

I read it now? We can cut the bread after that.
Here it is:—

“I gazed into a garden once, between the iron
The roses all were red and tall,
The lilies pale, like stars!
Trembling I passed the garden gate—to find,
ah me!
The glamour fled, the flowers dead,
What time I turned the key.”

Celia took so long to comment upon it
Tommy observed her anxiously.

“You don’t like it?” he asked.

“Oh, yes! I like it—as poetry. I was just
ing if it were true.”

The poet’s face cleared. “If it’s good poetry
doesn’t matter whether it’s true or not,” he said
fully.

Celia laughed, and pointed to the uncut bread.

The clear toot-toot of a motor-horn, followed
by a honk-honk of deeper tone, caused the poet to
his verses and seize the bread knife.

“Here they come!” said Celia. And as she
their laughter upon the stair, a tender light came
her blue eyes. But she said no appropriate or
word; she looked as much like a sphinx as ever.
poured the water upon the tea, and opened the door
that no one might trip upon the third step from

THE END