11-2 bales  
cotton per acre. Apply to Sam Taylor  
at Iron Bridge, Kinston R. F. D.  
6. 11-21-2wks dly&SW\*

**NOTICE.**

Notice to all who live or own real  
estate in the Moseley Creek drainage  
district.—Your assessment is now due  
and unless same is paid on or before  
December 31st, your property will be  
advertised and sold.

R. B. LANE,  
Sheriff Craven County.  
11-12-30t-dly

**A SPECIAL  
REDUCTION SALE  
on all of our  
HATS**

We have them in  
all sizes, small,  
medium and  
large brims

Mrs. M. L. BRASWELL

**BULLETIN**

Everything to  
fix big and  
little hurts.



DR-32

Every home should keep a supply of medicated  
cotton, antiseptic bandages and lotions for use when  
minor accidents happen.

You can never tell what time of the day or night  
you may need them and prompt attention to little hurts  
often prevent serious complications.

MEET ME AT MARSTON'S DRUG STORE

**SUNDAY SERVICES IN  
KINSTON'S CHURCHES**

Programs for the Day's Worship,  
Where Members, Friends and Vis-  
itors in the City are Welcome.

**BAPTIST.**

First Baptist church—Services in  
Primitive Baptist church, Caswell  
street. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.  
Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.  
by the pastor.

Caswell Street Mission—Sunday  
school 3:15 p. m.  
Caswell Mills Mission—Sunday  
school 3:15 p. m.

**CHRISTIAN**

Gordon Street Christian church—  
From 10 to 12, unified program of  
Bible school and preaching services.  
All invited to Bible school, but those  
who can attend preaching only, come  
at 11 o'clock. Evening service at  
7:30 o'clock.

**METHODIST.**

Queen Street Methodist church—  
Sunday school at 9:45.  
Caswell St. M. E. Church—Sunday  
school at 9:45 a. m.

**PRESBYTERIAN**

Atkinson Memorial Presbyterian  
church—Sunday school 9:45 a. m.  
Preaching at 7:30 p. m. No morning  
service. Christian Endeavor meet-  
ing at 6:45 p. m.

**EPISCOPAL**

St. Mary's Episcopal church—The  
morning prayer and sermon at 11 o'-  
clock. Evening prayer at 4:30 o'-  
clock. Sunday school at 9:30.

Christ Episcopal church—Evening  
service with sermon at 7:15. Sunday  
school at 3:15.

**CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.**

First Church of Christ, Scientist—  
Service at 11 a. m. Sunday school at  
10. Evening service at 7:30.

**UNIVERSALIST.**

Church of the Eternal Hope—Sun-  
day school at 10 a. m. Preaching  
service at 7:45 p. m.

**HOLINESS.**

Holiness church, in East Kinston—  
Services at 7:30 p. m., when Miss E.  
May Law, a returned missionary from  
China, will lecture.

**NEW ABSORPTION METHOD.**

If you suffer from bleeding, itch-  
ing, blind or protruding Piles, send  
me your address, and I will tell you  
how to cure yourself at home by the  
new absorption treatment; and will  
also send some of this home treat-  
ment free for trial, with reference  
from your own locality if requested.  
Users report immediate relief and  
speedy cures. Send no money, but  
tell others of this offer. Write today  
to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P, Notre  
Dame, Ind.

**DON' TDELAY TREATING  
YOUR COUGH.**

A slight cough often becomes seri-  
ous. Lungs get congested, Bronchial  
Tubes fill with mucus. Your vital-  
ity is reduced. You need Dr. Bell's  
Pine-Tar-Honey. It soothes your ir-  
ritated air passages, loosens mucus  
and makes your system resist Colds.  
Give the Baby and Children Dr. Bell's  
Pine-Tar-Honey. It's guaranteed to  
help them. Only 25c at your Drug-  
gist.

