

ple, only to lull them to sleep again with a sense of poetic pleasure in a picturesque and alien life, gave to the lonely preacher of the winter Windover the little start of anxiety and responsibility which assassinates rest. He thought :

"Another crew in ! Is it Job ? Or Bob ? Or Jean ? Will they go to Trawl's, or get home straight ? I must be off at dawn to see to this."

Bayard was in his rooms, resting after one of these unresting nights. He had set forth at daybreak to meet an incoming schooner at the docks. It had become his habit, whenever he could, to see that the fishermen were personally conducted past the dens of Angel Alley, and taken home sober to waking wife and sleeping child. In this laborious task Job Slip's help had been of incredible value. Job was quite sober now ; and in the intervals between trips this converted Saul delighted to play the Paul to Bayard's little group of apostles. Yet Job did not pose. He was more sincere than most better men. He took to decency as if it had been a new trade ; and the novel dignity of missionary zeal sat upon him like a liberal education. The Windover word for what had happened to Job was "re-formation." Job Slip, one says, is a reformed man. The best way to save a rascal is to give him another one to save ; and Job, who was no rascal, but the ruin of a very good fellow, brilliantly illustrated this eternal law.

Bayard had come back, unusually tired, about noon, and had not left the house since his return. He was reading, with his back to the light, and the sea in his ears. The portiere of mosquito netting, which hung now at the door between his two rooms, was pushed aside that he might see the photographed Leonardo as he liked to do.

A knock had struck the cottage door, and Jane Granite had run to answer it. She was in her tidy, blue gingham dress, but a little wet and crumpled, as was to be expected on a Monday. She had snatched up a white apron, and looked like an excellent parlour-maid. For such, perhaps, the caller took her, for practical tact was not his most obtrusive quality. He was an elderly man, a gentleman ; his mouth was stern, and his eyes were kind. He carried a valuable cane, and spoke with a certain air of authority, as of a man well acquainted with this world, and the other, too. He asked for Mr. Bayard, and would send up his card

before intruding upon him ; a ceremony which quite upset little Jane, and she stood crimson with embarrassment. Her discomfort was not decreased by the bewildering presence of a carriage at the gate of her mother's garden. Beyond the rows of larkspur and feverfew, planted for the vase on Mr. Bayard's study-table, Mr. Salt's best carryall, splendid in spring varnish, loomed importantly. Pepper, with the misanthropy of a confirmed dyspeptic, drew the carryall, and ladies sat within it. There were two. They were covered by certain strange, rich carriage robes undreamed of by Mr. Salt ; dull silk blankets, not of Windover designs. The ladies were both handsomely dressed. One was old ; but one—ah ! one was young.

"Mr. Bayard is in, my dear." The voice of the caller rose over the larkspur to the carryall. "Will you wait or drive on ?"

"We'll drive on," replied the younger lady rather hurriedly.

"Helen, Helen," complained the elder. "Don't you know that Pepper is afraid of the electric cars : I've noticed horses are that live in the same town with them."

Helen did not laugh at this, but her eyes twinkled irreverently. She wrapped herself in her old-gold silk blanket, and turned to watch the sea. She did not look at Mrs. Granite's cottage.

The dignified accents of the Professor's voice were now wafted over the larkspur bed again.

"Mr. Bayard asks if the ladies will not come up to his study, Statira ? It is only one short flight. Will you do so ?"

Simultaneously Bayard's eager face flashed out of the doorway ; and before Helen could assent or dissent, her mother, on the young man's arm, was panting up between the feverfew and into the cottage. Helen followed in meek amusement.

The stairs were scarcely more than a ship's gangway. Mrs. Carruth politely suppressed her sense of horrified inadequacy to the ascent, and she climbed up as bravely as possible. Helen's cast-down eyes observed the uncarpeted steps of old, stained pine-wood. She was still silent when they entered the study. Bayard bustled about, offering Mrs. Carruth the bony rocking-chair with the turkey-red cushion. The Professor had already ensconced himself in the revolving study-chair, a luxury which had been recently added to the room. There