

WESTWARD WINDS • BOOK 2



AMANDA
CABOT


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Amanda Cabot, *Waiting for Spring*
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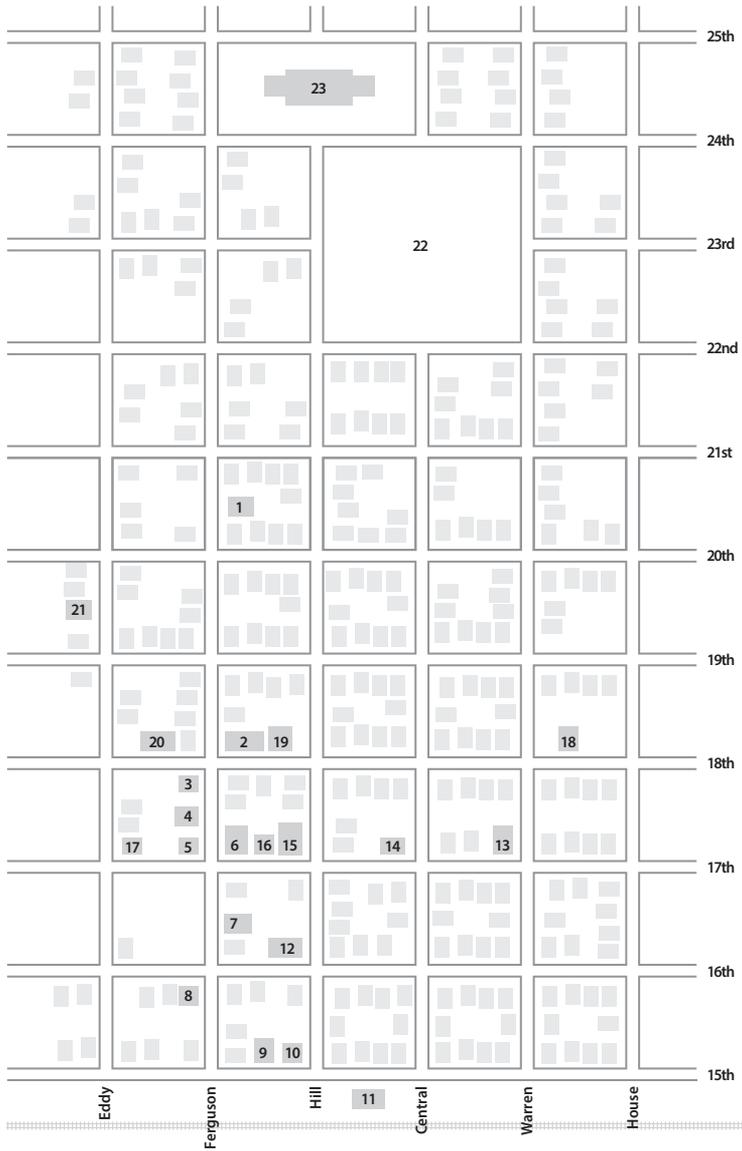
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For Suzanne “Betty Boop” Dawson, whose faith and friendship have enriched so many lives, including mine. Thanks, Suzanne. I’m so glad you interrupted your birthday celebration to attend one of my book signings.

Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory 1886



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|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Barrett's Home | 9 Mrs. Kendall's Boardinghouse | 17 Mullen's Jewelry |
| 2 Charlotte's Church | 10 Sylvia's Brothel | 18 Miriam's Home |
| 3 Yates's Dry Goods | 11 The Depot | 19 Maple Terrace (Richard's Home) |
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CHEYENNE, WYOMING TERRITORY, OCTOBER 1886

It was only the wind. Charlotte Harding wrapped her arms around her waist, trying to convince herself there was no reason to tremble like a cottonwood leaf in a storm. The creaks that had wakened her were simply the building shuddering from the force of the wind. That was all. No one had broken in. No one had found her. She and David were safe. But the brave thoughts had no effect. They never did.

With a sigh, she fumbled to light the lamp. As the soft yellow flame chased away the darkness, she slid her feet into slippers and padded across the room. Perhaps it was foolish. She could see that the intruder had been nothing more than a figment of her imagination, the product of her fears. Her bedchamber was empty, except for David. Sweet David. The love of her life.

