

French light opera better than English, and bright colours in his cravats, and he simply adores stuffed tomatoes.

"We both send our love, and Landry especially wants to be remembered to Mr. Jadwin. I hope this letter will come in time for us to wish you both *bon voyage* and *bon succès*. How splendid of Mr. Jadwin to have started his new business even while he was convalescent! Landry says he knows he will make two or three more fortunes in the next few years.

"Good-by, Laura, dear. Ever your loving sister,

"PAGE COURT.

"P. S.—I open this letter again to tell you that we met Mr. Corthell on the street yesterday. He sails for Europe to-day."

"Oh," said Jadwin, as Laura put the letter quickly down, "Corthell—that artist chap. By the way, whatever became of him?"

Laura settled a comb in the back of her hair.

"He went away," she said. "You remember—I told you—told you all about it."

She would have turned away her head, but he laid a hand upon her shoulder.

"I remember," he answered, looking squarely into her eyes, "I remember nothing—only that I have been to blame for everything. I told you once—long ago—that I *understood*. And I understand now, old girl, understand as I never did before. I fancy we both have been living according to a wrong notion of things. We started right when we were first married, but I worked away from it somehow and pulled you along with me. But we've both been through a great big change, honey, a great big change, and we're starting all over again. . . . Well, there's the carriage, I guess."