

THE PLEASURE OF THEIR COMPANY

every house breathed a welcome. No one had remembered his wedding with gifts, and yet the atmosphere of his home town was pregnant with friendship—the greatest gift of all. They shot past his old house—dark now, and silent; he observed that the cast-iron deer under the elms was badly oxydized. At the next corner the Grahams'—silent and dark. Around the corner was Oak Street, and the fourth house was his. With a terrible sense of homesickness and chagrin he saw that it, too, was dark and silent.

“Here we are!” cried Roberta. “End of the line; don't leave any packages in the car!”

“You two run ahead,” said Henry. “I'll bring the traps.”

“No, all together.”

“All right; run along.”

“Your key,” said Roberta on the veranda.

Henry accepted it, fumbled at the lock, and threw open the door. On the instant the new house—the wedding gift of the senior Chalmers family—blazed light from