

dignified mistress, with Keith Graham her companion through coming years.

To Jack and Erica work and play were the song they sung. Erica had commenced her studies at the Conservatory, and was, as she always proved, a painstaking and earnest student. Jack and she spent most of their time at Frau Kercher's cottage, and with Marjorie the hours passed quickly in that humble abode, which Dr. Graham laughingly designated the "Island of the Sirens."

And to Dr. Graham broken resolutions were each day's reckoning. Still he lingered in New York, to Erica's great delight. To-morrow, ay, to-morrow ! always that future time for departure, but with the ending of the day some little word, a clasp of hands, the fragrance of flowers, an old forgotten melody, and the resolve was broken; and to-morrow was to-day with the same joys, the same allurements.

And what message did the days bring to Marjorie ? What happy hours for friendship's offerings and love's shy delight ! How often had she listened to Erica singing her father's