

THE LADY OF THE CROSSING

floors and beamed ceilings (designed in generous spirit) lent themselves more to quiet than to agitations.

When Sing brought in the lamps and hung them up there was a jewel-like quality in the floor space, a dull gold and amber effect. Through wide-open windows the lapping of water along the lake front sounded restful, and kindly, and friendly. Sing, slipping about behind the supper-party, in a white jacket, imitating on his own initiative the stewards on the lake-steamers, smiled no cryptic smile, but that of a servant well pleased. Here was no more rushing and fluttering to serve and feed hungry cut-rate boarders. Timpkin was at ease; no more did his leanness seem to border on the cadaverous. The hint of desperation had gone from the corners of his eyes. When he glanced at his wife now it was not with that questioning look—wondering how she was standing the strain—but with a look of satisfaction that she was free from it.

"I'm glad that crowd didn't stay to supper," said Webley. "We couldn't have enjoyed this with them here," and he held up a finger.

"You mean the sounds?" asked Miss Walters.

"Everything," he replied.

"That's wind in the tree-tops we can hear," said she.

Sam had a sudden thought that a pretty woman not obsessed by her prettiness can be very pleasant. The non-analytic young man, who had of late been so unwontedly sensitive, had no idea that he was