

to her and she backed away from him, the waves of color flooding her face.

"And you can hear, too," she accused him. "You can't deny it."

"I—I'm afraid I can't," said Allan with real contrition.

"And you're not deaf and dumb at all? I was trying to save your life. I thought that you couldn't hear the horn and that you would be killed."

"I didn't hear it and I thought I had time to get across. But it was just as plucky of you," Allan cried. "I shall never forget it. Never."

She had her hands up over her face. He could see only the tips of her ears. His admiring tribute had not comforted her. She was thinking of something else.

"You heard me," she cried in a smothered voice, "that day in the restaurant? You couldn't have helped hearing every word. Oh!" Her voice rose in a wail. "Oh! What must you think of me?"

He came close to her. The street was full of people. Some passers-by stared at the pair, the girl with her face covered, as if she were crying, and the tall young man bending over her and plainly trying to comfort her. But for all Allan knew they, too, were alone in some enchanted garden.

"I'd like to tell you what I do think of you," he said unsteadily. "Some time when we're better acquainted I shall do it. But without waiting I can tell you what I think about myself, and it's that I'm the luckiest fellow on earth to find you again. Now I'm going to walk along with you, and find out what your name is—besides Winifred."

The client came promptly at 11. And he waited as long as if Allan had been an acknowledged ornament to the bar rather than a beginner with a name to make.

## DEAF AND DUMB!

A Story

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

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That two young men seated at the round table in the little open-air restaurant had kept up a desultory flow of talk, such as was compatible with doing justice to the delicious softshelled crabs, for which the seagull is noted. But it was a soundless conversation, inarticulate, for the fingers talked rather than the lips. George Laveton was a deaf-mute, and his cousin, Allan Merrifield, though less proficient in the sign language, had mastered enough of its intricacies to enable him to sustain a part in the conversation.

"Deaf and dumb, poor things! Isn't it dreadful?"

It was a girl's voice coming from the table at the right.

"Yes, dreadful! And especially for the handsome one," replied her companion.

"Now, which of us does she mean?" wondered Allan. His uncertainty was a credit to his modesty, for George's lean, brown face, in spite of an expression of alert intelligence, lacked every element of beauty. Fortunately the speaker settled the question by adding: "What dark, beautiful eyes he has! I never care for blue eyes in a man."

Allan heaved a sigh of relief. George's eyes were gray. He improved the first opportunity to glance at the other table. The girl in blue was beautiful. Her oval face was tinted like a seashell and the glib violet eyes with their long lashes were bewitching in their frank pity.

George nudged his friend, and his nimble fingers spelled out warning. "Don't stare so. It's rude."

"The worst of it is," remarked the girl who had spoken first, "that such an affliction shuts them out of everything. Of course, they can't marry. No woman in her senses would consider such a thing."

"I don't know why!" cried the girl in blue indignantly.

"You don't?" The exclamation of her companion indicated mingled disapproval and surprise.

"Well, for one reason, he couldn't make love to you."

"He wouldn't need to," declared the girl in blue, a trifle sentimentally. "If only he looked"—she broke off with a laugh, and her companion said reprovingly:

"Well, Winifred, I don't wonder you blush."

Allan longed to see how she looked when she was blushing, but he did not dare to raise his eyes. And her name was Winifred. Somehow he liked the sound of it. He repeated it musingly to himself.

The talk at the table on the right turned into other channels, but though Allan listened eagerly for a clue to the identity of the speakers, none reached his ears. "In a few minutes we'll leave or they'll leave," he reflected, "and I'll never see her again." It seemed to him that it was a piece of malice on the part of fate to have placed the girl in such tantalizing proximity, at the same time setting between them the barbed wire fence of social convention. Why couldn't he have met her? He wished

for a hurricane or an earthquake, something that would afford him an excuse for hurrying to her side and proffering his aid. But nothing happened except that George finished his crabs and asked on his fingers the leading question:

"Why have you lost your appetite?"

Allan took a final glance at the girl as he rose to go. She was even prettier than he had imagined—and sweeter. What a pensive little mouth was hers, drooping at the corners! And what a brave, tender-hearted little girl she had proved herself in her impetuous challenge to her friend! It seemed hard that he was turning away from her without any assurance that he would ever see her again. As he stepped aboard the street car he had so burdensome a sense of heaviness of heart that the ludicrous side of the situation forced itself on his attention, and he laughed aloud.

In the nature of the case, an energetic young lawyer who is also a social favorite has little time to give to sentimental regrets. But somehow the memory of the girl whose name was Winifred came back to Allan often in his hours of relaxation, or when he heard sweet music. Sometimes he dreamed of seeing her, and the joy of recognition invariably awoke him. And so things were one crisp fall morning, when Fate again took a hand in the game.

Allan came out of his office in a rush. He had some important matters to attend to before meeting a client. He had not yet reached the point in his profession when he could safely keep clients waiting. Accordingly he started to cross the street, despite the fact that a touring car was bearing down upon him, heralding its advance by the aggressive toots by which the modern motorist asserts his pre-eminent claim to the public highway. Allan believed that he had time enough to get across before the car should strike him, and that, anyway, it was the chauffeur's business to look out.

At the critical moment his calculations were upset by a hand that clutched his arm. He stopped and pulled violently back, from under the very wheels of the swerving car.

Allan got back to the sidewalk without knowing just what had happened except that the hand that had first clutched him still held fast to his arm. Then looking down he saw that it was a little hand in a blue glove.

The hand released its hold on him, touched his shoulder, as if to attract his attention, and pointed in the direction of the now vanishing car. Allan understood that an effort had been made to save him from the consequences of his own recklessness, and he tried to seem grateful.

"Yes, I see," he stammered. "I suppose it was rather close. Awfully good of you."

The brim of the big hat was tilted with startling suddenness, disclosing a face winsome in spite of its pallor. "Yo—you can speak?" grasped the girl—the girl whose name was Winifred.

The situation was trying. Suddenly it flashed upon him that his possession of the normal faculties was an offense to her. He tried to think of an answer to make