

happy, the glorious and terrible world whence it had somehow passed.

The girl's face faded away for an instant, and the face of a man seemed to be reflected in a blurred mirror. The eyes of the soul looked into the man's eyes and knew them. They were his own. He was that man, or had been. "What a dull dog you are," he heard himself say, as if he had said it long ago, said it often, and the echo had followed him to this twilit place beyond death. He thought the face was rather like a dog's, an ugly mongrel dog's. The girl could not possibly care for him! Yet some one had told him that she did care, and that she would marry him if he asked. "I'm her mother. I ought to know!" As he heard the woman's voice speaking the words, he saw the face that belonged to the voice: the face of a pretty woman, young looking till the girl came near. . . . The girl had come now! The cream-and-rose tints of her youth made the other face old. This was rather pathetic. He remembered that it had so impressed him more than once. Yet he had never been able to like the mother.