Charlotte stood at the side of his crib, looking down at the red hair so like his father's. Other than his eyes, which were the same shade of brown as hers, her son was the image of his father. The trembling that she'd managed to quell returned as thoughts of David's father and the fears that always accompanied those thoughts assailed her once again. Taking a deep breath to soothe her ragged breathing, Charlotte shook her head. She had to stop this worrying. It had been almost a year since she'd moved to Cheyenne, and no one had come looking for her and David. She had done everything she could to ensure that no one would know she had once lived at Fort Laramie as the wife of First Lieutenant Jeffrey Crowley. What she feared most would not happen. The baron would not find them.

Though the lamp that she held over the crib did not disturb him, David stirred, perhaps alerted by the sound of her breathing or the scent of her toilet water. "Mama," he murmured as he held out his arms.

Charlotte smiled and set the lamp on the floor. She knew what her son wanted. Slowly, she stroked the length of each of his arms, then let him grasp her hands. "Yes, David, Mama's awake, but you need to go to sleep." Crooning softly, she moved his arms back to his side and pressed a kiss to his forehead. "Sleep now."

As his breathing became regular, Charlotte's smile faltered. Today was her son's first birthday. Though she intended to celebrate only that wonderful event, she could not forget that today was also the anniversary of Jeffrey's death and the day her life had changed forever. Pampered, coddled Charlotte Crowley was gone, replaced by Charlotte Harding, a woman who had learned that while life could be more difficult than

she had thought possible, it had many rewards. Though this year had been far different from her dreams, Charlotte could not regret what it had brought. She had new friends and a new life in a new city. She had learned that she could be self-sufficient. Best of all, she had kept her son safe. It was worth the lies.



“Gentlemen, I call this meeting to order.” Barrett Landry used his fist to rap on the table. His visitors looked up in surprise.

“A meeting?” Warren Duncan lit his cigar, taking a puff before he continued. “I thought it was simply an opportunity to sample some of Mrs. Melnor’s fine food.” The older of Barrett’s two guests, Warren was a distinguished-looking man with steel-gray hair, light blue eyes, and a nose that would have made a hawk proud. Though he confided little about his background, other than his graduation from an unspecified law school, his cultured accent led Barrett to believe that he was originally from the East, perhaps even Boston. But Barrett did not pry. If there was one thing he had learned since arriving in Cheyenne, it was that a man’s past was best left in the past. He certainly had no desire to advertise many aspects of his own.

Richard Eberhardt leaned forward, his keen brown eyes sparkling. “Does this mean you’ve come to your senses and decided to take our advice?”

“It does.” Barrett smiled at the man who was almost a decade older than his own thirty. Rail thin and an inch or two under six feet, Richard was not a man anyone would call handsome, and yet his confident gait told onlookers that he

was not to be overlooked. The combination of his shrewd mind and what some called his Midas touch had turned Richard into one of the city's wealthiest merchants.

"The trip to Rawlins was the final step," Barrett told his advisers. The convention had confirmed what Richard and Warren had claimed, that the political power brokers were looking for new blood and that Barrett had a good chance of winning their approval. If everything went the way he hoped, even the residents of Northwick, Pennsylvania, would have to admit that Barrett Landry was an important man.

"And so, gentlemen . . ." Barrett paused when a soft knock announced the butler's arrival. Only when Mr. Bradley had placed the tray of coffee and cinnamon rolls on the low table and closed the door behind him did Barrett complete his announcement. "You're looking at a man who hopes to have a future in governing this fine territory."

"Hallelujah!" Warren raised his cigar in a salute. "This calls for a round of brandy." Barrett's lawyer was nothing if not predictable. He let out a melodramatic sigh at the sight of coffee before taking another puff of his cigar. Less inclined to imbibe strong spirits, Richard poured himself a cup of coffee.

The three men were seated in what the architect had called the morning room of Barrett's home, perhaps because it was situated at the back of the house and faced east. This morning the sunshine that seemed to be a Cheyenne staple was strong enough that Barrett had drawn the heavy velvet draperies half closed, leaving the room bright but not blindingly so.

