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MAUD was still revelling in the music. But she was no longer able to listen with the same concentration as before. She had witnessed the scene in the Lloyds' box. She was aware that Allan was busy upon some new project—"a big thing" to use his own phrase—some new invention or enterprise, but she had never asked him about it, for she had no knowledge whatever of things technical or mechanical. She realized also how important it must be for Allan to secure Lloyd's support, yet she could not refrain from reproaching him in her own mind for choosing just this particular evening for the interview—the only evening in the year that he had taken her to a concert. She could not understand how he could think of business while such music was being played. The reflection kept recurring to her that she was out of her element in this America where there was talk of nothing but business, and that she would have been happier in the Old World where they understand how to separate work from recreation. But what troubled her most was the fear—so ready to be kindled in the heart of a loving wife—that this new "big thing" would take her husband away from her more than his work in Buffalo had ever done.

A shadow had fallen over her happy mood, and lines showed on her forehead. Suddenly her face brightened and grew happy again. A joyous passage in the music, by some strange train of thought or feeling, had suddenly conjured up before her eyes a charming vision of her little girl, and she found herself carried away into a delicious day-dream of what the child's life was to become. Yes, that was how Edith would grow up! . . . but the playful and joyous strains changed suddenly to a sombre *Maestoso sostenuto*, and her sweet imaginings gave way to feelings of sadness and foreboding.