

PETER

bracing mountain air, and was standing taking it all in. "And, oh—see the porch!—and the darling windows and the dear little panes of glass! And, Jack—" she had reached the open door now, and was sweeping her eyes around the interior—"Oh!—oh!—what a fireplace!—and such ducky little shelves—and the flowers, and the table and the big easy chairs and rugs! *Isn't it lovely!!*"

And then the two, hand in hand, stepped inside and shut the door.

THE END.