

to another, and set her down breathless in a chair.
. . . Ah! Let it be soon. And as for the more distant future, he would not look at that. He would keep his eyes on the immediate foreground, and be happy while he could. After all, perhaps things had been ordered for the best; perhaps he had no genuine talent for writing. And yet at that moment he was conscious that he possessed the incommunicable imaginative insights of the author.
. . . But it was done with now.

The conductor called out their destination, and as Laura's sister gathered the child in her arms he sprang out and hurried down Carteret Street in order to reach the house first and so avoid a meeting on the doorstep. He heard the trot of the child behind him. Children . . . Perhaps a child of his might give sign of literary ability. If so — and surely these instincts descended, were not lost — how he would foster and encourage it!

THE END