

creature easily moved, but it was strange to Moore to find the once self-contained Graziella so careless of appearances in the emotional line as she now was. There were many promises of future visits. Helen was to come to spend every summer on the farm, and Graziella was to go to town for as long every winter as Cyril could spare her away.

For several days after Helen left, the house seemed unusually large to Graziella and Mrs. Power. They especially missed her little boy with his sweet smiles and baby chatter. He had given them many a trip to keep his busy little fingers out of mischief, but the fingers were doubly dear, first, because he was a darling child, and again because it was Helen's baby. Any little hardships he made them suffer were labors of love. They both looked forward to a coming event with all the more eagerness because of the pleasure they had felt in beholding the little lad playing through the house.