

THE TRAIL THAT IS ALWAYS NEW

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

THIS is the story of Sally Gaines, of whom it used to be said, in a certain part of Virginia, that she was the best little girl in town and that she could make a perfect angel-cake, by her grandmother's recipe, at the tender age of seven—also that if she ever did anything she shouldn't, she was never found out in it, and that her mother would never raise her because she looked so like a creature of another world, a better one.

She had long gold curls, of course, and eyes of a heavenly darkness, set about with almost incredible eyelashes. When she smiled, you thought with regret of the beggar to whom you had refused a nickel the day before, because you were in a hurry; it was that kind of a smile—filled with ineffable wistfulness.

Her mother did raise her, however, to the eventual exquisite distress of about every second young man in the county, and when Sally was just eighteen that same mother married her off, gently but with a perceptible firmness, to Major Mark Kerrigan, down from Fort Hamilton on leave, who was all too obviously clean out of his head, poor man!—as a result of Sally's eyelashes and her angel-cake and her air of trusting innocence.

It was a beautiful wedding—six bridesmaids, and all the groomsmen in uniform. Sally's mother gave her two-thirds of the family silver, delicate stuff worn thin with time and many years of polishing. The veil, which Major Kerrigan put back from the bride's small uplifted face after the ceremony, was rose-point and had been brought over by Sally's great-great-grandmother from England. There was an organist down from Washington, who played "Oh, Perfect Love" during the signing of the

register; and the groom's gift to the bride was a string of pearls, with a little diamond clasp in the shape of a heart.

That Major Kerrigan, a fine, upstanding figure of a man, was thirty-six to Sally's eighteen lingered comfortably in Mrs. Gaines's mind merely as an earnest of her daughter's well-being in the future. She herself had been married at fifteen, which was the romantic antebellum way of the South, to Judge Gaines, already at thirty-seven a great man in his community; and she had never known an unhappy day with him—therefore . . .

The night before the wedding there was a party at which most of the groomsmen and ushers, not omitting the groom, became pleasantly exhilarated. This also was according to custom and offended no one. But about the latter part of the evening Sally, who was growing a little sleepy and who wearied of dancing, slipped away from the house and down to the sunken rose-garden which lay at the foot of the terrace. There was no moon, but the sky was alive with stars. Many a night she had seen it so, and now, for a time at least, she was to see it no more. Who knows? She may only have wanted to say good-by to her sisters, the Duchesse roses. In any case—

Through the dark she went, and past the cypress-vine beside the low stone steps. She felt her way very softly, but when she came to the clump of white roses (that stood beside the first sharp turn in the path, once you had entered the garden) she bent her face to the masses of wet, pale bloom and caught her breath in a little shaken sound that might have been a laugh or a sigh—or a sob.

It was not, however, a signal, though it had all the appearance of one, to a darker more definite shadow a bit off the path beside her.

Sally did not see him till he had his arms about her—did not hear him till his voice was drawling pleasantly in her ear—barely touched him with two startled and fluttering white hands, before he had kissed her. It was not, at that, an impersonal sort of kiss.

His arms were close and strong about her shoulders, but strangely gentle; his cheek was warm against her own; his lips brushed her eyelids before, with a low half-laugh of triumph, they found her mouth—

"Trix, you darling . . .!" he said in the most masterful drawl in the world. There was something about his voice—

Trix was the second bridesmaid, an arrant flirt, and the prettiest girl in Roanoke, from which delectable spot she had come to help Sally get married.

Sally struggled, of course, notwithstanding which he managed to kiss her a second time before she wrenched her small self free.

And the second kiss was, if anything, less impersonal than the first. Also, freedom was to a certain extent delayed by the tangling of a strand of Sally's soft hair about the crossed guns on his collar.

Obviously, Trix had been making eyes at one of the groomsmen. It was a game at which she bore no negligible reputation.

