

THE COINCIDENCE

Life---Success---Love

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON**
Illustrated by **C. CLYDE SQUIRES**

AMONG the girls who were fond of young Harry Keyes it was thought the knowing thing to say that he had "the Latin touch." By this they meant that he was a lightsome spark, flexibly expressive and of contagious gaiety.

He could do "positively anything," they said, for this tall gentleman was a master of light accomplishments. He was a willing player upon the piano; being one of those dashing young amateurs whose hands sweep the keys like sea birds running to rise from the water. He improvised and composed; he had written several charming little songs. Of course he "danced like an angel" and he drew recognizable caricatures, but not malicious ones.

Moreover he had a light baritone voice with touching wistful tones in it.

Holly had no vanity at all. He took his accomplishments and himself not seriously but carelessly; he was the friendliest soul alive and would do anything he could for anybody. Consequently he was asked to do a great deal, and the general impression about him was that with all his gifts he would "never amount to anything."

"Why don't you?" a girl asked him one afternoon on the Country club veranda. She was a visitor from out of town. "Why don't you amount to something and fool 'em?" she urged him. "Anyhow, why don't you try?"

"I've thought of it sometimes. Why do they think I don't amount to anything? I don't mean I think I shall, myself. I only mean I wonder why they think I won't. What reasons do they give?"

"They don't give any," the girl replied. "They just say, 'Oh, yes; Holly's charming but of course he'll never amount to anything.' They don't stop to analyze why they think so, you see. They just have that impression of you and let it go at that."

"Well, why do you think they have it?" she asked.

She looked thoughtful, concentrating. "I think it's because they all use you," she said. "They know you'll do everything they ask you to do, and a lot of polite, thoughtful things besides, that they don't ask you to do. On top of that you're always the 'life of the party'—you've certainly been the life of every party I've been to since I came here. The trouble is you don't charge anything for it. I mean by that, that you don't act as if you were conferring a favor. You let 'em take it for granted. You'll do all the entertaining and carry all the baskets, too. They love you, of course; but they know that they can use you and that they don't have to make any returns for it; so they treat you the same way, wherever you go and whatever you do."

"So that's it," Holly laughed. "Amounting to something is just getting returns, is it?"

"Well, isn't it? Look at the handsome little man with the 'strong jaw,' Thompson Rennett. He makes everybody feel that he's out to get returns for himself, and all they think he has a great future in store. You see, you're able to do anything papa that your intentions were fairly honorable, and if papa had to take one of you, it would seem much wiser to let it be the good-looking little Rennett man with the jaw."

"I see," Holly returned, nodding. "Not so very, but your wife would have a poor time of it, my friend. When you were a star in theatricals she'd hear you say, 'He ought to have gone on the stage!' When she'd sit in the gallery to hear you make an after-dinner speech she'd have to listen to everybody whispering, 'He ought to have been an orator!' And when you'd play or sing: 'Oh, he ought to have been a musician!' Your wife'll always be hearing what you ought to have been; and that's the painfullest thing a wife can hear about her husband."

"Whereas, with little Tommie, she'd never have a word to say about it. You see, you're a star in theatricals, and she'd get to be prosperous and important some day," said the visitor. "Little Tommie Rennett is rather narrow-minded, but he's 'good,' he's affable, he's 'devoted to business,' and he wouldn't do anything for anybody unless he got credit for it. He sent me some sensible flowers—just about a third as many as you sent me yesterday—and at the dance that night he expected me to make a fuss over him for a dance you couldn't go to yourself. No; I'd take Tommie, because he'll get on in the world, and you'll probably be working for him some day."

"What a horrible prophecy!"

"You see," she explained, "he'd hire you because he'd think he could make your popularity useful to him in his business. Don't you really see that you'll be working for him some day?"

Holly shook his head ruefully. "Lordy!" he said. "What did give you that idea? Are you a good prophet usually?"

"Miss Virginia Peel, of Lemington, the visitor, looked at him thoughtfully. "I think I'm a good prophet in this case," she said. "I'll tell you why. Wherever you go you find more or less the same types, don't you? Of course everybody's an individual, and are in some things different from any other person in the world; but when you go from one town to another, you're pretty apt to find people that correspond to people you knew where you came from. The way it is with me, when I'm visiting in a place like this, I meet a woman, for instance, and pretty soon I begin to think, 'Oh, I know I know about you. You're another Mrs. Calvin Jones; that's what you are.' You see, Mrs. Calvin Jones is a type I've always known in my own town."

