

she had often driven as a girl. It seemed flooded now with a mystical, shining beauty. She thought of Hobby and the scene changed to her own little room, her "den," packed full with books. She saw herself as she used to sit playing the piano. Then Hobby reappeared. He sat near her on the edge of a tennis lawn. It was late in the afternoon and so dark that one could only just make out the markings of the court. Hobby sat with one leg over the other, letting his racquet fall against the tip of his white shoe, and talked away. She saw herself laughing, for Hobby's talk was all delightful nonsense. Then one of his cheekiest jokes came to mind and Hobby himself vanished, and she was at the merry picnic at which she first saw Mac. She was on a visit to the Lindleys in Buffalo, and it was summer time. In the forest stood two motors, and the party numbered a dozen, men and women. She could see the faces of every one of them all quite distinctly. It was hot, the men were in their shirt-sleeves, the ground was baked. It was time to make tea and Lindley cried out: "Allan, will you start the fire?" Allan replied, "All right!" And it seemed to Maud that already then she had come to love his deep, rich, resonant voice. She sat watching him make the fire. How hard he worked, bending and breaking the branches, unnoticed by all the others. She saw how, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, he crouched in front of the fire, blowing at it to make it kindle. Suddenly she noticed the tattooed marks on his forearm: crossed hammers. Now she drew Grace Gordon's attention to this, and Grace (the same Grace who had just been in the Divorce Court) looked at her, astonished, and asked: "Don't you know about it, dear?" And went on to tell her that Allan had been one of the "Pony Boys" in the famous "Uncle Tom" mine, and to give her an account of this sunburnt young fellow's romantic boyhood. Meanwhile, there he remained, crouching, quite regardless of the laughing, chattering party, entirely absorbed in his work, and she loved him at that very moment. Yes, certainly she loved him then already, although until now she had not known it. And Maud abandoned herself to the thought of her love for her husband. Her thought went back to his wooing of her, to their engagement, to the first