"It isn't Trix," said Sally, in a small, half-stifled voice. "It's me—Sally Gaines. Will you please let me go—at once!"

There was, of course, a silence, fraught with a number of things. Presently the masterful drawl began again, a little less masterful, naturally, full of sincere surprise, touched with apology, and touched also, if the truth were told, with a certain audacious humor.

"I do beg your pardon. I'm sorry—"

"That only makes it worse, doesn't it?" asked Sally, plaintively.

She moved her head.

"Here—! Please! You'll hurt yourself. . . ." he begged, instantly.

"It hurts right now," murmured Sally.

He made a nervous business of disentangling the fragrant web.

"Your hair smells like lilacs," he observed, tentatively.

"How nice!" said Sally.

She was not being worldly nor callous nor wise—she was only playing the only game she knew, in the only way she knew, as generations of pretty women, her pampered forebears, had handed it down to her.

The fragrance of dew-wet roses—than which there is no whiter magic in the world—hung in the air. The night was still as a dream and the stars were legion. Little soft winds went whispering over the rose-bushes. Up in the big, white-pillared house at the top of the terrace where Sally had been born, and where she had lived for all of her seventeen lovely uncaring years, there were lights, and people were dancing. The sound of violins and cellos came down to the rose-garden softly; like something heard, uncertain, and half forgotten.

"I'm afraid you've got yourself caught rather badly," commented the voice above Sally's head. "I'm awfully sorry!"

"Cut it," said Sally, gently.

"Oh no! That would be a shame—"

"Haven't you got a knife?"

"Of course I've got a knife."

"Well," Sally reminded him, "I've got to go back to the house. I can't stand here all night like this. . . . Besides, I've lots of hair—it doesn't matter." She made a shadowy gesture of decision. "You were expecting—some one—weren't you, anyhow?" she finished, sweetly.

"I was—but I'm rather hoping now nobody'll come."

Sally broke into a little-girl laugh of exquisite mischief.

"Cut me loose, then!"

He produced a small pocket-knife, opened it, fingered it reluctantly—

"You've got such wonderful hair—it seems a shame—"

"We can't very well go back to the house and ask somebody to untangle us, can we?"

He admitted that it didn't seem feasible.

"And I'm getting awfully tired, standing sideways like this—"

"You poor little thing! I'm a brute—not to have thought—"

"And, besides," said Sally, pathetically, "I don't even know which one you are . . . the long one, from Georgia—or the thin one, from New York—or the very shy one—"

"I'm Mark's third or fourth cousin, Jim Kerrigan—"

"Oh—well, even if you are—"

He lifted the sacrificial knife in reverent fingers. "Give me the piece I cut?"

"Yes, Cousin Jim," said Sally, innocently.

"Put your head down, then, and keep very still—"

She thought he was making a lengthier business of it than he need have done. She stood with her pretty head resting ever so lightly against his shoulder, and once, just at the end of that extraordinary moment, she thought she felt his lips on her hair. Her heart was beating rather heavily. She could feel that his was, too.

"Hurry, please!" said Sally, in a sudden inexplicable panic. Her soft voice shook a little.

"It's all right," said Mark's third or fourth cousin, Jim Kerrigan, and released her very gently. Then he stood looking down at her through the darkness and smoothing something around his forefinger.

"It's a sort of reddish gold, isn't it?" he asked, softly. "Next time I see you—after to-morrow, of course—it'll probably be a discreet and married brown. Seems rather a shame, doesn't it?"

"Suppose you take me back to the house," Sally suggested, airily. "Then you can look for Trix—and I can slip

away to bed. I'm awfully sleepy, and—I'm going to be married to-morrow."

"Seems rather a shame—" he said again.

"Are you coming?" asked Sally. And so they went.

The rose-garden lay lovely and silent behind them. Sally, like a little Lot's wife, in white tulle and silvery laces, turned once, at the edge of the terrace, and flung it a dreaming glance.

