

"Come down, daddy," says an entreating voice, and a baby hand tosses him a kiss on the tips of the fingers.



Down in the garden, on the soft green grass, the man is telling a little girl of a very old-fashioned garden of long ago. Somehow in the coolness of the evening the weight of business seems to slide away out of the garden gate. He can see it resting on the shoulders of other men coming up-town. He can hear it in the distant hum of the city. But it has slipped from his shoulders, and the murmur of it is drowned in the whisper of a little brown-haired girl, who has twisted her warm little arms about his neck, and is saying into his ear, "You're just the dearest, dearest daddy."

