

oldest tenants of the House of Windows. One of them, the youngest, had been born there it was understood. At least, no one in the house could remember the time when her yellow head had not flashed like a ray of sunshine through the rather dreary corridors. The sisters kept to their old rooms, careless of the fact that their white curtains and shining window-glass became more and more of an incongruity. Moving, to Ada the blind sister, would have meant a painful uprooting, while to Celia the growing drawbacks of the place were accepted from stern necessity. Nowhere else could she find rooms for which she could pay, within walking distance of her work. As for Christine, the youngest, she was of so gay and bright a nature that she could have made sunshine in a darker place than this. Like Celia, she often watched the old house when the sun made it blaze with reflected glories, and no amount of after disillusion ever quite robbed it of the borrowed splendour.

And then there was the garden. Strange how the name which has once described a place will linger when all claim to it has gone. Once, that enclosed place to the side of the House of Windows had been a garden. Only a small part of it was left now, but once there had been space for the rompings of many schoolgirls; there had been soft grass, green trees and flowers. Now, although it was rank with weeds, hideous with tin cans and waste paper and odorous only of Brook Street, it was called a garden still.

Out of the magic of the name the blind girl had fashioned a reality which was one of the joys of her shadowed life. To everyone else an eyesore, it was to her still a thing of beauty, a garden which stretched before her sightless eyes and blossomed in her mind with ever changing loveliness. She never