**TO THE FARMERS:  
KEITH'S**

**GROUND AGRICULTURAL LIME**  
Composed of sea product, petrified  
fish, clams, oysters, shells, etc., has  
solved the high cost of fertilizers.  
One-fourth price of guano, good for  
all crops on any soil, can be used  
alone or mixed with compost, cotton  
seed meal, or fertilizer material.  
Shipped loose or sacked. For prices,  
write B. F. Keith Company, R. F. D.  
No. 3, New Bern, N. C.

**SOCIAL  
And  
PERSONAL**

Mrs. E. V. Webb has gone to Golds-  
boro on a visit.

Mr. R. L. Crisp left this morning  
for LaGrange on business.

Hon. H. E. Shaw left this morn-  
ing on a business trip to Warsaw.

Mr. C. M. Jones has gone to Flor-  
ence, S. C., and Maysville, Ky., on a  
business trip.

Mr. R. C. Deal returned yesterday  
afternoon from a business trip to  
Goldsboro.

Misses Gladys Hartsfield and Lu-  
cile Koonce have returned home from  
visiting in LaGrange.

Mr. John Tull, after a short visit  
in the city, returned to his home in  
Carteret Lodge yesterday.

Mr. Hinson of the Kinston Iron  
and Mantel Works, left this morn-  
ing on a business trip to Goldsboro.

Mr. T. T. Hay of Raleigh left yester-  
day afternoon for Goldsboro on  
business, after a short business visit  
in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Loftin have  
moved their residence from their  
farm to the city and are now resid-  
ing at 109 W. Caswell street.

Mr. Barron P. Caldwell, superin-  
tendent of the Kinston schools, left  
today for Cliffs, N. C., where on  
Tuesday afternoon his marriage to  
Miss Virginia Haynes will be sol-  
emnized.

Messrs. R. L. and L. E. Turnage  
of Ayden were in the city last even-  
ing to attend the reception given by  
Miss Mary Tapp, at her home on  
North Queen street, complimentary  
to Miss Bonnie Ormond.

**Thigpen—Whichard.**

Two popular young people of  
Greenville, N. C., were united in mar-  
riage, at the home of Bernard P.  
Smith, pastor of the Christian church,  
on Friday evening, November 20, at  
9 o'clock, when Miss Elizabeth Whi-  
chard became the bride of Mr. James  
Ashley Thigpen.

Mrs. Thigpen is the daughter of  
Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Whichard of  
Greenville, and is a bright, attrac-  
tive young woman. The groom is a  
prosperous young business man, with  
headquarters in Florence, S. C.,  
where the happy young couple expect  
to make their future home.

**U. D. C. AND TEACHERS  
WILL CO-OPERATE**

The Daughters of the Confederacy  
at noon entertained the rural school  
teachers, who were here for their  
monthly meeting, in the social rooms  
of Gordon Street Christian church.  
Refreshments were served the guests.  
Mrs. C. Felix Harvey, president of  
the A. M. Waddell Chapter, U. D. C.,  
in an address explained the work of  
the organization and asked the co-  
operation of the schoolma'ams in cer-  
tain phases of it, including the rais-  
ing of funds for the monument to be  
erected here to Lenoir county's Con-  
federate dead.

Mrs. Harvey also announced a  
number of prizes which would be  
given by the Daughters as an incen-  
tive to country school betterment.

**TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH.**

Thousands of people keep coughing  
because unable to get the right rem-  
edy. Coughs are caused by inflamma-  
tion of Throat and Bronchial Tubes.  
What you need is to soothe this In-  
flammation. Take Dr. King's New  
Discovery, it penetrates the delicate  
mucous lining, raises the Phlegm  
and quickly relieves the congested  
membranes. Get a 50c bottle from  
your druggist. "Dr. King's New Dis-  
covery quickly and completely stop-  
ped my cough," writes J. R. Watts,  
Floydale, Texas. Money back if not  
satisfied but it nearly always helps.  
(adv.)