"I see," Holly said. "And when you meet me, you said to yourself—"

"She nodded. "Yes, I said to myself, 'I know him because he's another Harry Keyes.'"

"Oh, then the Holly Keyes of Lemington is named Harry Keyes?"

"Well, our Harry Keyes isn't quite a Holly Keyes," she said. "Yet he is a lot like you in a great many ways. He's—well, if you'll please how I'll tell you one thing about him, Mr. Keyes: he's charming."

"Thank you."

"You're not very enthusiastic," she said. "Of course we none of us like to be 'like you.' We're like some one else, and yet most of us really are. Harry Keyes is like you in other ways than being gay and charming. He plays and sings and tells stories wonderfully, too. He's been 'the life of the party' for years, and carried the baskets and changed the tires and done everything for everybody, and let people use him and walk all over him, and he's always been friendly and ready—and never got any returns for himself."

"But what made you think I'd be a hired man of Tommie Rennett's some day? You said—"

"I know," she interrupted. "That's what I'm explaining. You see we have Tommie Rennett of Lemington, too. Ours is named Lohrman, Theodore Lohrman. He doesn't look a bit like Mr. Rennett—but he's the same type; the aggressive successful business man and not much else. He started with very little and he's already at the head of what my father calls a 'tremendously rising industry.' Isn't that like Mr. Rennett?"

Holly frowned. "I see," he said. "Ah—which do you like best?"

"Do you mean which do I like best: you or Mr. Rennett?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to ask that just yet," said Holly. "I'd be afraid, especially since you've already told me you'd rather marry Tommie Rennett."

"Oh, no, I didn't; I only said it would seem wiser."

"But you say this Harry Keyes of your town is like me and a Mr. Lohrman is like our Tommie Rennett. Which one do you see the most of: Lohrman or Rennett?"

"Mr. Lohrman."

"You do?" Holly said, and he looked depressed. "You see Lohrman often than the one that's like me?"

"Yes, Mr. Lohrman married my cousin."

"Well, that's quite a relief!" the young man assured her. "That's some comfort, anyhow!"

"They're both married," Miss Peel said demurely. "Mr. Keyes, too."

"That's some comfort," Holly returned brightly still. "I'm glad Mr. Keyes married, too—though, of course, he'd never have had any chance to marry you."

"He's quite a lot older," she explained. "So is Mr. Lohrman. They're both about 40 now, I suppose. That's why it seems to me I can see what you and Mr. Rennett will be like when you are about 40."

At this Holly's expression became a little more gloomy. "I'm married," he said. "I see. That's why you think I'll be working for Tommie Rennett some day. My prototype, Keyes, works for Tommie's prototype, Lohrman. Don't tell me it's true."

"Yes, I will," she said, and laughed at his burlesque gesture of dismay. "They grew up together, just as you and Mr. Tommie Rennett did, and in their youth Harry Keyes and Theodore Lohrman lived the fable of the grasshopper and the ant, just the way you and Tommie are living it now. Theodore had his nose to the grindstone every day while Harry Keyes was out at the Country club making things lovely for some 'visiting girl'—the way you're doing that for me today. You see it was the summertime of the grasshopper and the ant. Well, when winter came, Harry Keyes and Theodore were middlingly successful, and their singing and amiability hadn't laid any claims. Theodore and his wife, my cousin, Judith, have a beautiful big house, and their children go away to the best schools; but Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keyes live in a little frame house, and their children won't be able to go anywhere except through high school—not on poor Harry Keyes's twenty-two hundred a year! They say Theodore pays him that just for his popularity, though Harry isn't much use to him as a business man. Couldn't you take it as a warning, Mr. Keyes?"

"I don't suppose so," he said. "Grasshoppers can't be anything but grasshoppers, can they? It's a pretty dismal prospect, though—the winter! With that he shivered, then laughed. "Well, it's summer still," he went on, cheering up. "And besides, you aren't a type, and that's a comfort."

"Why, of course, I'm a type!" she returned. "Every town in the world has a girl like me—dozens of 'em!"

"No," he said earnestly. "Lemington is the only place that's got the one. There's only one of you."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because there couldn't possibly be any one else anywhere that could look so warm-hearted and be so cold-blooded!"

At this her charming color heightened. "What makes you think I'm cold-blooded?"

"My goodness!" he exclaimed. "Why, the calculating keenness of the way you discuss Tommie Rennett and me! You figure us out as if you were a mathematician with chalk and a blackboard!"

