

she and Billy had walked around and around Van-heuster Square, listening to the triumphant song of the lone robin. Five years of cheerful purpose had brought to Tavy a new beauty. The black hair is just as curly, the deep gray eyes just as luminous, the oval cheeks are just as delicately tinted, but about the red lips and about the deep eyes there has grown that sweetness which comes only to those who have learned to suffer without bitterness.

Five years had added to the whiteness of Jean Stuart's hair, but they have added nothing more to her, except the reward of her peace. As she comes into the room now, where Tavy is arranging the apple blossoms in the bowl, there is a great similarity between mother and daughter, though they look nothing alike, and one has youth and the other age. The similarity is in the expression about the eyes and lips, that expression of the sweetness which repays those who will suffer without bitterness.

"There's a caller for you, Tavy."

"Tommy Tinkle?"

"No." A peculiar smile on Jean Stuart's lips, and — why are her eyes suddenly so bright, and moist, too, as she slips her arm around Tavy's