**\$100 Reward, \$100**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to  
learn that there is at least one disease which  
that science has been able to cure in all its  
stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure  
is the only positive cure now known to the medi-  
cal fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional  
disease, requires a constitutional treatment.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting  
directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of  
the system, thereby destroying the foundation  
of the disease, and giving the patient strength  
by building up the constitution and assisting na-  
ture in doing its work. The proprietors have  
offered One Hundred Dollars for any case that  
it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials  
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists, etc.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**THE TREY O' HEARTS**

**CHAPTER XXVI.**

**Make-Believe.**  
For upwards of three-quarters of an  
hour that golden morning which fol-  
lowed the night of his return to New  
York, Mr. Law was permitted to es-  
teem himself the happiest of mortals.  
And inasmuch as this is not only a  
longer uninterrupted term of happi-  
ness than is humanly common but is  
more of that emotion than ordinarily  
leavens the whole of a lifetime, Alan  
was perhaps to be envied, even though  
disillusionment when it came was sud-  
den, sharp, and to him unspeakably  
shocking—a swift, unprepared plunge  
from sunlit peaks of supreme content  
to the black depths of a bleak Aven-  
us of despair.

The beginning of the period was  
synchronous with the slam of a taxi-  
cab door that shut away a superfluous  
world from the company of two who  
loved.  
The sound spelled safety as well as  
success in Alan's understanding.  
The car slipped smoothly away from  
the curb, pursued only by a little gust  
of semi-ironic cheers from the little  
company of working men who had wit-  
nessed as well as measurably partici-  
pated in the putative elopement from  
the house of Trina.

Vigilant for any indication that their  
evasion had had a witness in that  
strange home of deathless hatred,  
Alan watched it through the little  
window in the back of the cab until a  
corner blotted out the vision of it;  
then with a sigh of relief sank down  
by the side of the woman to whom his  
every thought, impulse and emotion  
were dedicated.

"Rose!" he whispered, and tenta-  
tively touched one of the hands that  
lay clenched in her lap.  
She responded with never a sign to  
indicate consciousness either of his  
touch or his whisper.

And reminding himself of the strain  
imposed upon her by the experience  
through which they had just passed,  
Alan excused her unresponsiveness on  
grounds of reaction, and for the time  
felt constrained to let his sweetheart  
rest and regain her normal pulse;  
there was bliss enough for him in the  
consciousness that he had won her  
safely away, that nothing now more  
than a short hour's drive across town  
and by ferry across the Hudson stood  
between them and the marriage that  
should prove the consummation of all  
their trials . . . Barring accident!

Alan had too often suffered the pen-  
alty of disappointment for over-indul-  
gence in the unforeseen, not to make the  
mental reservation, "Barring acci-  
dents!" with a little shiver of dread.

Had any of Trina's household been  
cognizant of his daughter's escape,  
Alan argued, interference must have  
been instant.  
Despite the reassuring aspect, the  
preoccupation of his companion so  
wore upon him that he was presently  
no longer able to refrain from disturb-  
ing her.

"Rose!" he begged again, closing a  
hand tenderly over hers. "Dearest  
girl, don't worry another instant! Do  
calm yourself; remember we are safe



She Appeared Anxious to Escape  
Without Being Seen.

