

KENNEDY SQUARE

stood musing, his mind far away, his fingers caressing its sides. All the aroma of the past; all the splendor of the old régime—all its good-fellowship, hospitality, and courtesy—that which his soul loved—lay imprisoned under his hand. Suddenly one of his old-time quizzical smiles irradiated his face: "By Jove!—just the thing!" he cried joyously, "it will take the place of the one Talbot didn't open!"

With a mighty jerk of the bell cord he awoke the echoes below stairs.

Todd came on the double quick:

"Todd."

"Yes, Marse George."

"Todd, here's the last bottle of the 1810. Lay it flat on the top shelf with the cork next the wall. We'll open it at Mr. Harry's wedding."

[THE END]