

by some syringa bush. Here they sat for a few minutes, before Leon spoke.

"Josephine," he began suddenly, and she started at the sound of his voice, so tense had the strain of her own thoughts become. "My mother is very ill. It is terrible! I missed two days work last week, three days this. Yesterday the Boss told me I must go, if I cannot do better than that. I have worked there ten years. What am I to do? If I pay a woman to look after my mother, it means more money gone—our marriage put off again."

He stopped abruptly. "What is the matter, Josephine, thou art trembling?"

She started away from him, this was her opportunity, she must speak.

"Listen, Louis," her voice broke. "the time has come when thou must marry."

"Marry, Josephine, marry? Is it true? Can they spare thee?" He caught her hand but she drew back.

"Louis, listen, I have something to tell thee. Thou must promise me to listen and not to get angry."

She did not wait for his reply, but con-