

[Continued from 1st page.]
CRISSCROSS LOVE.

So, after a brief mental struggle, Phil wrote to Aggie an impassioned letter as he could easily pump out—best epistolary fashion—to say that now at last the desire of their hearts for so many years was to be fully gratified, and they two were to meet once more and be happy forever. To be sure, when the letter was finished, Phil read it over once or twice, leaning back in his bungalow lounge, with a critically dissatisfied air. Its ardor seemed rather wanting in spontaneity, he fancied. It had no longer the genuine impassioned ring of four or five years ago. But what would you have? If one can't quite rise to the height of such an occasion of one's own mere emotion, one must try to gush gently, for the lady's sake alone, with literary aptitude. A man would be hardly a whole man, Phil supposed, if he consented to let a woman see he had begun to forget her.

However, what the letter lacked in love like ardor it fully made up in businesslike definiteness. The Oswalds were poor; they could hardly afford to send Aggie out to him. So Phil had arranged for all that—arranged for it generously. He enclosed a check for a most substantial bank amount. He hoped it would suffice to pay Aggie's passage and begged to be permitted to set her up in a proper Indian outfit. She was to meet him in Bombay, where she could stop at the house of a common friend (I don't say "mutual," a much more sensitive word, between you and me, because some silly superfluous people rise microscopic etymological objections), and there she was to be married a day or two after landing. Phil flattered himself that his check was a tolerably expansive one. If he didn't love Aggie quite as devotedly as he used to do, at least she should never discover the change by pecuniary symptoms.

Now, strange to say when Aggie Oswald received the letter, though she broke it open all of a flutter to see whether Phil wanted her to come out to him at last, she felt hardly so much delighted with the news it contained as she ought to be. On the contrary, she took it down to her mother, half crying. "What is it, darling?" her mother asked.

And Aggie, trembling violently, handed it to her to read. When her mother had read it, Aggie laid her fluffy head on her shoulder and sobbed aloud.

"Now it comes to the pinch, mother," she said, quivering, "it seems so hard to go, so hard to leave you and sail alone so far across the sea. Five years ago it didn't. You see, it's long since I saw dear Phil he seems almost like a stranger. I can't bear to think I've got to leave you all and go away 5,000 miles to a stranger—even though I love him. He may be so awfully changed, you know. His photograph's quite altered. And he may think me so different now from his own ideal of me."

Her mother gazed at her in speechless surprise. Five years are not nearly so long at 60 as at three and twenty.

"But surely, Aggie," she said, "you won't be so ungrateful to our dear Phil as to throw him over now and refuse to go out to him—who has been true to you so long and behaved so generously! It would break his heart, poor fellow! It would just break his heart for him! Think of him there, toiling and broiling and saving the scrap, out in India so long and dreaming of you all the while and writing every mail to you! Why, Aggie, what can you mean? You could never refuse him."

"Refuse! Oh, dear no, mother!"

Aggie faltered out, quite shocked herself at the bare suggestion. "I don't mean that. I mean I only mean I don't feel quite so glad, now it's actually come, as I always used to think I should. I begin to wonder now what Phil will be like after five years' absence. I've pictured him to myself just as he was when we saw him last. I'm trying to picture him now as five years will have made him."

Mrs. Oswald gave a sigh of distinct relief. It would really have been terrible if Aggie had lost five years of her life—and the best years, too—on this clever young fellow in the Indian civil and then thrown him overboard. At 23, after such a long engagement, her chances of placing herself would be seriously impaired. And though she had other opportunities, and was made much of everywhere, yet Philip was really a very eligible young man—and a deputy collector! Mrs. Oswald set herself forthwith to check, by every means she knew, these vague misgivings. Aggie must not be encouraged in her doubts about Phil. She must be made to feel she was in honor bound to go out and marry him.

CHAPTER III.

While he waited for his answer at his up country station Phil Gilman himself had half hoped Aggie might by this time see things in the same light as he did; she might perhaps be willing to release him from an engagement which had ceased to be a reality to either of them. No doubt, she, too, had changed a great deal meanwhile, and there Phil was quite right; Aggie had deepened and broadened from a girl into a woman. She was no longer the mere light-hearted, fluffy headed coquette, leading a butterfly existence in Bayswater ballrooms. Pretty and rosy cheeked and cherry lipped as of yore, she had developed meanwhile three additional features—a mind and a will and a decided conscience.

Those very acquisitions, however further strengthened as they were by her mother's exhortations, led Aggie to sacrifice herself a modern Iphigenia, on the altar of duty, and to write Phil Gilman a letter in return, all replete with ardent ex-

pressions of delight and constancy. It was a letter to thrill a lover's heart with joy. Phil Gilman read it with very modified rapture. Not that he was quite sure he wasn't in love with Aggie even now. Till he saw her how could he say? He might be and he might not. He had been in love with the Aggie he had left behind; he would perhaps be in love with the Aggie who was coming out to him. But after five long years—and at 23, too—you must confess it's a lottery. So he waited in no small tremor of doubt and misgiving. What a terrible thing if he had to tie himself for life, out of pure chivalry and to prevent disappointing her to a tangled mass of fluffy brown hair with nothing else in particular on earth to recommend it.