"Brandy?" Barrett stirred a spoonful of sugar into his coffee. "You know you won't find any strong drink in my house, and before you reach for the flask I know you carry

with you, consider that we need our wits about us if we're going to plot strategy."

Richard settled back in the leather upholstered chair, balancing a plate on his knee. "What strategy? It seems to me you have everything Wyoming will need in a senator. You have plenty of money and a nice house for entertaining when you're not in Washington. You're not too hard on the eyes." Richard shrugged his shoulders. "The only thing you're lacking is a wife."

Warren nodded. "I agree."

Their reaction was not what Barrett had expected. His friends had been encouraging him—haranguing him was more like it—to enter politics, claiming that when Wyoming became a state, its citizens would need a man like him representing them in Washington. He had invited them here this morning, rather than meeting at the club, because he wanted their discussion to remain confidential. It seemed he shouldn't have worried. There would be no discussion, at least not of anything important.

"Doesn't either of you think that political views and plans for the state—assuming we can convince our citizens and Congress that Wyoming should become a state—are important?" he demanded.

Warren raised an eyebrow, deepening the wrinkles that half a century of living had carved in his forehead. "Do you really believe that voters listen to that? Especially with women voting, what's important are appearances."

"And that means you need a wife," Richard interjected.

"Exactly," Warren agreed. "You've got the trappings. Now you need a good woman to stand at your side and convince voters that you're a family man."

This was definitely not going the way Barrett had planned. He'd imagined discussions of platforms, politics, and public appearances, not matrimony. His friends' advice was enough to make him reconsider the whole idea. "Why are you so focused on a wife? I don't see either one of you enjoying marital bliss."

"True." Richard drawled the word. "We're also not attempting to convince the citizens of Wyoming that we'd serve them better than F.E. Warren or Joseph Carey."

Warren and Carey were the primary reasons Barrett had convened the meeting here. Both were prominent members of the Cheyenne Club, and he hadn't wanted any mention of their names to be overheard.

"What chance do you think I have of defeating either one of them? Carey's been a popular mayor, and Warren—the other Warren," Barrett said with a nod toward his friend, "was territorial governor. I'm a virtual unknown compared to them."

"They both belong to the other party," Warren said after another puff of his cigar. "We need a change. That's where you come in. You're a fresh face. You've got good ideas. I heard you address the cattlemen's association, and you're as convincing as F.E. You're what we need."

Richard nodded. "I agree with Warren. You're what the territory needs. Your ideas are fine, but you need more than that." He took a sip of his coffee, keeping his eyes fixed on Barrett, as if waiting for his reaction. "Voters like family men. They believe they can trust them. That's why you really ought to be thinking about marrying. Besides, a pretty lady at your side will help draw in the crowds." Richard raised an eyebrow. "It's not just for the campaign. A wife would make

your life better. Think about it. You don't see F.E. or Carey living alone."

Barrett didn't live alone. Not precisely. He had a cook and a butler, both of whom had quarters in the house, and assorted other servants who spent the day making certain that the house was in impeccable condition. But he had no wife. That was true.

"I've been thinking about it," he admitted. It wasn't only his friends' admonitions that had triggered the thought. It started with a letter from his brother Camden, saying that he and Susan Miller would be wed by the time Barrett received the news. Though two years Barrett's senior, Camden had claimed that he would be the last of the three Landry boys to marry. Now it appeared that he would be the first, for Harrison had shown no sign of romantic entanglements.

"What do you think of Miss Taggart?" Barrett asked. Of all the women he'd met in Cheyenne, she was the only one he could envision marrying. That was why he'd been spending more time with her lately, even though they were not officially courting.

"Miss Miriam Taggart?" Richard's voice sounded strained.

Barrett nodded. "I believe she is the only Miss Taggart in Cheyenne."

Warren snuffed his cigar as he nodded vigorously. "It's a brilliant choice. She's blonde; you're dark. You'll make a striking couple. Plus, having her father's newspaper behind you will help sway undecided voters. I don't always agree with Cyrus Taggart's views, but there's no doubt his editorials are powerful." Warren rose and laid a hand on Barrett's shoulder. "I knew I was right to support you."