He had become so earnest that she looked at him gravely. "I don't—quite," she said. "Don't you see I was just warning you? Trying to stimulate me out of being a grasshopper," he said. "And at the same time you're sharp enough to see it can't be done."

"Don't you really think it could?" she said, and gave him a clear, full look, wholly serious.

As serious as she was, he returned her look, but shook his head. "I'll never make a 'good business' man," he said. "It just can't be done. I think I'll probably be lucky if I'm getting \$2,300 a year at 40, like your Mr. Harry Keyes. Suppose both Tommie Rennett and I do write to you later—which do you think you'll vote for?"

"You mean you were trying to stimulate me out of being a grasshopper," he said. "And at the same time you're sharp enough to see it can't be done."

"Don't you really think it could?" she said, and gave him a clear, full look, wholly serious.

As serious as she was, he returned her look, but shook his head. "I'll never make a 'good business' man," he said. "It just can't be done. I think I'll probably be lucky if I'm getting \$2,300 a year at 40, like your Mr. Harry Keyes. Suppose both Tommie Rennett and I do write to you later—which do you think you'll vote for?"

"You mean you were trying to stimulate me out of being a grasshopper," he said. "And at the same time you're sharp enough to see it can't be done."

the lady while it's still summer!"

Then, abruptly, she turned back to him, blushing a little. "Goodness!" she said. "Here's Theodore Lohrman—"

"Who?"

"I mean Mr. Rennett," she explained, hurriedly. "He's coming through the club-house. He didn't see me; but he has an expression that makes me think he's looking for me."

"That settles it!" Holly said ruefully. "You're familiar with my type—I'm just 'Harry Keyes.' I know we're only minstrels, of course; the light comedians that were never meant to be taken seriously. But we do feel a little ourselves, sometimes. We really do, you know."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"Well, I'm glad you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

plain you're familiar with my type—I'm just 'Harry Keyes.' I know we're only minstrels, of course; the light comedians that were never meant to be taken seriously. But we do feel a little ourselves, sometimes. We really do, you know."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. Lately I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you want to marry you."

Then she ran through the gate, following her porter, and on the stairs she thought of how Tommie Rennett would look, the next time he met Holly Keyes. Tommie would look triumphant—and Virginia winced a little when she thought of that; her journey was not a happy one. All the way she accused herself, defended herself, acquitted herself and convicted herself; the principal charge brought by the prosecution being that she was mercenary.

But whether she was guilty or not depends on the definition of the word "mercenary"; and many intelligent people would have thought her merely sensible. She was one of a large family, and a happy enough family, too, though the head of it was only a country court judge with a salary of \$4,000 a year. Virginia had "scrapped along on nothing," and she was tired of doing it; she liked "pretty things" and hoped to be able to buy them some day.

Moreover, she liked the hard-working, scrupulous Rennett. He was a dry little man, mentally; and not open-handed; but neither was he so "close" that he would be stingy as a husband. She reached her destination a little before midnight, in a state of depression. But the startling and terrible thing that had just happened in Lemington made her own trouble seem nothing.

She had not let her family know what train she would arrive, so no one met her at the station; whereupon she was more depressed than ever. She tried to prepare a bright face for the meeting with her mother, but failed completely. Her mother, hurrying downstairs, as the daughter entered the front door, cried, "Virginia! excitedly, embraced her, and then stepping back from her, said: 'So you've heard it! I can tell from your face that you have!'

"Heard what, mother?"

"About poor Harry and Theodore!"

"Virginia stared incredulously. "Did you see it in the paper on the train?" her mother asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said. "I've seen both of them," said Mrs. Peel. "I thought from your face you must have known it."

A little later she brought Virginia a newspaper with an account of the accident.

"Shocking Accident Kills Prominent Manufacturer."

Theodore Lohrman Dies Instantly. Express Crashes Into Limousine. H. J. Lloyd Also Victim. Dies With Employer.

"At 10:15 o'clock this morning Theodore Lohrman, one of the most important figures in the financial and industrial life of the city, was crossing the L. B. & C. tracks in his limousine on the Southport turnpike, when his car was struck by the east-bound express, traveling at a high rate of speed. The body of the limousine was thrown at least 60 feet by the shock and both of the occupants, Mr. Lohrman and H. J. Lloyd, who was accompanying him to inspect Mr. Lohrman's Southport mills, were instantly killed. The chauffeur was taken to a hospital badly hurt and unable to tell how the accident occurred. The shock to Mr. Lohrman's business associates is particularly severe at this time, as a member of the Lohrman firm stated to a representative of this paper. A far-reaching enlargement of the Lohrman industries had just been planned and although Mr. Lohrman's death will make no difference in the plans, which will be carried through immediately—"

Virginia stopped reading to stare pallidly at her mother. "What a horrible way to put it!" she said. "Although Mr. Lohrman's death will make no difference in the plans, which will be carried through immediately—"

"Only means it won't make any difference in the plans for carrying out the enlargement," said Mrs. Peel, gently. "Naturally it makes a dreadful difference to poor Cousin Judith. Of course, though, she has a great deal to live for. She's lost him, but she has the children—and other things. She'll be immensely well off."

