

Lucy looked down at her hands, still held closely between his, as though making a discovery. He waited till it came in words.

"Dana — *I like* taking it from you."

"God knows how *I* like giving it to you!" Then a clock struck, and he had to go.

Lucy painted every morning in her bedroom, where the light was better than in the sunny main room. She was developing from memory sketches made in the Shore garden, and the plain little room, fitted out so laboriously in love of her, seemed to weave a spell about her, so that she worked with enchanted brushes on fairy canvas, and held scenes of magic beauty under her eyelids. So deep was the glamour that surrounded her, that morning, that she did not notice the opening of the door behind her, and worked on in happy unconsciousness of a spectator on the threshold. Fifteen minutes later a voice made her jump.

"I'd leave it there," it said. "You'll overdo it if you go on."

"Candy!" Lucy flew to her, but could get little personal attention; Candace was intent on the sketch. She looked at it from so many angles that Lucy grew worried. "I haven't had any time to work this winter," she apologized.

At last Candy turned to her.

"What has happened to you?" she demanded.