Leaning back in his chair, Barrett gave his attorney a wry

smile. “And the fact that I pay you handsomely for legal work and that there will undoubtedly be more work if I run for office didn’t influence you?”

Warren shook his head. “Not for a minute.”

It was a lie. “Be careful, Warren. You know how I feel about liars.”

His friend wrinkled his impressive nose. “How could I forget? You’re this generation’s Honest Abe.”

The slightly mocking tone made Barrett want to wipe the smirk from Warren’s face, but before he could speak, Richard crowed, “That’s it. Warren, you’re a genius. We’ve got our campaign slogan: Landry Never Lies.”



“I’m so glad Barrett’s coming.” Miriam Taggert gasped as Charlotte tightened the corset strings. Though Charlotte had advised her friend and best customer otherwise, Miriam had insisted that the gown she was about to don be made with a waist an inch smaller than any of her other dresses. “Men like small women,” she had informed Charlotte, “and since no one could call me small . . .” With a laugh, Miriam gestured from the top of her carefully coiffed head to her elegant shoes, a length of five feet eight inches. “One part of me needs to be tiny.”

Though some might quibble that Miriam was not beautiful in the classical sense, with a mouth a bit too wide and eyes a bit too small, she was a striking woman who’d used her slender form and her father’s wealth to make herself one of Cheyenne’s fashion leaders. And thanks to Miriam’s patronage, Élan, Charlotte’s dressmaking shop, had become the most popular in the city for wealthy ladies under the age of

thirty. The older women either ordered their gowns directly from Paris as Miriam's mother did or joined the city's less affluent citizens in frequenting Miss Smith's establishment. That knowledge assuaged many of Charlotte's fears. With *Élan* catering to a wealthier clientele, it was less likely that one of the officers' wives from Fort Laramie would discover that Charlotte now resided in Cheyenne. She'd known she was taking a chance by not leaving Wyoming, but the feeling of peace she'd experienced when she'd stepped off the stagecoach in Cheyenne had told her this was where she was meant to live.

"Why is Mr. Landry coming?" she asked. Few men entered *Élan*, and those who did were normally husbands.

Miriam chuckled. "I told him I wanted him to see the color, but the truth is, I want you to meet him. We've been seeing each other a lot, and Mama thinks he's going to court me. She and Papa believe he'd be the perfect son-in-law, but . . ." Miriam winced as Charlotte gave the corset strings a final tug. "I'm not so sure. I want your opinion," she said when she could breathe again. "Sometimes I think you know me better than my parents do."

Though they saw each other only within the confines of Charlotte's shop, the two women had become friends as Miriam enlivened fitting sessions with tales of her mother's matchmaking attempts. "She's convinced I'm an old maid at twenty-four," Miriam said with a rueful smile. "How old were you when you married?"

"Twenty-four."

"And was your mother worried you'd die an old maid?"

Charlotte shook her head as she removed Miriam's gown from its hanger. "She was so ill the last few years of her life

that I think she was glad I wasn't married then. A husband might not have been happy that I spent all my time nursing her." Jeffrey wouldn't have been pleased. Charlotte tried to dismiss the thought. She didn't want to think about Jeffrey now. There would be time later to mark the anniversary of his death.

Turning back to her customer, Charlotte smiled. "Is this gown for a special occasion?" When she'd ordered the silk, Charlotte had had Miriam in mind, knowing that the deep forest green would highlight Miriam's blonde hair and draw attention to her striking green eyes.

Miriam nodded. "We're going to a concert." The smile that lit her face turned Miriam into a beautiful woman, if only for an instant. "The symphony's playing Beethoven's Ninth. That's one of my favorites."

"Mine too. My mother used to sing 'Ode to Joy' while she was working."

Miriam stretched her hands above her head as Charlotte prepared to slide the dress onto her. "Before she was so ill, was your mother a modiste like you?"