"I wanted to say good-by to my roses," she sighed. "You know—I was born here. . . ."

"Let me make a wish for you!" said the man beside her in that oddly pleasant drawl of his. He laid his hand on her slim white arm and held her, smiling wistfully, just a moment, back in the shadows, away from the lamp-light and laughter of the beckoning house.

"May you have roses wherever you go," he said, very low—"and if you go too far for that—may you find your way back to them!" Then he began to laugh a little, and took away his hand. "That's a good wish," he said—"if you only knew! All right—we go home now. Aren't you going to give me even one dance—before you run away?"

"I'm too sleepy," said Sally. "I'll see you to-morrow—at my wedding."

She left him, at the foot of the staircase, widening her eyes at him when she said good night, in the exact manner of an adorably drowsy child.

"Don't tell any one where I've gone," she begged.

"I sha'n't," said Jim Kerrigan, gravely.

He stood very straight and tall in his white uniform, with a first lieutenant's single bar upon his shoulders. His brown hair was smooth and shining; he had a clean and, at the moment, unsmiling young mouth. There was something about his eyes, as there was something about his voice—something that appealed while it compelled. . . .

"Good night," said Sally, softly.

He answered her more softly still:

"You mean good-by. . . ."

And the next time he saw her she was coming down those same broad, stately stairs, with her arms full of white roses and her great-great-grandmother's rose-point veil before her shining eyes.

At which point the story of Sally Gaines skips seven years or so. They do that sort of thing very neatly in the moving-pictures: "ten years later" announces a passionless cut-in; the heroine flickers into sight in a different gown—and there you are! Life, unhappily, is not so simple. We give or we get with each pitiless year that breaks over our heads—give what we wanted most of all to keep, and get, nine times out of ten, the thing we thought to have no use for. Which isn't saying the game isn't worth the candle. However . . .

Upon a lazily beautiful morning in October, about seven years later, Jim Kerrigan (Major now, by the grace of God and the exigencies of the War Department) stood on the dock in Honolulu and watched the transport *Sherman* come into port. He had watched a good many transports come into port in his time, and the thing had no especial charm for him. Moreover, he was waiting for a man whom he had no insatiable desire to see—a man who bored him, but to whom he owed certain perfunctory courtesies, and of whom he was thinking, at the moment, with something less than pleasure. The sky was extraordinarily blue, with powder-puff clouds drifting over the mountains back of the town. The harbor waters were green as jade—but the soul of any harbor is the ship that comes into it, and Kerrigan regarded the *Sherman* with disinterested eyes.

"It's the most hopeless nuisance," he was thinking to himself.

He scowled at the sunlight, which was brighter than he liked, and thoughts of a cool, gray, overcast morning flashed across his mind with a certain desirability—they sometimes do in the semi-tropics.

By the time the gang-plank of the *Sherman* touched the dock he had ad-

mitted to himself an absolute dread of the long and undoubtedly reminiscent hours that loomed before him, which dread was unfounded, after all. The man he had come down to meet wasn't on board. Kerrigan found it out inside of five minutes' efficient research. He lingered on deck, after that, feeling like a man reprieved from hanging. And on deck, with the despised sunlight about her like a cloak, he came upon Sally Gaines.

Some one beside him said:

"Well, good-by, Mrs. Kerrigan—" and Kerrigan turned, very naturally, having no wife, and knowing his name when he heard it.

She stood, with one hand on the back of a steamer-chair, the other in the clasp of the officer who had said, "Well, good-by, Mrs. Kerrigan—" and she was no more like the little Sally Gaines whom Kerrigan had kissed that night in the sunken rose-garden than a violet in a flower-shop is like the wild ones you find on the edges of streams in a southern February.

She was delicately pretty, of course; she was well turned out in the matter of clothes and grooming; beneath the edge of her small and adroitly simple hat her hair was still a lovely reddish gold; she had the charming, even coloring of a Dresden shepherdess—but her smile was only skin-deep, and her eyes were hard.

