

applauded. "Now, Robin," he said, "play a love song—a sweet tender love song. They hit the right spot to-night. Music—music—how I am steeping my soul in it. As I told Betty, I am forgetting—that's why I am so gay. She remembers and sings—she sings well that way—for it's sweet to remember—but I listen and forget—I forget the skeleton in the cupboard—I am going to bury it to-morrow." He laughed shrilly at this. "Bury it deep, with its pale blue rags—love is no skeleton—I was wrong—wrong—why, I've been wrong all along, but I'm right now—you and Betty have shown me the way. Now for your love song, Robin. You two play together—that's better, mingle the songs into one—that's the way it should be."

Then Betty and Robin forgot for a little that Paul was there as their fingers played the same melody, and their hearts sang to each other.

"I have been thinking," said Paul as the last chord died into stillness, "of that little pine grove down yonder—your trysting place." The colour had gone from his face again and the laugh from his voice. "You are free to wander down there—together now—if you will. The moon is up, I think—but the night is young—and—I have had enough music—for to-night." Then added wearily, "I have something to do now."

When they had gone he crossed over to the dining-room. The lights were still on and the table had been cleared—all but a bowl of red flowers which