Though Miriam couldn't see her, Charlotte shook her head. "No. Just a wonderful mother." While she was confident that Miriam would never knowingly betray a secret, Charlotte was careful about the stories she told her. There was no reason to tell Miriam—or anyone—that her mother had been a minister's wife and that her work had involved visiting infirm parishioners and making some of the best jams and jellies in Vermont. To deflect attention from herself, Charlotte spoke while she arranged the demi-train behind Miriam. "I imagine your mother enjoys music as much as you do. The newspaper always lists her among the who's who at every event."

An unladylike snort greeted Charlotte's words. "Don't tell anyone I said this, but my mother is tone deaf. It's my opinion that she attends concerts only because it's expected . . . and because it gives Papa something to write about. He's always saying that the paper needs to include information that will appeal to ladies, even if it is boring."

And ladies, despite the fact that they'd been given the vote and had even served on juries in Wyoming Territory, weren't deemed intelligent enough to care about politics. It was, Charlotte knew from the conversations she'd overheard, a common enough opinion.

"You needn't worry. Your secret's safe with me." Charlotte had become a master at keeping secrets, her own and others'. "What about Mr. Landry? Does he enjoy music?"

Miriam shrugged, then grimaced as a pin scraped her shoulder. "I don't know. He might be like my mother."

Charlotte suspected that was the case. Though she had never met Barrett Landry, enough of her customers had mentioned him that she had formed a picture of the cattle baron who'd moved to Cheyenne five years ago. Rich and ambitious, he owned one of Cheyenne's finest mansions. Though only three blocks farther north on Ferguson Street from the building that housed Charlotte's shop and her living quarters, the Landry residence was a far cry from the simple brick structure where she plied her trade. It might not possess a ballroom, as some of the neighboring houses did, but Barrett Landry's home was clearly designed to impress. Having seen it, Charlotte did not discount the rumor that he was planning to enter politics. The mansion would be an ideal place to entertain the territory's most influential men, including Miriam's father. Charlotte tried not to frown at the thought that Cyrus Taggart

might be part of the reason Barrett intended to court Miriam, if indeed that was his intention. She hoped that was not the case, for Miriam deserved a man who loved her for herself, not for the votes her father could deliver.

The bell that Charlotte had positioned on the front door tinkled.

“That’s probably Barrett.” Color rose to Miriam’s cheeks. “Go on out. Molly can help me finish dressing.”

“Are you sure?” Charlotte asked as she moved toward the dressing room door. It was true her assistant could button the three dozen pearl buttons that decorated the back of the gown.

Miriam nodded. “I want your opinion. Your honest opinion.”

“Of course.”

When she entered the main part of her shop, Charlotte found Molly staring. It was no wonder. The man who stood inside *Élan* was more handsome than even the most breathless rumors had claimed. At least six feet tall, he boasted dark brown hair, blue eyes, and a face that was saved from perfection by the small bump in the middle of his nose. Though he was not as muscular as the farmers Charlotte had known at home in Vermont, his finely tailored coat left no doubt that this man possessed his share of brawn, and yet that brawn was so beautifully packaged that the overall impression was of a gentleman. An important gentleman. Barrett Landry was a man no one would ignore.

“Mr. Landry?”

He nodded. “You must be Madame Charlotte. I beg your pardon, but Miriam never told me your full name. She simply described you as Madame-Charlotte-who-makes-the-most-

beautiful-gowns-in-Cheyenne-better-even-than-Mama's-Paris-originals.”

Charlotte chuckled. “Miss Taggert exaggerates.” Though Mr. Landry had given her the opening to reveal her surname, she did not. When she’d opened *Élan*, Charlotte had deliberately chosen a French name for the shop and had called herself Madame Charlotte, though she possessed not a drop of French blood. Not only did most of her clients prefer the illusion that they were buying gowns with a connection to France, but by using the title with her first name, Charlotte avoided hearing herself referred to as Mrs. Harding. It was true that she’d signed the bill of sale for *Élan* as Charlotte Harding, but she still cringed whenever someone called her Mrs. Harding. She’d been Miss Harding, then Mrs. Crowley, never Mrs. Harding. Perhaps she should have chosen another name altogether, but Papa’s sermons about the dangers of lying had led Charlotte to use the name she’d had for most of her life.