"As hard as nails," thought Kerrigan, astoundedly. "Good Lord! . . . what has she done to herself?"

But he put out both hands with a smile of his own—

"Sally Gaines!" he said, quickly.

Mrs. Kerrigan turned, the color flaming across her face. . . .

"That's real, at least," thought Kerrigan.

And they shook hands, while the man who had spoken her name at first drifted away to another group.

"It isn't really you?" said Kerrigan.

"Why not? And are you sure it's you?" she countered, coolly.

"I'm Jim Kerrigan—"

"I'm Sally Gaines—Kerrigan—"

"How long has it been?"

She smiled in a prettily perfunctory way. "Seven years, more or less."

"It seems absurd," said Kerrigan. "You can't be—"

"But I am—seven years older, if that's what you wish to convey. Don't bother to put it nicely. Time is all hand-of-steel and very little velvet-glove, in the Philippines."

"Is that where you've been?"

"The last four years—I'd no idea you were stationed here."

"Been here since June. Four years?"

Kerrigan looked a certain bewilderment. "How did that happen? Three is the regular length of time—"

"My husband died—at the end of his third year out there. I'm just going back to the States, now. . . ."

"I see," Kerrigan muttered. "Poor old Mark! I'm sorry—"

"Thank you," said Sally, evenly. She looked off over the jade-green water, across the masts of ships, thin-etched against the sky, across the low-hung dusty roofs of other wharves. Her eyes were clear and cold.

"Whom are you with?" asked Kerrigan, abruptly.

"No one."

"What did you mean to do to-day? You don't sail, you know, till five o'clock this evening."

"Nothing."

"Oh, good Lord!"

"Nothing," she repeated, smiling.

"Come ashore with me, then!"

She looked him over languidly. There was a very thorough knowledge of men, women, and affairs in the eyes of this new Sally.

"Do you promise to keep me amused?"

"I promise to try," averred Kerrigan, who was accustomed to a rather more facile acceptance of invitations when he condescended to make them.

"It isn't necessarily the same thing," said Sally. "Still—"

"I've got my car over yonder. We

might go up to the Country Club for lunch. I'd run you out to Haleiwa, but I'm afraid there isn't time. Then we might get in a swim, this afternoon."

"I'm not awfully keen about swimming," mused Sally.

"Surfing?" Kerrigan exclaimed. "You'd be crazy about it. . . ."

Curiously, his interest mounted as he felt her slipping away from him. There was such an unbelievable aloofness in the curving of her lips, so much of weariness in her lovely eyes. Even the movements of her small, sunburnt hands were listless and without spontaneity.

"Oh, very well," she said at last. "Suppose we do. You'll have me back in time this afternoon?"

Kerrigan promised.

She fetched a gray-leather bag and a gray steamer-coat.

"It's really rather nice to see you again."

"Which is," said Kerrigan, thoughtfully, "the first personal remark you have addressed to me—after seven years."

"Almost a second Jacob, aren't you?" said Sally, unkindly.

It was after twelve when they came to the Country Club and to the intimate little table, set in a corner of the wide lanai, facing the mountains, for which Kerrigan's hurried and explicit telephoning had provided.

There were a few other people lunching there, golfers mostly; a woman or so—no one of any visible importance.

"Let's see what we want to eat," Kerrigan suggested, lightly, "then we can go back and begin again where we left off, seven years ago—beside a big white rosebush, wasn't it?"

It was a lead not many women would have disdained. Sally met it with lifted eyebrows and the flicker of a smile.

"Did you ever find Trix?" she wondered. "And what was it all about? I meant to find out next day . . . but what with the wedding and all that. . . . Trix was a cunning thing, wasn't she? She married a man from Georgia. How did that happen?"

Kerrigan grinned unexpectedly above the luncheon-card. "How should I know?"

"Weren't you in love with her?"

"Not that I remember."