now; we fooled them handsly—thanks  
to your faith and bravery, sweetheart!  
and everything is going to be well  
with us from now on. Over in Jersey  
the minister is waiting now to marry  
us; and down at the White Star dock  
the boat is waiting that is to carry us  
off to England the moment we're mar-  
ried. Think of that—and that I love  
you. Nothing can possibly break the  
strength of that combination!"  
For another minute she rested as  
she had ever since sinking into her  
corner of the taxicab—moveless, taut,  
unresponsive.  
Then a long sigh shook her to her  
very heart, and of a sudden the small  
flint in Alan's grasp relaxed and her  
face turned to his like a flower to  
the sun, a face transfigured, its lips  
now soft and yielding, its eyes un-  
closed and smiling into his a smile  
all misty with unshed tears.  
"Alan," she breathed gently. "It  
can't be true! I'm trying so hard to  
believe—but all the while I know it  
can't be true!"  
He converted a skeptic with the  
mute eloquence of his lips . . .  
Head upon his shoulder, the girl  
clung passionately to him. "Tell me  
again that you love me!" she prayed.  
"Promise me you'll never let anything  
come between us. Promise me, Alan—  
promise me you'll be kind to me al-  
ways, dear!"  
"Can you doubt I will be kind?" he  
murmured reproachfully.  
"I am afraid . . ." she whispered,  
"How could I be anything else, lov-  
ing you as I do?"  
"I am afraid . . ."  
"Why should I be unkind to you?"  
"It isn't that . . . I'm just  
afraid."  
"Of what?"  
"Of losing you."  
"But that can never be!"  
"You can't be sure. What if you  
were to find you'd been mistaken?"  
She caught her breath and added  
hastily—"That you didn't really love  
me, I mean."  
"Oh, that's ridiculous!"  
"I can't be sure. Nothing in life is  
permanent. What is love? Illusion of  
the senses! What is happiness? A  
will-o'-the-wisp! What is life? A  
make-believe!"  
"Dearest!" He held her more close-  
ly still. "You are nervous and over-  
wrought. You don't know what you're  
saying. You can't mean what you're  
saying. . . . But say that it's so—  
that life is all make-believe. Then  
make-believe you love me—"  
"Oh, but I do, I do!"  
"And make-believe for a little we've  
caught the will-o'-the-wisp—only for a  
little—until you wake up and realize  
that it's all real and true."  
She closed her eyes again. "Yes,"  
she breathed, "you are right. Let's  
make-believe it's all true for a little  
longer . . . and forget . . ."  
He could by no means account for  
this strange humor; but he did his  
best to comfort her, none the less ten-  
derly because of his mystification. And  
for a long time she let illusion blind  
her, resting quietly in his arms, mak-  
ing believe . . .  
Only on approaching the Twenty-  
third street ferry they must needs  
rouse and sit apart constrainedly for  
fear some one might glance through  
the window and surprise their secret.  
As if one needed the evidence of a  
caress exchanged to know that they  
were lovers, who had eyes to see the  
flushed loveliness of the girl shrink-  
ing back in her corner or wit to in-  
terpret the radiant happiness that shone  
in Alan's face as he bent forward and  
watched warily from the window.

**CHAPTER XXVII.**

**The Ring.**

Theirs was the last vehicle to swing  
between the gates before these last  
were closed.

And this was quite as well; for Alan,  
rising for one last backward glance  
through the rear window, started in-  
voluntarily and choked upon an ex-  
clamation when he descried a power-  
ful touring car tearing madly toward  
the ferry-house, its one passenger half  
rising from the front seat, beside the  
driver, and exhibiting a countenance  
purple with congested chagrin as he  
saw his car barred out of the carriage  
entrance.

Quickly sensitive to his emotion, the  
girl caught nervously at Alan's hand.  
"What is it, dear?"

"Marrophat," he snapped.  
She uttered a hushed cry of dismay.  
"Don't be alarmed, however," he  
hastened to comfort her. "He's lost  
the race; the gates are shut—even the  
passenger gates—and there must be  
a company spotter somewhere near by,  
for the gateman is virtuously refusing  
to be bribed by a roll of money as  
thick as my wrist!"

At that instant the taxicab rolled  
aboard the ferry-boat; the deck gates  
were closed; a hoarse whistle rent the  
roaring silence of the city; winches  
rattled and chains clanked; and the  
boat wore ponderously out of its slip.

"So much for Mr. Marrophat!" Alan  
crowded, sitting down. "Folled again!  
He can't stop us now!"

"Perhaps . . ."  
"Why that perhaps? Why that  
tone?" he demanded sharply, struck  
by the foreboding her accents con-  
fessed.

"This isn't the only ferry. There's  
the Pennsylvania and the Lackawanna  
—and by hard driving he might even  
manage to catch the boat that con-  
nects with this from the Christopher  
street ferry of the Erie!"

"Impossible! I don't believe it! I  
won't!"

"Let's not," she agreed. "But, Alan . . ."  
"Yes!"

"Promise me—if he should manage  
to catch up with us—you won't let him  
talk to you. I mean, don't let him—"

"No fear of that!" he asserted  
hotly. "If he tries to exchange one  
word with me—I only wish he would!"

