

## HOME, JOHN

familiarly of Don. Frances glanced up quickly — and met Mrs. Pendleton's eyes. It was as if the two challenged each other. But Frances was the first to turn away.

"Would you like to hold him a minute?" asked Mrs. Pendleton.

Frances felt her breath coming fast.

"I'm afraid I'd be clumsy."

"Hold out your arms and I'll put him in them."

Frances held out her arms, and Mrs. Pendleton gently laid the baby across them.

"Now hold him up to you," she said.

Frances obeyed. The sweet, subtle aroma of his hair reached her. The subtle warmth of his body met hers. As the mystic eyes opened below her eyes, a crooning lullaby hidden somewhere within her found its way to her throat and there stuck. She grew dizzy and her throat ached. Don, Jr., moved uneasily.

"He wants to come back now," said the mother as she took him.

"Good-bye," whispered Frances. "I may come again?"

"Come often," smiled Mrs. Pendleton.