When a man thinks like that, you may be tolerably sure his affections have somehow declined a trifle from their youthful ardor. However, Phil put the best face upon it, like a gentleman, and waited with outer calm at his up country station. He waited a week; then reflecting that he must meet his bride at Bombay, he applied for a month's leave, in the time honored way, "on urgent private business." His excellency was pleased to grant the request, and Phil Gilman went down to Bombay accordingly, much trembling in soul, to meet his Aggie.

Of course he couldn't go to the house of the friend with whom Aggie was to stop in the short interval between her arrival and her marriage, so he put up with another acquaintance of official distinction—a man who had been his superior officer at his first country station. His host was Sir Edward Moulton, now a K. C. S. I. and a member of council. You must have been in India yourself in order fully to appreciate the exalted dignity of a member of council. He lived in a very fine house on Malabar hill, with a very fine view of the sea and the city, and was supposed to keep the very best horses, to drink the very best wine and to give the very best dinners in the whole Presidency.

When Phil Gilman arrived at Sir Edward's door, half an inch deep in generous dust from the lavish hospitality of the Great Indian Peninsular railway (a line which endows every traveler free of charge with a small landed estate to carry away home with him), he was met on the threshold by a dream of beauty in a loose white dress which fairly took his breath away. The dream of beauty was tall and dark, a lovely woman of that riper and truer loveliness that only declares itself as character develops. Her features were clear cut and delicate and regular, her eyes large and lustrous, her lips not too thin, but rich and tempting; her brow was high, and surmounted by a luscious wealth of glossy black hair which Phil never remembered to have seen equalled before for its silkiness of texture and its strange blue sheen, like steel or the grass of the prairies. A queenly grace distinguished her mien. Her motion was equable. As once the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair and straightway coveted them, even so Philip Gilman looked at that dignified stranger and saw at the first glance she was a woman to be loved, a soul high throne, very calm and beautiful.

There was much excuse for him. He had been living for three years in an up country station, where he had never once seen a real live white woman, and under such circumstances the mere sight of one's fellow countrywomen (believe me who has tried) is a delight and a joy to one. And then she was so beautiful, with such a high type of intellectual beauty; no mere fluffy haired schoolgirl, with red cheeks and lips, but a genuine woman, with soul in her face and a pervading sense of grace and dignity in all her movements. When she stepped forward and smiled and held out her hand to him, Phil's heart sank instantly. To think that in a world which incloses such infinite possibilities as these he could have tied himself down blindfold—to five years of pretty Aggie Oswald!

The vision of beauty stepped forward and held out one frank hand.

"Mr. Gilman?" she said inquiringly. "Ah, yes, I thought so. My uncle's so sorry, but he had to go out, and he asked me to receive you. You've heard my name, I dare say; I'm his niece—Miss Trevelyan."

Phil accepted the proffered hand with some slight misgivings—he was so very dusty—and I blush to write it, but something much like a little thrill of delight ran through him at touch of her slender fingers. If poor Aggie (at Port Said) could have seen her lover just that moment, she would have turned back that very day and returned by the homeward bound mail to London, though, to be sure, poor Aggie herself was that moment engaged in a very desperate and heartfelt flirtation with—but I will not anticipate.

Phil looked down at his coat and stammered out feebly some inarticulate analogy.

"I'm really not fit for ladies' society," he murmured, with a glance at the landed estate. "From Punjab here is so terribly dusty!"

Freda Trevelyan smiled. "Oh, we've all done it ourselves," she answered. "I came from Punjab last week, so I know how to sympathize with you. One feels as if the Indian ocean didn't hold enough water even to wash one quite clean again. I won't ask you into the drawing room now and keep you sitting there in discomfort. You'd better go up to your own room at once, and as soon as you've got rid of the first few layers of a coat of dust be ready down here for you."

She said it with a friendly smile that was the warmest of welcomes. Phil tumbled up stairs as best he could, and opened his portmanteau.

He was a good looking fellow, with a most manly mustache, and I'm bound to admit he took more pains over his dressing that evening than was strictly necessary or indeed desirable in Aggie's interest. He ended himself with care in his best afternoon coat and his newest imported European tie, and he surveyed himself approvingly in the glass before he descended with slow steps to the drawing room. I'm sure I don't know what an engaged young man could mean by taking so much pains over his personal appearance; he could certainly have taken no more of it was Aggie herself, not a strange young lady, who awaited him in the drawing room.