"Poor Ruth Lloyd has children to live for, too," said Virginia. "The paper scarcely mentions Harry; it seems to think Theodore's death so much more important!"

"Well, in a way it is," her mother returned sadly. "But as your father tried to say when he telephoned me the news, it'll never seem like the same town again, without Harry."

"As father tried to say?"

"Yes," Mrs. Peel explained. "He choked up and I could hardly understand him, but that's what he meant. Everybody seems to feel the same way about him."

"Everybody except the newspaper."

"Of course poor Theodore's death

will be greatly felt in a business way," the mother said.

"But the newspaper says that's just where it won't be felt. The enlargements—and everything else will go on just the same. Why, that's awful!"

Mrs. Peel sighed. "I haven't been to see poor Cousin Judith, but sister—she's being so brave! I thought I'd let her get the first shock over, and I'd waited for you to go with me tomorrow. The funeral isn't until Thursday, and neither is poor

and resigned. I think she must have a perfect faith."

Virginia looked profoundly thoughtful. "Do you think it's faith?" she asked. "Do you think Judith cares a great deal? Don't you think she's still got what she really cares most about: her children—and—and the rest of it?"

Her mother was shocked. "Virginia!"

"You wouldn't call her 'stricken,' would you?" Virginia said. "I don't think the children are precisely that, either."

"My dear, people can't just sit down and cry all the time." "I know," said Virginia gravely. "But he died only yesterday."

"Well, but—"

"I'm not criticizing it," Virginia interrupted, and her eyes seemed to rest upon some thing far, far distant. "I was thinking—I was thinking—"

"Thinking what?"

"I was thinking that this was really the most satisfactory kind of marriage possible," said Virginia. "I mean so that you wouldn't be too unhappy if he dies. I believe—oh, I believe that's the answer!"

"Virginia! What answer?"

"It's something I'll tell you about later," said Virginia, and paused for a moment to come to a street corner. "Are you going home, mama, or are you coming on with me to Ruth's?"

Mrs. Peel looked nervous. "I believe if you don't mind I'll let you go alone, dear. You know her better than I do, and it might be a little intrusive if I went. You tell her everything for me, if she's listed to you. I think I'll go home, dear. The truth is I—well, I dread seeing her, and well—I just feel as if I couldn't go into poor Harry's house without breaking down, myself."

She stopped, and fumbled for a handkerchief, whereupon her daughter gave her a little push that moved her a step toward home. "For heaven's sake go home and don't let's cry on the street, mama," she said brusquely, and went on to Ruth Lloyd's alone.

Two hours later, she passed this corner where she had parted with her mother, and it seemed to her a long, long time since she had been there. Her face was that of one who had been looking on helplessly at helpless tragedy; and when she got home she ran to her room and flung herself upon her bed without even taking off her hat. "You're getting your poor hat out of shape, child," Mrs. Peel said, having followed her in. "Your head will rest better without it, anyway. Do take it off, I suppose you find nobody could say anything of any use to poor Ruth?"

Virginia rose miserably and removed her hat without speaking; then she sank again upon the bed. "I feel selfish to let you go there alone. I suppose it was pretty terrible."

"There's no telling it," Virginia said faintly.

"I'm afraid not," Mrs. Peel murmured. Then she went to the windows and lowered the shades. At the door she paused, looking thoughtful. "Both the funerals are on Thursday at almost the same time. Theodore's is at two o'clock and poor Harry's is at half-past. I suppose as we're family connections we'll have to go to Theodore's. In fact I'm glad it's that way. I'd rather go to Theodore's, I believe, than to—"

She checked herself abruptly.

"I understand, mama," Virginia said. "We have to go to Theodore's of course. Judith wouldn't understand if we didn't."

