

ard bowed.

man is certainly an envoy of

he said to himself: "Will

be the order?" he asked his

leave that to your excellent

don't regret it, Nicholas," sang

a time. He entered the room

and, going to the desk, wrote

the reading of which would

the cook turn pale. Then

"Bordeaux, as usual." Then

no will pay for it" asked the

replied Schanuard airily

upstairs—will see him.

gluttony. Now see that you

yourself, and be sure that

ried in half an hour, in your

o'clock, the wine having

delicious. M. Blancheron, bun-

ary to confide to his friend

of his sugar refineries and

he had written, for Schau-

neff, while the latter accom-

on the piano.

M. Blancheron and his new

friend danced the galop

and called each other by their

At eleven o'clock, the

part and each made his will-

er's favor.

returned and

in weeping in each, with

arcel bumped into the table

the remains of the superb

examined the bottles; they

empt.

ed to rave at Schanuard, but

man threatened to kill any

tried to stand very still. Outside,

the blackbirds had ceased to hunt

for worms, and were saying their

grace

said, "I am in disgust,

andful of nuts from him,

throwing them on the table.

all the trouble I took to

these!"—Translated from

by Kenneth Webb.

onald Forsyth, said John, dis-

the "Mr. Gerald Forsyth. You

don't defied yet, I think, Margaret?

said Margaret, vaguely.

him dried the coat tails over his

head, and turned down the

light.

Donald Forsyth. From the Ar-

chive. To buy cattle. He will put

up for the night. He does not

the cook turn pale. Then

"Bordeaux, as usual." Then

no will pay for it" asked the

replied Schanuard airily

upstairs—will see him.

gluttony. Now see that you

yourself, and be sure that

ried in half an hour, in your

o'clock, the wine having

delicious. M. Blancheron, bun-

ary to confide to his friend

of his sugar refineries and

he had written, for Schau-

neff, while the latter accom-

on the piano.

M. Blancheron and his new

friend danced the galop

and called each other by their

At eleven o'clock, the

part and each made his will-

er's favor.

returned and

in weeping in each, with

arcel bumped into the table

the remains of the superb

examined the bottles; they

empt.

ed to rave at Schanuard, but

man threatened to kill any

tried to stand very still. Outside,

the blackbirds had ceased to hunt

for worms, and were saying their

grace

said, "I am in disgust,

andful of nuts from him,

throwing them on the table.

all the trouble I took to

these!"—Translated from

by Kenneth Webb.

in all the golden notes of melody. One

thrush, on the swaying top of a pine,

sent his song floating on the hot eve-

ling air—where it may, John

heard it, and he went in for his

and, at the sound of his feet crunch-

ing the gravel Margaret started, drop-

ping her hands.

"Come and look at yourself, Mar-

garet," she said. "He won't know you

if you don't nearly everything else.

Of course he won't know you. Thank

heaven, you haven't got fat. But

you've done nearly everything else.

She stooped close to the glass, and

the half-brave, half-piteous expres-

sion would have brought tender sym-

pathy from her had it been another

woman. But she had no tenderness

for herself.

"Glad you're in your hair," she said

slowly. "And crows' feet round your eyes

and the color has gone out of them.

He said they were as blue as Heaven.

I've seen ditch-water very like the

color of them now. And you had a

pretty pink in your cheeks, once, dear.

They're rather too thin to see—unless

you get sideways on. But they're not

purple, Margaret. Margaret, don't think

there is anything left to you but your

nose. That is good still. But will he

think a good nose enough?"

"Of course," she said. "I forgot.

Twenty-five years. Twenty-five years

and I was nineteen. Nineteen and a

half the day went. And it's a quar-

ant of a century since. I don't know

any more. Was ever a man born who

remembered as long as that. I don't

think so. It is always the woman who

remembers, and the man who forgets

her for it. But—she does remember,

poor dear.

