

THE COMMON LAW

Hélène went forward to meet them, putting one arm around Valerie and holding out the other to Neville.

"When did you arrive, darling?" she exclaimed. "How do you do, Mr. Neville? Valerie, child, I'm perfectly enchanted to see you. But where in the world are you stopping?"

"At Ashuelyn," said the girl, looking straight into Hélène's eyes. A faint flash of telepathy passed between them; then, slowly, Hélène turned and looked at Neville.

"Will you wish us happiness?" he said, smiling.

"Oh-h," whispered Hélène under her breath—"I do—I do—God knows. I wish you everything that makes for happiness in all the world!" she stammered, for the wonder of it was still on her.

Then Sam's voice sounded close at hand:

"Why," he said admiringly, "it *looks* like lovey and dovey!"

"It is," said Valerie, laughing.

"You!—*and* Kelly!"

"We two."

Sam in his excitement became a little wild and incongruous:

"My wife's gone to the country!
Hooray! Hooray!"

he shouted, holding hands with Annan and swinging back and forth.

"Sam!" exclaimed Hélène, mortified.

"Darling?—oh, gee! I forgot what is due to decorum! Please, *please* forgive me, Hélène! And kindly inform these ladies and gentlemen that you have con-