So, on Thursday, Virginia stood among Theodore's relatives at the cemetery, and thought of the enlargements of Theodore's business; those enlargements that would be made in spite of what was now being done before her. She looked about her among the dark-clothed associates; the two principal bankers, the six or seven principal manufacturers and the four or five principal merchants of the town; the principal lawyer—who had been Theodore's attorney—and half a dozen of Theodore's chief employees, his "high-salaried men." Judith had her children stood close to her, and they and Theodore's other relatives and the business men were all of a gloomy and respectful gravity—yet to Virginia it, seemed that nothing whatever was greatly changed by their leaving Theodore here in

the ground behind them, as they turned to go away.

Then, as they went toward the cars that waited upon the drive to take them home, the other funeral was just arriving; but at first Virginia could see only a part of it, the procession was so long. The hearse stopped not far away, and some young men, not wholly composed in manner themselves, helped the widow and her children to descend from the cab nearest the hearse. Virginia caught a glimpse of black figures bowed and racked at sight of the pile of freshly upturned earth before them; she had a sense of the absolute vacancy that this hillock of yellow earth meant to them; and she hurried into her car, shuddering.

Her father and mother were with her, and the three sat in silence as they drove by the long line of Harry Lloyd's funeral procession, still coming into the gate of the cemetery. Behind the undertaker's cars were a great many others; and behind these were a number of shabby vehicles, while last of all came humbly two shabby old carriages drawn by gaunt horses and carrying solemn and downcast colored people who had known Harry Lloyd and wished to show that they had known him lovingly.

Virginia's father sighed heavily as they drove by the long line of Harry Lloyd's funeral procession, still coming into the gate of the cemetery. Behind the undertaker's cars were a great many others; and behind these were a number of shabby vehicles, while last of all came humbly two shabby old carriages drawn by gaunt horses and carrying solemn and downcast colored people who had known Harry Lloyd and wished to show that they had known him lovingly.

Virginia's father sighed heavily as they drove by the long line of Harry Lloyd's funeral procession, still coming into the gate of the cemetery. Behind the undertaker's cars were a great many others; and behind these were a number of shabby vehicles, while last of all came humbly two shabby old carriages drawn by gaunt horses and carrying solemn and downcast colored people who had known Harry Lloyd and wished to show that they had known him lovingly.

Virginia's father sighed heavily as they drove by the long line of Harry Lloyd's funeral procession, still coming into the gate of the cemetery. Behind the undertaker's cars were a great many others; and behind these were a number of shabby vehicles, while last of all came humbly two shabby old carriages drawn by gaunt horses and carrying solemn and downcast colored people who had known Harry Lloyd and wished to show that they had known him lovingly.

Virginia's father sighed heavily as they drove by the long line of Harry Lloyd's funeral procession, still coming into the gate of the cemetery. Behind the undertaker's cars were a great many others; and behind these were a number of shabby vehicles, while last of all came humbly two shabby old carriages drawn by gaunt horses and carrying solemn and downcast colored people who had known Harry Lloyd and wished to show that they had known him lovingly.

Virginia's father sighed heavily as they drove by the long line of Harry Lloyd's funeral procession, still coming into the gate of the cemetery. Behind the undertaker's cars were a great many others; and behind these were a number of shabby vehicles, while last of all came humbly two shabby old carriages drawn by gaunt horses and carrying solemn and downcast colored people who had known Harry Lloyd and wished to show that they had known him lovingly.

Virginia's father sighed heavily as they drove by the long line of Harry Lloyd's funeral procession, still coming into the gate of the cemetery. Behind the undertaker's cars were a great many others; and behind these were a number of shabby vehicles, while last of all came humbly two shabby old carriages drawn by gaunt horses and carrying solemn and downcast colored people who had known Harry Lloyd and wished to show that they had known him lovingly.

Virginia's father sighed heavily as they drove by the long line of Harry Lloyd's funeral procession, still coming into the gate of the cemetery. Behind the undertaker's cars were a great many others; and behind these were a number of shabby vehicles, while last of all came humbly two shabby old carriages drawn by gaunt horses and carrying solemn and downcast colored people who had known Harry Lloyd and wished to show that they had known him lovingly.

Virginia's father sighed heavily as they drove by the long line of Harry Lloyd's funeral procession, still coming into the gate of the cemetery. Behind the undertaker's cars were a great many others; and behind these were a number of shabby vehicles, while last of all came humbly two shabby old carriages drawn by gaunt horses and carrying solemn and downcast colored people who had known Harry Lloyd and wished to show that they had known him lovingly.

Virginia's father sighed heavily as they drove by the long line of Harry Lloyd's funeral procession, still coming into the gate of the cemetery. Behind the undertaker's cars were a great many others; and behind these were