

shall be down in a few minutes," he added.  
 "Tell them to wait."

Mrs. Livingstone told the men to wait, and then she went into the library and sat down. She was troubled—she could not explain why. There was something irregular about the way the day had begun. She thought it best to calm her mind, and she took from the table a book of verses by a Bulgarian poetess and began to read. There was little which seemed to mean anything in the verses, but they sounded well, and she decided to read them to the class next day. They were much out of the common, and that is a great deal with poetry, even if it means nothing. She was reading in a low tone to herself:

"My heart, the fragrance of the rose,  
 The lark's song, and the passion of yesterday—"

"How beautiful!" she murmured, "how true!" She closed the book with her finger at the page, and gazed tenderly across at a Braun photograph on the opposite wall depicting a Botticelli young lady with a