

fully. Their eyes met, and for a moment the two men were conscious only of each other.

Mrs. Mulholland moved away, smiling, but with a sob in her throat.

"It's like all life," she thought—"love and death, side by side."

And she remembered that comparison by a son of Oxford, of each moment, as it passes, to a watershed "whence equally the seas of life and death are fed."

But Connie was determined to carry things off with a laugh. She sat down beside Otto, looking business-like.

"Douglas and I"—the name came out quite pat—"have been discussing how long it really takes to get married."

Mrs. Mulholland laughed.

"Mrs. Hooper has been enjoying Alice's trousseau so much, you needn't expect she'll let you get through yours in a hurry."

"It's going to be my trousseau, not Aunt Ellen's," said Connie with decision. "Let me see. It's now nearly Christmas. Didn't we say the 12th of January?" She looked lightly at Falloden.

"Somewhere near it," said Falloden, his smile at last answering hers.

"We shall want a fortnight, I suppose, to get used to each other," said Connie coolly. "Then"—she laid a hand on Mrs. Mulholland's knee—"you bring him to Marseilles to meet us?"

"Certainly—at your orders."

Connie looked at Otto.

"Dear Otto?" The soft tone pleaded. He started painfully.