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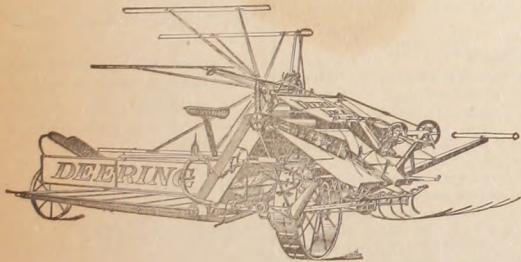
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tered nooks, gazing out upon the sea. The soft summer breezes of the first few days had given place to keener, chillier air. The fog ahead told of the close proximity of the Farallones. Heavier wraps had replaced the soft fabrics of the Hawaiian saunterings. But warmth and gladness, coupled with a strange, new shyness in his presence, were glowing in her fresh young heart. One day she had said to him: "You have not told me how you came to leave there--just now, and it was a moment before he answered.

"That was the surgeons' doing. They sent me back from the front because the wound did not properly heal, and then ordered a sea voyage until it did; but I turn back at once from San Francisco."

She was silent a few seconds. This was unlooked-for and unwelcome news. "I thought," she said, "at least Gov. heard Dr. Frank say it would be four months before you could use that arm."

She plucked at the fringe of the heavy shawl he had wrapped about her as she reclined in the low steamer chair; but the white lids veiled her eyes.

"Possibly," answered Armstrong; "but, you see, I do not have to use it much at any time. I'm all right otherwise, and there will soon be need of me."

"More campaigning?" she anxiously inquired, her eyes one moment uplifted.

"Probably. Those fellows have no idea of quitting."

Another interval of silence. The long, lazy, rolling swell of the Pacific had



changed during the day to an abrupt and tumultuous upheaval that tossed the Doric like a cork and made locomotion a problem. The rising wind and sea sent the spray whirling from her bows, and Mildred's young man, casting about for a dry corner, had deposited his fair charge on a bench along the forward deck house and was scouting up and down for steamer chairs. Armstrong had drawn his close to that in which Miss Lawrence reclined, her knitted steamer cap pulled well forward over her brow. His feet were braced against a stanchion. His eyes were intent upon her sweet face. He had no thought for other men, even those in similar plight. His gaze, though unhampered by the high peak of his forage cap, comprehended nothing beyond the rounded outline of that soft cheek. Her eyes, well-nigh hidden by her shrouding "Tam," saw the searching son of Albion and told her his need. The best of women will find excuse for interruption at such moments when sure of the devotion of the man who sits with a fateful question quivering on his lips; and, even when she longs to hear those very words, will find means to defer them as a kitten dallies with a captured mouse, or a child saves to the very last the sweetest morsel of her birthday cake. Not ten minutes before, when Hon. Bertie Shafto had started impulsively toward the vacant chair by Armstrong's side, a firm hand detained him, and Miss Prime had hastily interposed. "Not on any account!" said she, imperiously. "Can't you see?" And Mr. Shafto, adjusting his monocle, had gazed long and fixedly and then, transferring his gaze to her, had said:

"Eh--eh--yes. It's not ours, I suppose you mean."

But now Amy Lawrence was beckoning, and he made a rush for the rail, then worked his way aft, hand over hand. Every movable on deck was taking a sudden start to starboard, and the sea went hissing by almost on level with the deck as next she spoke. "Surely a soldier needs both arms in battle, and you--Oh, certainly, Mr. Shafto, take that chair," she added. Armstrong glanced up suddenly.

"Oh! that you, Shafto? Yes; take it by all means."

Anything, thought he, rather than that they should come here. The young Briton stepped easily past between them and the rail--behind there was no room--and, swinging the long, awkwardly modeled fabric to his broad shoulder, started back just as a huge wave heaved suddenly under the counter, heeled the steamer far over to port, threw him off his balance, and, his foot catching at the bottom of her chair, hurled him, load and all, straight at Amy's reclining form. One instant, and even her uplifted hands could not have saved her face; but in that instant Armstrong had darted in, caught the stumbling Briton on one arm, and the full force of the shooting chair crashing upon the other, already pierced by Filipino lead.