"But you kissed—"

"It wasn't Trix I kissed," he reminded her, pleasantly.

"Still, after all," said Sally, no less pleasantly, "it's the intention that counts, isn't it? You meant it for Trix—or so one gathered." She turned a delicate profile while the waiter came and went.

"I fancy Trix slew her thousands," Kerrigan observed, a little later.

"I dare say she did. I've always been sorry she didn't include you that night."

"What d'you mean?" inquired Kerrigan, busy with his grape-fruit.

"Why, it was too bad she shouldn't have known, wasn't it? That you surrendered. There's always a certain satisfaction in seeing the man—"

"Oh, good Lord!" said Kerrigan, in his accustomed phrase. "I wonder if you realize—"

"How hard I've gotten? Yes," said Sally Gaines, "I realize it perfectly. May I have the salt? I haven't eaten fresh celery in months."

They looked at each other across the little table, with its flaming hibiscus flowers, its green-and-white china, and its stiffly clean cloth, until one pair of eyes darkened and turned away.

That pair was not Sally's.

"May I have the salt?" she repeated, in a plaintive monotone.

Outside the shadow of the club-house roof, green turf stretched far and smooth in the sunlight. Back of the turf rose hills, stark and bronze, beneath a mist of young trees. The sky hung brazenly clear, and away from the hills the valley ran gently to the sea.

"It's really a lovely place, isn't it?" suggested Sally, hands linked on the table before her, eyes tiredly amused, mouth wary. . . .

"Listen!" said Kerrigan, abruptly. "Let's stop all this fencing and come

down to cases. We've only got two or three hours, at best, before your boat sails. What's the good of frittering it away as if I were going to see you again at a dance to-night, or go swimming with you to-morrow. I haven't seen you in seven years—I might not see you again for seven more—"

"And much you'd care if you didn't, so why the melodramatics?" inquired Sally, sweetly. She brushed the back of his hand with one sophisticated fingertip, and smiled into his annoyed eyes.

"You're changed—you're absolutely different—" Kerrigan broke out sharply.

"You know nothing at all about it," said Sally, "having known me just one night—seven years ago, at that."

"You were the sweetest, most unworldly child—"

"What am I now?"

She was not looking at him, but at the tracery she was weaving on the tablecloth with one faintly pink finger-nail.

"You're a mighty pretty woman," said Kerrigan, slowly, "but hard as—ice."

"Or nails," said Sally, stifling a curious little smile. "Why don't you say nails? It's what you're thinking—and it's what I am."

"I'm not so sure of that. Ice melts. Nails don't."

"You think I might melt, under auspicious circumstances?" The curl of her lip was not encouraging.

"I keep remembering—"

"Please don't!" said Sally, brusquely. "I wish you wouldn't."

They finished the meal in comparative silence. When they were once more in Kerrigan's low-slung roadster, he faced her resolutely.

"Sally—I want to talk to you. I'm going to take you over on the other side of the island, to a little beach I know, where you won't see a soul but the sand-crabs—and where—well, where we can talk. I've got to know about you—or wish I'd never seen you—one of the two—"

"You cherish your peace of mind, don't you?" she asked him, without a vestige of interest. "You'll get me back in time for my boat, of course?"

Kerrigan said that he would. He drove her at a rather reckless speed over the Pali and down the winding shadow-flecked road on the other side.

"It's extraordinary scenery," he observed in passing, "but I dare say you're fed up with that sort of thing."

Sally said that she was.

They came at last to Kerrigan's beach, a strip of ivory sand melting into a lazy and murmurous sea of a fairy-tale blue. Back of the beach, fringing it, in fact, were wild almond-trees, thick set with wide, dark, shining, crimson-edged leaves. And back of the almond-trees, back of the empty road, back of the empty world, were mountains—naked and dark and grim.

"We're only about an hour out of town, but we might as well be east of the sun and west of the moon," said Kerrigan, quietly.

