

It caught the brown river, bubbling over the weirs, and turned the sparkling ripples to flashing diamonds; it caught the red-brown plough land, the red-brown brushwood, and the red-brown fern dying on the hills, and their ruddiness grew transparent as fire. It caught the smoke from the mop-stick factory in the village, and turned it into wreaths of floating silver.

Jeanne thought of the London fog, and stretched her arms above her head, and laughed aloud for gladness as she ran down the hill again, and entered the bare orchard where sheets and sheets of snowdrops, with their white and green bells, were drooping in the sunshine, the only flower visible save a solitary aconite or so in the garden, and the burden of yellow scentless winter jasmine nailed against the wall.

"Have ye gone clean daft, Jenny?" said Uncle Roberts, regarding her with amaze, as she dropped on to her knees in the wet grass to gather the snowdrops. "One would think ye'd never seen the place before."

"I have never missed it before," Jeanne said. "Oh, Uncle Roberts, I want to ask your advice—if you could spare a moment to talk to me." She was surprised at her own boldness.

"D'ye think I've time to stand talking this hour of the day?" said Uncle Roberts; and he refused to take his eyes off John Evans, who was unloading the split trunks of dead apple-trees from the cart, and carrying them into the wood-shed.

After supper that evening the farmer proved more amenable.

Jeanne brought him his pipe, and filled it for him, and gave Granny Morgan a look which was a preconcerted signal between them, and the old woman slipped upstairs, nothing loth, to her well-earned slumbers.

Jeanne brought her wooden stool and sat at her uncle's knee, as though she were a little girl again; but now she felt