

with freshly cut flowers. Everywhere was a touch of femininity and cosiness, showing the hand of Molly Nelson.

There were comfortable desks and easy chairs, lamps that hung low and spread soft lights for old eyes, and many rugs. There was even a fat, sleepy tabby dozing on a cushion in one of the window seats.

Molly took Mrs. Hawkins to her bedroom, a front room with a verandah. She threw wide the deep windows and the East Side woman gazed out into the loveliness of the garden.

"It's grand," she gasped. "Mrs. Nelson, it's grand, ma'am. Central Park never had anything on this."

Nelson had brought behind them his old friend and helper, the man who was of the type that society had given up as unregenerate. The demands of his probation from Sing Sing had all been met. The rest of his life was to be what he would make it for himself.

Nelson signalled to Molly to come to him.

"We are going to leave you two together for awhile," he said to the old probationer. "This is your home and your wife's home."