He took Sally down upon the beach and spread a rug for her to sit on; flung himself down beside her. The sunlight struck odd gleams of bronze from his bared dark head. His mouth was older but no less clean than the mouth of that young Jim Kerrigan who had said good-bye to Sally the night before her wedding, seven years ago. When he spoke, it was the same compelling drawl, only Sally did not look at him now. She was twisting a bit of dry seaweed—twisting it between small, shaking fingers—and her eyes were busy with the far horizon.

"Sally," said Kerrigan, very gently, "go on—tell me about it!"

"What do you want to know?" asked Sally.

"Who did it?"

"He did."

Kerrigan swore softly beneath his breath. "Not Mark—not your husband!"

She looked at him straight, with eyes from which the last of the old, sweet, childish Sally seemed gone forever.

"You knew him. You must have known what he was like—"

"Why he drank a bit, of course," said Kerrigan, reluctantly. "He was decent enough when he was sober—"

"Exactly," said Sally. "Well, he was almost never sober—that was all—the last four years. For that matter"—her voice steadied itself with difficulty—"he was—drunk—the night of my wedding-day. I—I didn't begin—very happily. And the tropics—finished it. They do . . . of course . . . for that sort-of man." She tore the piece of seaweed across and threw it away. "I've always remembered *you*," she added, folding her hands tightly together in her lap, "because you were the last clean, decent, *young* thing in my life—before I belonged to him."

"What a shame—what a rotten shame!" said Kerrigan, presently.

"Yes—wasn't it?" said Sally. She added, in a voice from which youth had somehow curiously departed: "It was such a waste, you see—apart from any other consideration, because I think I should have made him a good wife—with half a chance. All the women of my family have been good wives. There's never been a divorced woman in the lot . . . which made it a little bit worse for me . . . because I couldn't tell them anything—at home. I had to stick it out, by myself. . . ."

"You mean they don't know—"

"Didn't know," she corrected him, quietly. "My mother died two years ago. She used to write him the most beautiful letters in her pretty, old-fashioned handwriting, beginning 'My dearest son—'" A quiver passed over the soft chin, the dark eyes closed for an instant. "She'd have wanted to kill him with her two hands," said Sally, unsteadily—"if she'd known what he did for *me*. You see—I was the youngest—She used to call me her—baby—"

"Sally—!" The name broke from Kerrigan almost like a groan. He caught her clenched fingers in his—

"Please don't!" said Sally, tiredly.

"I don't want to cry. It doesn't get you anywhere. I've done enough of it."

She freed her hand with a hard little laugh.

"I've done all the crying I'm ever going to do," said Sally Gaines, "for any man. After he died I stayed out there a year—one whole, long, endless year, pulling myself together—to go back into my old world. There was a woman—You know Mrs. Shaffer?"

"I know the colonel," said Kerrigan.

"Well—I lived with them, this last ten months. I wasn't very well—just at first. She wouldn't let me go back. She's the sweetest woman in the world. She made me sleep and eat, and that's all that—"

"God bless her!" said Kerrigan, very low.

Sally drew a long breath, setting her teeth together hard.

"Maybe an older woman might have been able to make it come out right—I couldn't," she said. "I—I was too desperately frightened—and unhappy—at first. Afterward—he took a sort of dislike to me—when he was drinking. And when we got out to the Philippines—the place seemed to—to draw out that side of him."

"Drinking?" said Kerrigan, grimly.

"And women," said Sally. The word left her lips with an unutterable distaste.

"I don't see how he got away with it," the man beside her offered, slowly—"considering his rank—"

"Oh, he was careful enough!" said Sally. "People knew, of course—but it wasn't a conspicuous fact—unless you happened to be living with him—as I was. . . ."

"Don't!" said Kerrigan, sharply.

"Why not?" asked Sally. She smiled faintly. Then she unbuttoned the sleeve of her thin white blouse and pushed it up above the elbow. There was a ragged, triangular scar, where the soft arm rounded to the shoulder.