“Please, have a seat. Miss Taggert will be ready shortly.” Charlotte gestured toward one of the gilded chairs that flanked a small table. It was here that customers waited, occasionally perusing the fashion magazines she carefully arranged on the table. The room—indeed her whole shop—was designed for women. Perhaps that was why she felt so uncomfortable having Barrett Landry here. As for the mission Miriam had given her, to form an opinion about the man who might or might not plan to court her friend, Charlotte could hardly begin a conversation by asking him if his intentions were honorable.

“Would you like a cup of coffee?”

Mr. Landry shook his head before walking toward the shelves laden with bolts of fabric. To Charlotte’s surprise, he fingered several pieces.

She bit back a smile as she thought of the report she would give Miriam: *Your gentleman caller was the only man to take an interest in a piece of silk.* At least in that regard, Barrett Landry was not what Charlotte had expected.

The object of her thoughts turned back toward her. “You have very fine merchandise. If I’m not mistaken, that’s China silk.” He gestured toward the display of bolts that stood on end rather than being stacked as the less costly fabrics were.

“It is, but I’m surprised you recognized it.” Many of the women who patronized Élan could not distinguish between silk and satin, and not one would recognize the difference between silk from India and China. Barrett Landry wasn’t merely breathtakingly handsome; he possessed unexpected facets.

As if he sensed her thoughts, he grinned, the self-deprecating smile only making his face more appealing. “I haven’t always been a cattleman. Before I moved here, I worked in my family’s mercantile in western Pennsylvania. We didn’t normally carry silk, but my father ordered it occasionally.”

The mystery was solved. The cattle baron who might be entering politics had a logical reason for being knowledgeable about fabric.

“Nothing else drapes quite like silk,” Charlotte said. “That’s why I enjoy using it for evening gowns.”

Mr. Landry turned back to the bolts and touched one. “This green is particularly attractive. It would complement Miriam’s eyes.”

Keeping her expression impassive, Charlotte gestured toward two others. “Then you would prefer it to the sapphire or the apricot.” When Miriam had commissioned the gown, Charlotte had suggested either the sapphire or the forest

green, but Miriam had been drawn to the apricot, perhaps because it was similar to a shade Charlotte had been wearing that day.

“Yes.” Mr. Landry’s reply was unequivocal. “The orange—er, apricot—would suit you far more than Miriam.” He was right. The apricot would complement Charlotte’s dark brown hair and eyes far more than Miriam’s coloring. It appeared the scope of Barrett Landry’s knowledge was wider than simply recognizing fabric.

He turned at the sound of the dressing room door opening. “Ah, there you are,” he said as Miriam emerged.

She revolved slowly, letting him see the gown from all directions. “What do you think?” The sparkle in her eyes when she glanced at Charlotte suggested that Miriam viewed this as some sort of test. Perhaps she was trying to learn what kind of husband he would be, whether he’d care about her clothing.

“It’s a nice dress.”

Though Charlotte suspected that Mr. Landry was teasing Miriam, her friend pursed her lips as if she were annoyed. “The color, Barrett. What do you think about the color?” She took a step closer to him. “Don’t you think it makes me look like a Christmas tree?”

“No, it does not. It makes you look absolutely beautiful. I’ll be the envy of every man in Cheyenne.”

Charlotte tried not to stare. Though Mr. Landry did not resemble Jeffrey physically, the tone of his voice and the words he’d chosen sounded like Charlotte’s former husband. The casual, friendly tone he’d used when discussing the silk had changed, and the sincerity she had thought she’d heard when he’d told her his color preference had disappeared. The

changes were subtle, but to Charlotte's ears, the words he'd spoken to Miriam rang false.

Afraid that her friend was making a mistake, Charlotte waited until Miriam returned to the dressing room before she said, "I've heard rumors that you're considering entering politics."

Barrett Landry leaned against the counter, his blue eyes sparkling. "I am. Don't tell me you disapprove. I was counting on your vote."

His smile was engaging, and Charlotte did not doubt that he was accustomed to charming women with it. She would not succumb to that charm.