She seemed satisfied with that; but  
the incident had served appreciably to  
chill their spirits. They accomplished  
the remainder of that voyage in a  
silence that was no less depressed be-  
cause they sat hand in hand through-  
out.  
Nor was their taxicab three minutes  
out of the ferry house on the Jersey  
shore—through the chauffeur, stimu-  
lated by Alan's extravagant promises,  
was doing his best to fracture the  
speed laws and escape arrest—when  
the girl's fears were amply justified;  
a shout from behind drew Alan's head  
about of the window on one side and  
the girls on the other and proved to be  
that of Marrophat had indeed found some  
way to make the crossing without  
great delay.

His touring car was within fifty  
yards when they first were aware of  
it; and Marrophat, standing on the  
running-board, was shouting inarticu-  
lately and flourishing an imperative  
hand; while the distance between

them was momentarily growing less  
noticeable.

As Marrophat's car drew abreast  
Alan nodded and said quietly: "Don't  
be alarmed; I can attend to this gen-  
tleman single-handed."

And this he proceeded to demon-  
strate with admirable ease, even  
though called upon to do so far soon-  
er than he had thought to be—thanks  
to Marrophat's hair-brained precl-  
tancy. For, falling to influence the  
taxi driver by shouted demands or  
threats, or to gain the least attention  
from Alan, Trina's first lieutenant ab-  
ruptly and surprisingly took his life  
in his hands and in one wild bound  
bridged the distance between the two  
flying cars and handed on the taxi's  
running-board.

"Stop!" he screamed madly. "Stop,  
I say! You don't know what you're  
doing! Let me tell you—"  
He got that far but no farther. In  
the same breath Alan had flung wide  
the door and was at the fellow's throat.  
There was a struggle of negligible  
duration; Marrophat was in no way  
his antagonist's match; within three  
seconds he threw out both hands,  
clutched helplessly at the framework  
of the cab, and fell heavily to the  
street.

The taxi sped on without pause, its  
driver deaf to the halls of innocent if  
indignant bystanders. Alan pulled  
himself together and looked back just  
in time to catch a glimpse of a num-  
ber of loafers lifting Marrophat to his  
feet and helping him to the sidewalk



"That Woman is Judith Trina, You Idiot—Not Rose!"

of an unsavory-looking tenement, be-  
fore the cab took a corner on two  
wheels . . .

"Not seriously injured, I fancy," he  
told the girl in response to her eager  
look. "Worse luck!" he added  
glumly.

But it seemed that he was to have  
greater cause than this to complain of  
his luck, before that ride was ended.  
Three blocks further on a tire blew  
out with a report like a cannon-crack-  
er, and the taxi lurched perilously,  
hesitated, slowed down, and limped  
dejectedly to the curb.

Alan and the chauffeur piled out in  
the same instant, the one standing  
guard—with an eye out as well for  
another cab—while the other assessed  
damages.

"Nothing for it but a new tire, sir,"  
this last reported sympathetically. "It  
must have been a broken bottle or  
something like that—it sure did rip  
the usefulness clean out of that shoe."

"Go to it," Alan advised him terse-  
ly; "and if you make a quick job of it,  
I'll stand the cost of the new tire."  
"But if another cab comes along  
while you're at it you'll lose us as  
quick as a wink. Here's my card, in  
case we have to desert you in a hurry;  
you understand this is a matter of life  
and death, and I'll have no time to  
settle up with you. But you can call  
at Mr. Digby's office and he'll fix  
things up to your satisfaction."

The man took the card and after a  
glance at the name touched his hat  
with more noticeable respect.

"All right, Mr. Law," he agreed;  
"anything you say." And forthwith  
got to work.  
The rapidity with which he com-  
pleted the change of tires proved him  
an excellent chauffeur, an adept at his  
craft; but the delay was one disas-  
trous for all that. It worked together  
with what Alan pardonably described  
as the devil's own luck to bring the  
touring car in sight at the precise mo-  
ment when the chauffeur was cranking  
up and Alan on the point of re-enter-  
ing the cab. And though they were  
off again before Alan could close the  
door, the attempt was hopeless from  
the start.