When he went down he found Freda Trevelyan already seated before a most hospitable tenpot. You must have lived in a hot climate at least once in your life in order thoroughly to appreciate the art of tea drinking. One would say beforehand that nobody would care for hot drinks with the thermometer at 90. Experience proves the exact contrary. The hotter the weather gets the more hot tea does humanity absorb and the better does it love it. Phil threw himself into an easy chair and looked, if not engaged, at least engaging. He was considered the handsomest man on the Boolanagar hills, and he certainly looked it that afternoon. There's nothing to make a man look and talk his best like a pretty woman. It was what is euphemistically described as "the cool season" at Bombay, and the windows of the veranda were flung wide open. The view over the sea was beautiful and refreshing. Phil could even hear the gentle plash of the waves on Malabar point, and though that deceptive surf is by no means so cool as it looks and sounds, yet it was delightful to his ear after three long years spent away far inland. He enjoyed that afternoon more than he had enjoyed anything for months and months. Poor Aggie's chances of a whole lover's heart seemed to fade and pale at each successive half hour.

For Miss Trevelyan, it seemed, was simply charming. She talked so admirably. And besides she was so frank. She had heard beforehand of course that Phil had come down to Bombay to meet his future bride, and when a woman knows a man's already monopolized she treats him as if he were married—that is to say, she talks to him like a rational creature and not like an animal specially created for the sole purpose of flirtation. The consequence was that before half an hour was over Freda Trevelyan and Phil Gilman were laughing and chatting together as if they'd known one another for half their lives instead of for just 30 minutes.

"And your bride's coming out on the Indus?" Freda said after one short pause. "How soon do you expect her?"

"She was telegraphed from Port Said this morning," Phil answered, with a consciousness of profound hypocrisy, for he felt the subject was really far more interesting to Miss Trevelyan than he himself could pretend to find it.

"How anxious you must be for the steamer to come in!" Freda exclaimed, with fervor. "I'm so glad you came here. It's so nice to feel you must both be so happy."

"Oh, very nice indeed," Phil answered, hesitating.

"Have you her photograph?" Freda put in. "I should so much like to see her."

"Yes, I've got it up stairs—in my portmanteau somewhere," Phil answered unconcernedly. "I'll bring it down when I go up. It's so awfully kind of you to want to see her."

"Up stairs in your portmanteau?" Freda cried, smiling astonishment. "Not in your breast pocket! And to be married in a fortnight! Oh, Mr. Gilman, that would never do for me! I'm afraid you're a terribly lukewarm lover!"

"Oh, not lukewarm, I hope," Phil interposed, with an answering smile. "Only you see it's like this—we've been engaged five years and a little bit more, and by the end of that time one begins to get—well, calmer and more philosophic."

Freda shook her beautiful head. "That won't do," she answered again. "I hope my lover, if I ever get one, won't talk like that. I never could stand it. I shall require him to be desperately, wildly in love with me! If he tries to be philosophic, why, he'll have to go elsewhere!"

Phil was just on the point of answering, "Ah, but if a man was in love with you that would be altogether different, but politeness, to say the truth, rather than loyalty to Aggie, prevented him from voicing the thought that was in him.

"earnestness, 'you mustn't think of me like that. I really couldn't bear that you should imagine me wanting in due—consideration for Aggie. But remember, we were young—we were both very young—when I went away from England Aggie was 18, and I was one and twenty. Naturally I hardly know what sort of a girl she may have grown into by this time. Naturally she can hardly know what sort of man she's going to marry."

He paused a second. Then he spoke still more seriously. "At the time we both loved one another dearly. If we'd married then and there, we should no doubt have gone on loving one another just as dearly to this very day. But then we should have seen a great deal meanwhile of each other. As it is, I'm sure I shall be to see what kind of a girl has come out to marry me. Aggie's first anxiety will be to see what kind of a man she has come out to marry. May I speak to you frankly—only in self-defence, you know, and to repel your charge of fickleness? Well till the moment arrived when I could send home for Aggie, my one feeling was a longing to be able to marry her. I looked at her photograph day and night with a distinct rapture. I looked at it often. It gave me a thrill to look at it. It was only on the very day that I wrote home to ask her to come out to me that another side to the question occurred to me. Then I thought to myself, all at once, it's not the Aggie of to-day I'm looking forward to see at all, but the Aggie of five years ago. What reason have I to think she will be to me now as all the same person? I loved the girl of 18 when I left England, and if that girl could come out now I would love her just equally. But how do I know I shall love the girl at 23 who now bears the same name? And if I find her altered out of all recognition what a terrible thing for her! What a terrible thing for me! What a blow for both of us! How appalling to think you are marrying a woman you don't really love! How appalling for her to be marrying a man who can't really love her! We're taking one another now in the dark put the best face you can upon it."

"You're too frightened, Mr. Gilman," Freda answered, with that charming smile of hers. "The moment you see her face the moment she sees you, all your old love will return again with a rush. I'm sure it will because I can see you're in earnest. You think of her as well as of yourself, and with you men, whenever a man thinks of the women as well as of himself, you may be perfectly sure he's a really good fellow."

[Concluded next week]

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