



jorie came down to him. He took an eager step forward; then their hands clasped quickly over the railing.

"I was getting a photograph for Miss Huntington," she said, flushing a little. (Why should she feel an excuse was necessary for their meeting alone?)

"You didn't wait for me after church." His voice reproached her.

"No. I never keep leap year," she smiled.

"But you might have known I was hurrying to catch up with you, to get out of my cassock as quickly as possible. It will catch in the sleeves sometimes."

She laughed a wicked ripple of a laugh.

"How awkward of it! Is it—ripped in the lining, perhaps?"

"How saucy of you! No—I can use a needle and thread as well as anybody. What else have I been a bachelor for, for——"

"For——?" she prompted merrily, as he paused laughing.

"I see Jane Warner is making a good pupil out of you. Well, I am not afraid to tell. For thirty-eight years. There, I thought your eyes would open wide! Does that seem a long time?"

"Not when one is sixty. I am very, very old—almost old enough to command occasional respect from Jane herself."

"How do you manage it? One can't learn in thirty-eight years. But speaking of Jane reminds me—she missed you so this morning. Won't you go down to see her sometime this afternoon——"

"I mean to," said Marjorie.

"—and take me? That is the part of the bargain I wasn't sure of."

She looked down steadily for a moment into his eager gray eyes. Then, "What can we take her to help her celebrate the day?" she asked anxiously. "Jane would not accept a dinner, of course."