"He threw a spur at me one night—"

Kerrigan got to his feet and walked away from her. He stood when he came

to the nearest wild almond, looking out to sea, his arms tightly folded.

"Come back!" said Sally, presently. "I've finished. I'm not going to harrow your feelings any further. I shouldn't have told you, of course—it wasn't very sporting of me—but you asked, didn't you?"

Kerrigan came back and knelt down upon the sand before her, taking her two chilly little hands in his.

"Curse him!" he said, huskily. . . .

"And that, like crying," said Sally, wearily, "gets one nowhere. He's dead, you see—he died quite respectably of pneumonia—a queer thing to have in the tropics—wasn't it? His heart wouldn't stand it—"

She smiled when Kerrigan put his lips to her fingers.

"Now you," she said, pleasantly. "What have you been doing—since you wished me roses wherever I went—I've often thought of that. . . . My father's living with my eldest sister, in Richmond, you know. The old place is rented—to some very rich man from up North. The rose-garden is probably beautifully taken care of—which it never was in my time—and I'm sure the house is steam-heated. Do you remember the big open fireplaces—"

"Sally," said Kerrigan, "are you afraid to look at me?"

Sally lifted dark eyes, burning. "I hate sympathy. You're sorry for me—but you are not to say so. I forbid it. I don't know why I told you—anything—except that you're—kinfolks . . . sort of . . . and seeing you, like this . . ."

Her voice broke over the homely phrase, broke and steadied again.

"Please help me up! I'm sure it's time for us to be starting back—"

Kerrigan got up, helped her to her feet, and put both arms about her.

"Sally—you told me because I made you—" He caught her two small hands that were fending him off, and held them close against his heart. "You told me because you've never forgotten—"

Sally laughed. It was the merest ner-

vous ripple. He dropped her hands and stood away from her instantly.

The sunlight fell through the branches of the wild almond-trees and made a broken pattern on the sand. The sea was smooth as silk. It purred, in the silence, like all the cats of a sleeping world.

"What time is it, if you please?" asked Sally, smoothing her hair.

Kerrigan looked at his watch. His eyes were inscrutable.

"Just half past three—anything you want to do in town?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Then we've plenty of time. Got all your belongings?"

"I think so."

"Suppose we move on, then."

They went back to the car, and spoke very little on the way in to town.

Once Kerrigan apologized for the road.

"It doesn't matter," said Sally, "and I've had a wonderful day—really." Later she asked him, thoughtfully, "Shall you be out here, for long?"

"Probably two or three years," said Kerrigan, evenly, "unless we go into the war, in which case, with any sort of luck, I might get to France."

"Do you think we shall go in?"

"God knows—I hope so!" said Kerrigan, curtly.

They crossed the Pali and drove through the town, drowsing in afternoon warmth; the dock was crowded, overflowing with a lucent haze of dust.

"It looks rather hot and dusty and uninteresting after your beautiful beach—doesn't it?" Sally suggested, languidly.

Kerrigan said, carefully, his hand steady on the wheel, his eyes on the street ahead:

"Let's get away from here, then! I'll drive you up the Diamond Head road. You can watch the transport off from there—"

"And then what?" inquired Sally, mockingly.

"Then," Kerrigan told her, without the flicker of an eyelash, "we could come back into town and be married."

"Are you proposing to me, Jim?"

"To the best of my ability," said Kerrigan.

"Why?" asked Sally, curiously.

"Do you want me to tell you, here and now?"

She nodded, the glimmer of a smile in her sideways look.

"All right," said Kerrigan, "the spot's a bit public, but it's up to you. I love you—I want you to—"

A flame of color swept the face at his shoulder; Sally's smile vanished, from eyes suddenly blinded.

"Please—please!" she begged. . . . Then, with an exquisite break in her voice, "Oh, Jim—do you?"

