

## THE SPRING OF IMMORTAL HOPE 329

During his two months' stay in Paris the regret and the small measure of self-condemnation from which he had suffered for the first few days after the receipt of Yumoto's cablegram had gradually faded, and he was too honest to seek to delude himself by simulated sorrow.

He had succeeded in disposing of the remainder of his term of the studio in the Rue de Madame, and there was nothing to keep him much longer away from London and the woman he loved.

The day after he received Yumoto's letter he wrote to Rodney Jefferson to advise him of his return within a fortnight.

The September winds were stripping the trees of the Boulevards of their leaves and whirling them around the street corners to the embarrassment of pedestrians when Somerville left Paris for London. Although it was the autumn of Dame Nature, in his heart was the Spring of immortal hope.

Rodney Jefferson welcomed him gaily, for in the eyes of his returning friend the light of unaffected happiness gleamed.

There was no reference to the past, for Somerville had buried that under the thin earth of the present as only such a temperament as his could.

"You will see her?" queried Jefferson as they sat down to dinner.

"Yes," was the reply, "to-night."

THE END.