

Lee Takes Advantage of Peggy's Mood in Moonlight Promenade

By ZOE BECKLEY

As Peggy, arm in arm with Lee, moved off toward the cliff-edge, her glance stole toward Bobby and Olive, going slowly, head bent to head, in the other direction.

"That's not kind of you," Lee's eyes were softly upon her.

"What?" asked Peggy absently.

"Deriving to me your thoughts."

Something in his voice comforted her. She had felt the disapproval of the whole party. Their hostile air was plain than words. But here was one who breathed sympathy.

Peggy's eyes met Lee's. Both pairs were dangerous. Lee knew how to look his best in moonlight. His moonlight manner was now turned upon Peggy to the full. Her eyes wavered, and drooped.

"Shucks—my thoughts aren't worth bothering with." In her embarrassment, she said whatever came into her head first. "Better let them be. They're mongrel thoughts. Apt to bite, perhaps!"

They had reached a little point of land. On a neighboring one they could faintly see the white of Olive's face and the black of her gown close—too close, thought Peggy—to Bobby.

Peggy felt a queer temptation to burst into tears. But Lee's voice came, consolingly gentle:

"You're not fair to yourself, Peggy."

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She let the use of her first name pass.

"Oh, I'm about as popular as the plague tonight."

"Have you taken the vote of this section of the population?" His voice was the other direction.

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in the depression and recklessness she felt, tonight, the little word was like balm to smarting wounds, cool dusk to tired eyes.

They were standing on the crest of the cliff, whose sides descended sharply to the little shining beach.

A few feet downward and they would be entirely hidden from the rest of the party.

Half-unconscious that she moved, Peggy, guided by Lee, took the few steps that brought them well below the cliff edge.

A flatish rock jutted out. Lee sat down upon it, drawing Peggy with him and captured both her hands before she realized it.

Lee's face, spiritualized in the moonlight, was all tenderness and thrillingly close to hers.

"Peggy, child, you're lovelier than any flower! I'm dizzy with the love of you, my darling."

And her lips were stopped with his kisses.

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