Kerrigan said nothing more. He sat with one hand clenched tight upon the rim of the wheel, his own eyes steady upon his long, brown fingers.

"All my clothes are on the boat," said Sally, at last, in a small, shaken voice.

"I'll buy you some clothes," drawled Kerrigan, without looking up.

"And my money—"

"His money—you'd never need that any more—thank God!"

People and machines slid past them. Sally's hand stole up, tight clenched, to lie above her heart—where the ice was breaking.

"Jim," she whispered—"you don't know what you're doing. Suppose I cared—suppose I—"

"Look at me!" said Kerrigan, very low.

When she lifted her heavy lashes he closed his hand about the hand upon her breast—the ice was going fast!

"Little Sally Gaines," he said, passionately quiet, "you were mine all along—only we didn't know it—"

Sally stifled a sob.

"I dreamed about you that night—oh, the nights I've dreamed about you!" All at once she turned her hand within his hold, opening it, palm to palm with an ineffable gesture of surrender.

"Which way," she inquired, youngly, "is the Diamond Head road?"

And her eyes were the eyes of the girl in the rose-garden.

JITNEYING IN THE BERKSHIRES

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I AM aware that the title of this article is an outrage. Its collocation of opposites amounts to profanity. The association of the cheapest form of speed with one of the most distinguished of American solitudes is at least an incongruity. One might indeed plead the example of the immortal author of *Innocents Abroad*, who visited various European shrines in a similar cursory manner, "doing" St. Peters and Jerusalem alike with a time-schedule in his hand, and ticking off show-places and celebrities with the like irreverent rapidity. But then to Mark Twain all things are very properly forgiven. And perhaps, too, to have loved and lost the Berkshires in a jitney is better than never to have seen the Berkshires at all. Doubtless the Artist and I, who are neither of us dead to all esthetic feelings, would have preferred to have traveled through the Berkshires by stage-coach, or, better still, to have loitered through them, knapsack on shoulder and hickory stick in hand. Of course, to walk through them thus at one's leisure is the proper way. The silence that is among the lonely hills is hardly to be appreciated, it may naturally be thought, on the fly. To any such slow, solemn growths of Time—or, one should rather say, Eternity—as Greylock one should bring a like deliberate contemplativeness of observation, a Wordsworthian slowness and depth of emotional acknowledgment; for anything that has taken so long to make, whether it be the hills and lakes of Westmoreland, or the hills and lakes and rivers of the Berkshires, or be it merely some quiet masterpiece of man's own patient, prayerful art, is not rightly to be enjoyed and honored in one

swift tasting moment. All the same, it is not possible to devote the lifetime each deserves to the many masterpieces of God and man with which the world is enriched, and even a rapid glance at some of them may bring a harvest to the eye and the spirit neither so negligible nor so disrespectful as, at first sound, may seem. A glimpse of sublimities sometimes caught from a rapidly moving train has often a value that lasts a lifetime, something of the phantasmagoric intensity of swift-changing dreams. It is equally possible to look too long at lovely and noble things, and here perhaps also the half is sometimes better than the whole.

Such an *apologia* I would make, such a tentative justification, for "doing" the sacred Berkshires in a jitney. And I would add that the trip was made more for the fun of a *tour de force* than from any lack of understanding that the way Bryant and Longfellow and Holmes and Hawthorne and Thoreau knew the Berkshires—not by jitney—is, of course, the only real way. Some day I promise myself to know Monument Mountain and Icy Glen, the Stockbridge Bowl, Green River, October Mountain, and the rest, the way they knew them, to climb the hills I only gazed at from my seat on our thundering sight-seeing monster, and to know the Hoosac and Housatonic Rivers for more than moving gleams and glories of picturesque waters.

Meanwhile, I will take courage to confess the unregenerate "modern" pleasure I found in snatching a fearful joy where I know full well I should have made a long and lingering pilgrimage. There is, after all, a certain piquancy of contrast in surprising Quiet at full