

had a dooce of a lot of 'em this year, here. If you can forget yours, Mrs. Redcliffe, it does you credit. But it's no more than I should have expected of you."

"By Jove, no," corroborated Browne.

"I don't want to talk of that," said Mrs. Redcliffe. "It is all nothing now. I was thinking of poor Mrs. Prentice. This spot must be much in her thoughts now. It is a sad time for her, but even her troubles will pass away. And as for him, he is lying here with his life's work done, where so many others before him were laid. They are dead, but their work goes on. Perhaps nct one of them could have been spared, and their failures went to make them what they were as well as their success."

Turner threw back his head. "Life's a queer business," he said, and nodded towards the hidden shadows. "They've got the best of it. They're young."

Mrs. Redcliffe smiled. "I think we have the best of it," she said, "we who are older, because we know the worst as well as the best. And the worst is not so bad, after all. Now I think we must go indoors again."

THE END