

seated himself close beside her. "'The heart of gold,' first," he said, "that's a woman's heart—eh, Betty?" he laughed, and it smote her heart like a sneer. "A tender, sweet, beautiful woman's heart—that loves you to-day—and leaves you to-morrow. Sunshine—then shadow—that's life—ups and downs. Still the road runs on—and you plod along—too weary to live—but fearful to die." Betty had been playing softly while he spoke. "How easily words come while you play, I talk on and forget you are playing and you play and forget I am talking—to forget—that's the keynote to happiness—forgetting."

"No, it's remembering," said Betty, her voice trembling.

"Remembering for you, and forgetting for me. You see you haven't much to remember—and I have so much to forget. To-night I am going to forget—you're glad of that—aren't you? I am going to forget everything—then I shall be happy like you." He raised his head and laughed. "The idea is," he explained, still laughing, "the idea is to laugh and forget—now for the song."

Her voice trembled as she sang, and between each verse she offered up a prayer—she didn't know quite what for—but for the thing—whatever it was—that Paul needed most.

"And another—and still another," he said, as she finished.

So she sang and played on while he laughed and