

give you a real tid-bit. That pretty Mary Fox that Fresh Fish is taking around, said last night, in public, that you looked like me, only that I was—ahem! Modesty forbids me to proceed."

They both laughed and went out into the hall together. It was coincidence of course that Miss Sims should be emerging from her room at just that moment. David she greeted with a dazzling smile.

"We're all early this morning, Mr. Greig. I do hope I did not disturb you badly in the night."

"Disturb me?" David repeated the words blankly, then, maddened into embarrassment by joyous pokes of the delighted Willard, "I—er—certainly not—not at all!"

"My cough," explained Miss Sims serenely. "Poor Bunny had scarcely a moment of sleep, I'm sure, had you, Bunny?"

Miss Weeks who had joined them

on the stairs confirmed this with a languid nod.

David managed to murmur that it was too bad, but as most of his energy was occupied in propelling Mr. Murray Willard toward the front door, the ladies may well have found his sympathy perfunctory.

Not until they were safely landed on the front steps and with the door shut did he release a formidable hold of his visitor's arm. And then he wished he hadn't, for Murray, weak with mirth, collapsed upon the top step.

"Oh, gentle youth!" he murmured. "Oh, my young innocence—what a shock I got. David, David—" but further comment was cut short by a vigorous push which, the top step being slippery, proved entirely satisfactory.

David turned back to the house.

"That girl's a fool," he said to himself as he went in to breakfast.

(To be continued.)

THE HARMONY OF SILENCE

BY FLORENCE O'CONNOR

THERE is a subtler harmony than sound can know,
 A harmony of light and colour taught
 By Nature in her silences and distances,
 The far-off mountain crowned with the snow,
 Mist-draped and all in beauteous colours wrought,
 The gray-blue trees, the brooklet's brilliances;
 A harmony of motion and repose,
 The birches' slender whiteness in the dawn,
 Or green, drooped plumage by the riverside,
 The dandelion and the swaying rose,
 The winging bird and the shy, cropping fawn,
 The tree-top winds through varying greens that glide,
 The sky of sapphire and the rippling lawn—
 These potent charms in Nature's silent spell,
 The rhapsodies of sky and hill and dell,
 The loveliest ecstasies of sound excell.