

THE PRIMROSE PATH

ing to do him good all the same. As soon as he took the thing in, he braced right up and said: 'Ah, and so they can't do without the old man after all. It's time he was back there to pull them through. Gabriel Praed may have made a fool of himself when he got among these foreigners, but we'll show them he's not in his dotage yet. Next Saturday's boat for home—that's the ticket for me.' "

"Home!" Julia echoed, without the old note of gladness on the word, "then I shall have to—"

"No, you are not going," Garvie interrupted. "At least not unless you want a honeymoon among your mountains. We can go wherever you like. It is settled that we are to be married in Paris the day before your father sails. We return there at once, but perhaps you and I may soon be back here, for your father means to give you Rosbraz as a wedding present. How would you like to make a country home there? Could the chestnut woods and the heaths ever take the place of your mountains?"

"They could, if you were there," she answered softly. "But would you really like it? Could you paint there?"

"No better place in the world for painting. You have seen a Brèton spring, but wait till you see a Brèton autumn, when the bracken and the chestnut leaves are golden bronze and the heather is abloom. I have been feeling that I must get away from Paris, and all its studio talk, and