THE CHERAW CHRONICLE, C HERAW, SOUTH CAROLINA



fineness of his breeding was never so well- exhibited as in this reticence. More often than not it is what he does not rather than what he does that indicates the man.

It would be folly to deny that he never thought of those things. Had he forgotten them there would be no merit in his silence; but to remember them and to keep still-aye, that showed the man! He would close his eyes in that little room on the other side of the door and see again the dark poel, her white shoulders, her graceful arms, the lovely face with its crown of sunny hair rising above the rushing water. He had listened to the roar of the wind through the long nights, when she thought him asieep if she thought of him at all, and heard again the scream of the storm that had brought her to his arms. No snow Habou that Habeled his cheek when he was abroad but reminded him of that night in the moment any sorrow. and carried librations His dould not sit and mend her boot without remembering that white foot before which he would fain have prostrated himpressed passionate kisses if he had t them one. To do her justice, in the self=and unon which he would liave given way to his degrees But he kept simplicity and purity of her houghts the work the work is heart; post work with the work of what the all these things in his heart; pon world might say about that long windered them and made no sign ; ; ; ter sojourn alone with this man. She Did she ask heauty in her lever? was so conscious of her own inno-, this was one of those great passions of the Ah, there at last he failed. Accord, cence and of his dencate forbearance. Paolo had not loved Francesca ing to the canons of perfection he did not measure up to the standard. His features were irregular, his chin a trial too square, his month a thought to firm, his brow weinkled a' little; but he was good to look at for. ne looked strorg, clean and

shift entroted a

pression upon her fancy and might have made more with greater opportunity, but unfortunately for him; luckily for her, he had not enjoyed that privilege. She scarcely thought of him longer.

She would not have been human if her mind had not dwelt upon the world beyond the sky-line on the other side of the range. She knew how those who loved her must be suffering on account of her disappearance, but knowing herself safe and realizing that within a short time, when the spring-came again, she would go back to them and that their mourning would be turned into joy by her arrival, she could not concern herself ings and emotions; and besides, what would be the use of worrying over those things? There was metal more very greatly over their present feelattractive for her thoughts close at. hand. And she was too blissfully happy to entertain for more than a

She pictured often her seturn and never by any chance did sie thick of gdiegebick to explication done. The man side found would be by her side, the church's blessing would make she never once thought how humanity would raise its eyes and fairly cry

Oh, yes, the woman knew the and so indocent she could not the an

ponderant ingredient was mental and spiritual; and fust because higher and holier things predominated, he held her in his heart a sacred thing: Love is like a rose: the material part is the beautiful blossom; the spiritual factor is the fragrance which abides in the rose jar even after every leaf has faded away, or which may be expressed from the soft petals by the hard circumstances of pain and sorrow until there is left nothing but the lingering perfume of the flower.

His body trembled if she laid a hand upon him, his soul thirsted for her; present or absent he conjured before his tortured brain the sweetness that inhabited her breast. He had been clearsighted enough in ancould have thrown himself upon his Inces to her; if it would have added to her happiness, she could have killed him, smiling at her. Rode she in the Juggern autor of the accord idol, with his better would he have an-hestigting of edithe way find have begin in our howing the internal to compass her with sweet obserservances. The world revenged itself had thrust her into his very arms. past. Paolo had not loved Francesca more.

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