She stood very still. Outside,

the blackbirds had ceased to hunt

for worms, and were saying their

grace

said, "I am in disgust,

andful of nuts from him,

throwing them on the table.

all the trouble I took to

these!"—Translated from

by Kenneth Webb.

with the clothes of these latter days

in which she had accepted her five-

and forty years, and no longer cared

to make the best of them. She looked

at the dresses now with her eyes.

Draw, sensible colors, most of them.

Colors such as dull hair and skin, and

the clearness from faded cheeks.

Then she slipped out of the dress she

wore, and shook her hair down. Gold

lights in it caught the gold of sunset;

bars arms and neck gave her a look

of something of her youth. She was

flushed still, and her eyes were lit.

"I hate you," she said. "I hate you

at heart; made a little face at it,

and kicked across the room, and

Then the sound of feet and men's

voices in the hall sent her back, flush-

ing and breathless as a girl who hears

the voice of her lover. For in some

women the hearts do not grow old

with the bodies, and she is a part of

the girl's youth.

Listening acutely within the door,

she heard the double tread up the

stairs, along the landing, and into the

guestroom. Then John came back.

"Margaret," he said, halting a mo-

ment, "can we have dinner at once?"

I want to have the cows in the

ten-acre before dark."

"Oh! dinner and the cattle. That's

all the same, isn't it? Yes; he can

have those when he likes."

Something in Margaret's laugh

might have sounded hysterical to

any one but her husband, who was

troubled John.

"Of course," he said. "Told you

before, didn't I?"

He tramped down the stairs heavily,

but Gerald Forsyth stood still in the

room made dainty by Margaret's

hands, and he stared at nothing very

earnestly.

"I can't have drawn blank again,"

he said. "I can't. Surely there are

not two Margaret Hamiltons with

brothers named John. But if it had

been the old Meg, she'd have been

at the door to meet me. She'd have

come down those stairs like a whirl-

wind she always was—on the banisters

most like—but that's over twenty

years ago! Twenty years ago! I

So it is! I'd forgotten. I'd clean for-

got. And—twenty-five years.

She'll have put out of mind long

ago, of course. Why shouldn't she?

There was no promise; I never took

her promise. Little Meg, little Meg;

I've come back to see you all now

—beat if I don't want to up-sticks

and run before I get a sight of you.

For you'll never know me, little girl,

like a woman. I show my years,

every one of 'em. And I've gone the

pace a bit. But I never cared for

another woman as I cared for you, lit-

tle Meg. All the same, I've been in

life.

He struck a match to the candles

either side the glass and stared into

the glass, and he had not done before in his

life.

"I'd forgotten, old fool that I was;

I'd forgotten. And if she doesn't

know me—of course, I don't know

I'll not remind her. Me, an old fool,

past my prime, and she just in the

bloom of her womanhood.

Urr-r-r!"

It was a groan of disgust at the face

looking out on him. A brown leather-

skinned face it was, with sunken

dark eyes and strong lips. The face

of a man who has lived life fully,

and he found it to be good. The face

of a man who has not lost all his

clarity.

conclusion by Lord Lansdowne, or per-

haps the Russian ambassador, or the

conclusion by that very eminent diplo-

matist his majesty the king (loud

applause), and the Russian ambassador,

the Russian ambassador, the Russian

Anglo-French convention, which has

been received with such universal ap-

proval, and the Russian ambassador,

the Russian ambassador, the Russian

Anglo-French convention, which has

been received with such universal ap-

proval, and the Russian ambassador,

the Russian ambassador, the Russian

Anglo-French convention, which has

been received with such universal ap-

proval, and the Russian ambassador,

the Russian ambassador, the Russian

Anglo-French convention, which has

been received with such universal ap-

proval, and the Russian ambassador,

the Russian ambassador, the Russian

Anglo-French convention, which has

been received with such universal ap-

proval, and the Russian ambassador,

the Russian ambassador, the Russian

Anglo-French convention, which has

been received with such universal ap-

proval, and the Russian ambassador,

the Russian ambassador, the Russian

Anglo-French convention, which has

been received with such universal ap-

hands, and he stared at nothing very

earnestly.

"I can't have drawn blank again,"