

the sound of their voices in the rose garden, and he turned away with a pain in his heart of which he was ashamed. These things were for the young! If youth had passed him by, still there were compensations!

Compensations, aye,—but he wanted none of them! He picked up the newspaper, and with a little difficulty, for his sight was not yet good, found a certain paragraph. Then the paper slipped again from his fingers, and he heard the sweeping of a woman's dress across the smooth shaven lawn. He gripped the sides of his chair and set his teeth hard. He struggled to rise, but she moved swiftly up to him with a gesture of remonstrance.

"Please don't move," she exclaimed, as though her coming were the most natural thing in the world. "I am going to sit down with you, if I may!"

He murmured an expression of conventional delight. She wore a dress of some soft white material, and her figure was as wonderful as ever. He recovered himself almost at once and studied her admiringly.

"Paris?" he murmured.

"Paquin!" she answered. "I remembered that you liked me in white."

"But where on earth have you come from?" he asked.

"The Farm," she answered. "I'm going to take it for three months—if you're decent to me!"

"That rascal Richard!" he muttered. "Never told me a word! Pretended to be surprised when he heard you and Clara were back."

She nodded.