"It's too soon for me to know whether I approve or disapprove," she told him. "I am curious, though, about your reasons for running for office." In Charlotte's experience, too many men were like Jeffrey, seeking fame or fortune or both. For Miriam's sake, she hoped Barrett Landry was not one of them.

"What would you consider a valid reason?"

Charlotte noticed that he had not answered her question but had instead turned the tables. "I've always believed that each of us was put on Earth to make it a better place. We can't change the past, but if we make the present the best it can be, we can influence the future. Whatever we choose to do with our lives should be done with that in mind." Now she was sounding like Papa, preaching a sermon. That wasn't what she had intended. She was supposed to be learning more about Barrett Landry, not telling him her deepest beliefs.

He was silent for a moment, absentmindedly rubbing the bump on his nose while his eyes remained fixed on her face as if he were assessing her sincerity. "I have no doubt that the

citizens of Wyoming would be better off if we were a state instead of a territory. We could elect our governor, not have some crony the president appointed running Wyoming. We know how to manage our resources, especially water, better than a man who's never set foot in the territory. The politicians back East don't understand how scarce water is or how lives depend on its being managed wisely."

He was not a dilettante or a man out for only personal gain. The passion in his voice convinced Charlotte of his sincerity about running for public office. "And you believe you're the man to change Washington?"

Barrett Landry shook his head. "Not alone. But with the right advisers, yes, I believe I could make a difference."

Charlotte heard the sound of muted laughter coming from the dressing room. Whatever Molly and Miriam were discussing, it was lighter than her conversation with Mr. Landry.

"What about you, Madame Charlotte?" he asked, his lips quirked into a semblance of a smile. "Do you believe that sewing fancy gowns for wealthy women is making the world a better place?"

Charlotte blanched as his words registered. She was doing what she could to provide for herself and David, but she wasn't improving the world by dressing women like Miriam. She should never have introduced the subject. "No, I don't," Charlotte admitted. "I guess that makes me a hypocrite. I apologize, Mr. Landry." She forced herself to keep her gaze steady, though she longed to duck her head.

To Charlotte's surprise, Barrett Landry shook his head. "I'm the one who should apologize." The sparkle faded from his eyes. "My mother would have washed my mouth out with soap if she'd heard me. If there was one lesson she drummed

into us boys, it was that a gentleman is never rude to a lady. I was, and I'm sorry."

"You were only being honest with your question."

"Honest. Indeed." Though there was nothing remotely amusing about her words, once again Mr. Landry's eyes betrayed a hint of mirth. "May I ask your opinion about something? Your honest opinion." He stressed the adjective.

Charlotte nodded, trying not to reflect on the irony that this was the second time in less than half an hour that someone had asked for her honest opinion. What would Miriam and Mr. Landry think if they knew that she had begun the day reflecting on her own deception? She was still undecided what she should tell Miriam about this man, and now he was asking her opinion. She could only hope it did not concern Miriam.

"My advisers tell me I need a campaign slogan."

Not Miriam. Thank goodness. "They're probably correct."

"Since we're agreed on that, what do you think of 'Landry Never Lies'?"

Charlotte swallowed, trying to dissolve the lump that lodged in her throat at the memory of all the lies and half-truths she had uttered.

"It has a nice cadence to it," she said at last. "You could turn it into a jingle. You know, like 'Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too.'" Though it had been more than forty-five years since that campaign, Charlotte knew the words to the song that had helped William Henry Harrison and his running mate John Tyler gain the White House. All three Harding sisters had heard the story of their maternal grandparents' one serious disagreement and why their grandmother would croon the song only when Grandpa was not home.

Mr. Landry chuckled. "I'd forgotten about that and fer-

vently hope that my advisers have too. If I have to sing a song, I'll lose every last voter. Bullfrogs are more melodic than I am." He wrinkled his nose before turning serious again. "Ignoring the musical possibilities, what do you think about it as a slogan? Do you think voters will like it?"

Not wanting to dwell on the idea of lies, Charlotte forced a smile. "I do, Mr. Landry. Indeed, I do."