



THE SANCTUARY



could see the garden that sloped to an orchard in a hollow. Beyond the orchard ran a cooling stream where cows were grazing, and then the land went up again, and he caught a glimpse of dotted cottages, — the homes of the farm-hands, — and then a faint outline of dim hills against a summer sky.

Without the odd haste he had felt earlier in the day and with the surprised wonder still upon him, he drove his car into the Spanish courtyard entrance. There at the front door he stopped and dismounted and turned to ring the bell. The place was deserted and if he had hoped to see any one he was disappointed. He looked at the courtyard critically and with an eye trained to the best in beauty and in art, as he waited for an answer to his ring. He was conscious that his exacting taste was satisfied — that each detail on inspection was as perfect as he had thought it at first glance. . . . An hour later, seated in the great library, he spoke of it to Andrew Martin with the candor that characterized him.

"Yes, most people feel that way about it. I do myself, only none of us have ever said it like that. It's Blair's work — my daughter, you know, Mr. Stone — the architect said he never saw such a head for building on a woman."

"Indeed," said Stone aloud. To himself he said, "I might have known."

"You have a great way of saying things, Mr. Stone — in fact I might say a most strong and — persuasive way. I suppose you have been told that