

she had never again asked to see the picture at Thurdles. When she complained, it was not that she regretted loss, but a want.

"Margie," he said, his voice quivered slightly. They were out on the terrace of the villa, in the perfumed evening air.

"Margie." A little breeze cast shadows of black foliage across the twinkling stars. The sea lay in the distance, a silent mass of gloom. "I have got something to tell you. On the whole, I think you will like it, at least, after a while."

"If you have arranged it for me, father, I am sure I shall like it," she answered. She was standing close against him, with her hands clasped on his shoulder, and she pressed them as she spoke.

"In a few weeks, when the weather is definitely milder, you will be coming home—definitely, too. You are going to be a grown-up young lady now, Margaret. You remember you used to be so afraid of the idea?"