

has bought Mr. Dustband's business, and—oh, I just know it's so—you are going to live in the cottage."

"You are right, dear, you are right. We will live in the cottage until our own little home is built, which won't be long, for Rob has already spoken to the architect."

"We will miss the Dustbands. We will miss little Dorothy very much," said Nan, sadly.

"Bless you, Nannie, they intend to spend more than half their time here. They will be here all through the summer and part of the winter months. This is still their home, my love."

"And Gaff is going, too," sighed Nan. "His mother is taking him to Buffalo."

"Ah, Nan, you should feel glad for all these things. Think of it. Dear Dorothy's sight restored. Gaffy's mother found. Your wayward, troublesome chum—" Here her voice broke, and she laid her dark head on Nan's shoulder.

"Glad? Love, I am more than glad. I am thankful, so thankful for it all, Mollie. You will understand, dear, that it grieves me to think of having to do without dear faces and voices I have seen and heard and loved so much. Understand me, I am very happy in their happiness, happy in yours. It's just because I'm—I'm blue, dear, that I feel so."

A cold October moon pierced the shaggy edge of a cloud and threw her silvery radiance along the path. And so they passed, with arms about each other's waist, along the leaf-carpeted walk bathed in white glory, slowly and silently, each busy in her own thoughts. At Malcolm's gate Mollie took a little,