

affectionate ways, her quaint speech, her quiet humor after she had resolutely buried her sorrow out of sight, had brightened the long summer days, and given the shut-in woman a taste of the outer world that had once been breath to her nostrils. One day she awoke to the fact that she was ready to leave her nest in the mountains.

The Grays went to Washington in October. They found a cherry, old-fashioned brick house, fronting one of the numerous parks, and were deep in the fascinating labor of turning four walls into a home. The home adjoining was also to let, and though smaller, had the advantage of a garden with four trees. Miriam mentioned the fact, and Loring wrote by return mail to secure the refusal of it. She would look at it herself in a few days.

She planned to make a hurried trip to Washington, see the house, and if she liked it, arrange to have her furniture, now stored in New York, sent on and placed before she brought the baby down from Woodsmere.

"You will watch over him," she said to Hoffman, as he drove with her to the station. "I know Anne will be as faithful in her care as I would be, yet I shall feel better if you see him every day."

And Hoffman promised gladly. The child was dear to him, and he almost rivaled the women in their slavish devotion and absurd pride. He accepted Loring's statement that there never had been such another child and gravely subscribed to it. The little fingers twined about his, and it seemed as if they put forth tendrils that reached to his heart.

Loring passed through New York from one station to another, and was surprised to find she had so little interest in her native town. Her saddest memoirs gathered here, and she had no desire to revisit the scenes that could only call up old regrets.

The Washington house, of red brick with trimmings of white stone, was quaint and full of possibilities. The rooms were large and sunny, and a bow window looked out over fifty feet of lawn where the four trees, still green and leafy, stood in state.

Miriam watched her cousin's face, and had no doubts.

"I'll take a long lease, so that I can do it over to suit myself. The drawing room paper is hideous, and I'd like to throw the two small rooms on the third floor into one, and put in more bathrooms." Loring had barely touched her income during the past year, so that she had plenty of money to make the changes she deemed necessary.

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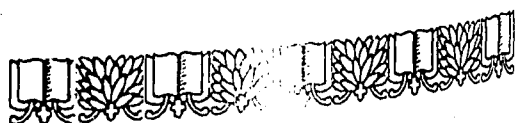
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ably short time workmen were and the place was made habitable. ed to Woodsmere within the he had planned, and began to arations for her ultimate de-

listened to her description of her "I always intended to retire and live in Washington," he said, whimsical little smile. "Now I'm but I may not choose where I This much we know; we have tomorrow lies in God's hands, the best off when we do not draw upon the future."

was on her knees playing with who was laboriously making the money from one end of the hearth- the other.

"You ever rebel?" she asked. "There days when a cycle of Cathay any prospect—when it would be better to die in harness?"

an's face paled and his long hands the sides of his chair. "Do I scars of battle? Ah, dear friend, knows how I long to take up my gain. If I did not feel that even am doing something, I don't be- could bear it."

"You are so much better. Is there ability of your ever coming back world again?"

to do surgical work. I am better almost well; but I shall devote my- teaching others what I have learned." ep-set eyes flowed with almost fa- re. He would feel that he had not these years of his life, and if he demonstrate to his fellowmen the of his theories and persuade them to a like cure. He preached a gospel. th, and he demanded not only phy- but moral sanity. He would purge ills of nerve sick victims as well as their bodies.

her new home Loring was happy. people sought her out; new interests ed out the old; new purposes came e the place of the old emptiness; and egan to live in a world which she was good and lovable. She never Woodsmere. Each spring she jour- up to the mountains with Royall Anne, and watched the development Hoffman's idea. With her help he pur- d several hundred acres of mountain- and began cultivating it. It was his to make the colony self-supporting. n her house was occupied by patients, stayed at the main house with him.

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