When, a moment later, she emerged,

safe and unscratched, from the confused heap of men and furniture, it was to cut off instantly the stammer and stammer of poor Shafto's apologies, to bid him go instantly for the ship's doctor, and, with face the color of death, to turn quickly to Armstrong. The blow had burst open the half-healed wound, and the blood was streaming to the deck.

Both liner and transport turned back without Stanley Armstrong, Doric and Sedgwick sailed unheeded, for the highest surgical authority of the department of California had remanded him to quarters at the Palace and forbidden his return to duty with an unhealed wound. He was sitting up again, somewhat pallid and not too strong, but with every promise, said the "medico," of complete recovery within two months. But not a month would Armstrong wait. The Puebla was to start within the week, and he had made up his mind. "Go," said he, "I must."

They had been sitting about him, in the parlor of the suite of rooms the Primes had taken. Billy Gray had gone with his father to the club, Shafto had been hanging about in the agonies of an Englishman's first love. Gov. disappeared a moment and came back with tickets for the Columbia, bidding Mildred get her hat and gloves at once, and whispering to Shafto that he had a seat for him. As the little mantel clock struck eight Amy Lawrence, lifting up her eyes from the book she was trying hard to believe she meant to read, saw that Armstrong was rising from his easy chair, and, springing to his side, laying her white hand on his arm, she faltered: "Oh, please! You know the stipulation was that you were not to stir."

But then her heart began to flutter uncontrollably. The blood went surging to her brows, for all of a sudden, as through impulse irresistible, her hand was seized in his--in both of his, in fact--and the deep voice that had pleaded at her behalf for the cause of Billy Gray was now, in impetuous flow of words that fell upon her ears like some strain of thrilling music, pleading at last his own. Ever since that day in the radiant sunshine of the park she had learned to look up to him as a tower of strength, a man of mark among his fellows, a man to be honored and obeyed. Ever since that night at the Palace, when she saw his glowing eyes fixed intently upon her, and knew that he was following her every move, she had begun to realize the depth of his interest in her. Ever since that day when the China slipped from her moorings, with Witche Garrison singling him out for lavish farewell favors, she had wondered why it so annoyed and stung her. Ever since the day she read the list of killed and wounded in the first fierce battling with the "insurrectos" she knew it was the sight of his name, not Billy Gray's, that made her for the moment faint and dizzy and taught her the need of greater self-control. Ever since that moonlit night upon the Marsdens' lanai, when her heart leaped at the sudden sound of his voice, she had realized what his coming meant to her, and ever since that breezy day upon the broad Pacific, with the sailors' song of Land, ho! ringing from the bows, and he, her wounded soldier, had sprung to shield her from the crash of Shafto's harness stumble, and the deck was stained with the precious blood from that soldier's reopened wound, shed for her--for who so revered him--she had longed to hear him say the words that alone could unlock the gates of maidenly reserve and let her tell him--let him with glad and grateful heart that the love he bore her was answered by her own. Hovering over him only one minute, her lips half parted, her eyes still veiled, her heart throbbing loud and fast, with sudden movement she threw herself upon her knees at the side of the low chair, and her burning face, ever so lightly, was buried in the dark blue sleeve above that blessed wound.

THE END.

Gold in the Treasury.

Washington, July 24.--The government's holdings of gold on Monday reached the highest point in its history and amounted to \$427,498,482, including the lawful reserve of \$150,000,000. The next highest amount was \$427,238,600, which was in the government's vaults on May 2, 1900.

Was a Confederate Congressman.

Atlanta, Ga., July 23.--Judge Robert Pleasant Trippe, believed to be the last surviving member of the confederate congress and at one time a judge of the supreme court of Georgia, died here Sunday night.

Death of Gen. Jones.

Port Richmond, N. Y., July 25.--Patrick Henry Jones, a brigadier general of volunteers in the civil war and postmaster of New York under President Grant, died at his home here, aged 70 years.

Fatal Railway Wreck.

Benton, Ill., July 26.--Otto Menial, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was killed and 15 other persons injured in a wreck on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railroad near here.

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