

David said that it would be a good thing if something interfered with it, but he had small hope. Besides, he liked the room. He liked the bowed window looking out on the prim garden. He liked the fat black cat which walked along the fence and he liked being over the kitchen best of all, "for", he said, "they'll be making such a racket themselves that they won't mind if I do hammer a bit."

"Hammer!" The horror in Mrs. Carr's voice might well have quenched the boldest, but it had no effect at all upon Miss Mattie.

"So tactless of you, Davy dear"! she murmured, fingering the sheets to test their quality. Then, waving the tactless one out of the room, she turned her whole attention to the matter of negotiation.

When the ladies emerged shortly afterwards Miss Mattie, bright eyed and calm, announced victory. The room was engaged, the rate of board settled, various little improvements arranged for; permission to replace the double-bed by a small single one and to add a large and solid table, such a table as would permit of a small amount of hammering without danger to the room's furniture. It was also stipulated that there should be no explosions.

How David's cousin Mattie managed this I do not know. If I did I shouldn't be so foolish as to tell it in a book. Manage it she did and without any visible scars of conflict. Mrs. Carr also seemed unharmed though somewhat dazed. Her light, blue eyes focused themselves upon her newest boarder with an inquiring stare. A stare under which the newest boarder blushed and wished to goodness Cousin Mattie had let him choose his own boarding-house!

Yet had he known it, David Greig need not have been embarrassed by any woman's scrutiny. Mrs. Carr would have needed to deny her sex altogether if she had not warmed a little toward the fine upstanding young man who blushed so easily. David had never possessed the beauty

of regular features, nor did he have it now but he had the fresh, clear skin of his boyhood without its freckles, and he had eyes gray and dark, with a sparkle like the gleam of sun on dark sea-water. Besides this there was already showing more than a hint of that power which we call personality — that marvel which, apart from any training or lack of it, singles a man out from all his million fellows. Some men have so little of it that they are lost indistinguishably in the mass, while for others it is as a two-edged sword forever dividing the way before them. Such men, whatever their trend, are likely to find themselves among the pathmakers of mankind.

But David was too young and too modest to think of path-making yet. He considered himself somewhat disappointed. He had made for himself no shining mark during his progress through school and university. He slipped through it all with an air of detachment which annoyed his masters exceedingly and was, to say the least, unusual in a university where nearly everyone was placed and ticketed. To the oft-repeated question, "What are you going to be?" David had never yet returned any more satisfactory reply than "Oh, let a fellow learn a little first".

"All very well, Greig," remarked a professor loftily. "Only don't cast about too long. Remember the dog and the shadow."

"Sensible dog!" murmured David, "I always have admired him."

The only one whose expectations he feared to disappoint was Angus, and Angus, fortunately, was gifted with patience and understanding. When, after some years of school life, he had come to him with a poor report and a shy statement "I don't want to study, I want to make things", Angus had pooh-poohed his small rebellion. He had pointed out that the study comes first, the making after. And with much insight he had tried to find out just what it was that David wanted to