

lifted for a moment showing emptiness beyond. Would that be really all—just friendship? Only a look in passing? One tear fell and then another.

Rosme was very angry with herself for crying. It was a silly childish thing to do. Especially when one had just grown up and had determined to face everything with a noble fortitude. It was most annoying that the hollow place in her heart should so insist on aching in spite of all the dreams with which she tried to fill it—work, achievement, success; other people's homes, other people's children; and a look from David now and then! Why should all this seem suddenly inadequate? The tears came faster as she tried to stay them.

"Are you crying, Aunt Rosme?" asked the Infant with a lively interest.

"No," said Rosme, miserably, ignoring the obvious.

"Stop doing it then," urged the Infant with reason. "See what lots of flowers I've got. It's a lovely garden, Aunt Rosme, and it's so sensible of God not to have gardeners. I shan't have gardeners in my garden, either. When I get my children, I'm going to put them to live in my garden and not take care of them at all—not ever."

Rosme, spreading her wet handkerchief on the clover-tops to dry, was able to smile at this.

"Don't you like being taken care of, Infant?"

The child shook her head, drawing her brows together in a confirming scowl. "No, I don't!" The too passionate denial came quickly. "I'd hate to be taken care of like—like Bella and Paula and John."

"Oh!" said Rosme thoughtfully. She drew the child close and looked searchingly into the flushed and frowning face.

"You're jealous, Infant!" she said. "That's what's the matter with you—you poor baby!"