

Erica hummed a merry air as she donned her hat.

"‘It was a lover and a lass with a hey and a ho and a hey nonino.’ It will be springtime in truth when we are together. Good-bye?"

When Dr. Graham called that evening Marjorie knew that Erica had won the day.

Long they talked, and Marjorie forgot her doubts and made this last evening so pleasant that Dr. Graham found it hard to leave this pleasant room and the dark-robed woman who charmed him by her smiles and brightness and still more magically drew him towards her by the tender, touching pathos and winning sweetness of manner, which he knew had without doubt been the charm that had opened to her his mother's heart. At last when he bent over the little hand, and the delicate odor of the fragrant blossoms clustered at her throat rose as if in mockery of his hopes, the longing came to clasp this sweet little woman to his heart and tell her the strange, strange story. But a fear held him that even in the telling Marjorie would be lost to him forever, so he only said:

"Be careful, Miss Stewart; do not over-