

is infinitely greater than the giving of self to self! He stooped, and kissed her upturned lips; and then he walked out under the shadow of the tall elms. That day the firm of William Lane ceased to exist, and William Lane dropped out of the ken of men as completely as Harrison Stuart had done. And the snows of winter fell on the beautiful cottage of the royal princess, and the birds of summer sang in the tall elms outside Tavy's windows.

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Spring. Bright color everywhere. Flowers peep up in the woods, flaunt themselves at the roadside, and cluster with particularly loving fondness around the beautiful cottage of the royal princess. Bright color everywhere in the beautiful cottage, for there is scarcely a room which has not its vase of gay flowers. Even on the big mahogany desk there is a huge bowl of apple blossoms, which Tavy places there every season. Her father had been very fond of them, and Billy had been fond of them.

Billy is much in her mind to-day. Perhaps it is because the air has in it that same quality of balminess which it had on that day, so long ago, when