

tortoise enjoying the spring. Don't you recognize it? Me, my dear Miss Daisy! And tortoises can have a wonderfully nice time, if they'll only recognize that they are tortoises."

There was the last drop of spray from the bitter wave. Instantly he wiped it off.

"Jolly it is to see young people like that," he said. "What fun they were last night! And they are so kind, you know, so kind. I'm twenty years older than Robin, and the dear boy lets me into his spring-time. He talked to me last night, after we got back from that delightful party at your house, in a way that made me feel a boy again. He gives me the credit of understanding. Now it's a great thing to a man when a boy allows you to feel that you understand—he might so easily have assumed that I was a fossil."

He looked at Daisy with all the completeness of conviction. She did not know if he were young or old: he was old if he wished. But for herself, she felt like the smiling face of Rosemary opposite her on the sofa, though she had not invoked the aid of the small drawer in her dressing-table.