

Mr. Healy remark: "Jack, my dear, come out of your box." She saw the spy hurry away up the street. She heard Mr. Healy cry, "Convey my private salutations to Lord Sherborne." And then she came out to meet Mr. Healy on the stairs. "'Tis purely a private friendship of Beaujeu's," said Mr. Healy.

"And no danger?"

Mr. Healy laughed. "'Tis an adequate gentleman, our Beaujeu. Will you come to my pipkins now?"

"All unworthy, sir," says Mistress Leigh, with a little mocking curtsy.

So they came to the fragrant window, and: "'God Almighty first planted a garden,'" says Mr. Healy, after my Lord Bacon.

"But not in pipkins," the girl murmured demurely.

"Sure, there were merits in Eden," Mr. Healy agreed. "Two folks could scarce house in a pipkin."

"But at least they would have no room for the serpent."

"Faith, I doubt if the serpent gentleman visits at all without invitation." Mr. Healy stooped to cut a dark flower.

"And do you think you could keep him out of your Eden, sir?"

Mr. Healy stood up with the flower in his hand. He smiled down at the fair roguish face, at her bright blue eyes. The light was falling, a wonder of glory, on the red gold of her hair, and beneath it her neck was white. Mr. Healy laid his hand gently on her little thin arm where the lace fell away from it. "My dear lass," says he softly, "I would be asking you that. Do you think I could keep the serpent beyond the hedge?"

"I doubt it depends on your Eve, sir," says Mistress Nancy Leigh, laughing at him.

"Faith, 'tis so!" Mr. Healy agreed and bent over her.

"La, sir! And when there are dead leaves to be looked for!" cried the girl starting back. "See now!" and she pointed one fair finger to a leaf garishly yellow, afar.