And yet—whether or not because  
Alan's distaste for interference had  
been too convincingly demonstrated—  
the touring car for the time being  
contented itself with trailing about  
fifty feet in the rear, while the taxi  
fled the tenement purlieu of the Ho-  
boken waterfront and found its way  
into the broader streets of an unpre-  
tententious suburban quarter.

Not until they were well into the  
suburbs, with few dwellings near and  
no pedestrians to interfere, did Marro-  
phat's purpose become apparent. Then,  
however—and it happened while Alan  
was looking back—the touring car  
drew in swiftly and easily and Marro-  
phat, rising in his seat, leveled a re-  
volver over the windshield and fired.

The crack of his weapon was practi-  
cally coincident with a metallic thud  
beneath the rear seat of the taxicab.  
Not for some moments did Alan ap-  
preciate the viciousness of the scheme.  
Surmising that the gasoline tank had  
been punctured by the bullet, he was

inclined to believe that Marrophat  
hoped to stop the taxicab by depriv-  
ing it, in course of time, of its fuel.  
And with this in mind he was presen-  
tly surprised, as the cab took a corner,  
to see Marrophat's car stop at that  
corner and Marrophat himself got  
down. The brow of a hill intervened,  
shutting off sight of the blackguard as  
he knelt and lit a match. It was the  
girl who gave the alarm, suddenly  
withdrawing her head from the win-  
dow to scream at Alan:

"He's fired the gasoline! It's flaming  
along the street, following the line  
of the leak—and catching up with us!"  
Without pausing to put his hand to  
the latch, Alan kicked the door open.  
"Jump!" he cried. "For your life—  
jump! As soon as that flame catches  
up with the tank—"  
Simultaneously the chauffeur, over-  
hearing, shut off the power.

The three gained the sidewalk bare-  
ly in time: the tiny trail of flames, al-  
most imperceptible in the sunlight,  
was not a yard from the jet that spur-  
ted through the bullet hole in the tank.  
In the flutter of an eyelash the explo-  
sion followed. Had the cab been load-  
ed with nitroglycerin its destruction  
could have been no more absolute.

There was a roar . . . and then  
a heap of smoking ruins.  
Without waiting to admire the spec-  
tacle, Alan caught the arm of the girl  
and hurried her up the street, at the  
same time calling to the chauffeur to  
follow. And chance brought them to  
the next corner as another cab, fare-

less, hove into view. Promising its  
driver anything he might ask, in or  
out of reason, Alan gave him the ad-  
dress, and helped the girl in.  
If Marrophat pursued Alan could see  
no sign of him. The second car made  
better time than the first, unhindered,  
and as far as could be determined,  
without being followed, it covered the  
brief remaining distance in a gratefully  
short lapse of time.

The suburb dropped behind a mass  
of streets where dwellings stood shoul-  
der to shoulder and dooryards were  
scant. The car swept up to a corner  
house of modest and homely aspect.  
Two minutes more, and Alan was ex-  
changing salutations with and making  
his bride-to-be known to Digby's good  
friend, the Reverend Mr. Wright.

Embarrassment worked confusion  
with the young man's perceptive facul-  
ties. As this moment approached  
when two should be made one who had  
gone through fire and flood, literally  
as well as figuratively, for each other's  
sake, incredulity drew a veil be-  
fore his vision. He viewed the world  
as in a glass, darkly.

He was aware of a decently furn-  
ished minister's study; of two twined  
lives in the guise of unassuming  
womenfolk of the minister's house-  
hold; of the Rev. Mr. Wright himself  
as a benevolent voice rolling son-  
orously forth from a black-clad pres-  
ence; of the woman of his heart stand-  
ing opposite him; of questions asked  
and responses made; of a ring that  
was magically conjured from some  
store apparently maintained against  
precisely similar emergencies; of a  
hand that took the hand that was to be  
his wife's and placed it in his; of his  
clumsy and witless bungling with the  
task of fitting that ring to the finger  
of his sweetheart's hand . . .

And then he was aware of