

dener was enjoined, henceforth like cherubim and a flaming sword turning every way, to guard fair Eden.

With a terrible countenance the reprobate Adam strode forth from the judgment-chamber, and wretched Eve, faithful as his shadow, trotted after him. But Adam was a person of resources.

"Cheer up, Chubby," he presently muttered, "you are all right, you know. Don't worry. Trust me to nab all the fruit I want." Here he put his thumb upon his nose and executed an antediluvian gesture. "Now come along, and see me drive spikes into her new gate."

But Eve took no pleasure in those nails of retribution. Adam's more athletic conscience skipped handsomely over the pear tree, hers was heavy and sore. In her own way, without dictionary-words, she knew that they had wantonly seized and devoured the property of others. Moreover, she had seen her affable seniors grouped around that tree while the old gardener smirked in his beard. She was vaguely aware those pears were precious things, possessed of ideal worth — that a trust had been betrayed, a hope destroyed. She was ashamed that she had remained meanly