

ever forgets the spot where one lived as a child.' He could see the quaint little figure sitting on the piazza at North Riverboro and watch it disappear in the lilac-bushes when he gave the memorable order for three hundred cakes of Rose-Red and Snow-White soap.

A word or two soon told him that her grief was of another sort, and her mood was so absent, so sensitive and tearful, that he could only assure her of his sympathy and beg that he might come soon to the brick house to see with his own eyes how she was faring.

Adam thought, when he had put her on the train and taken his leave, that Rebecca was, in her sad dignity and gravity, more beautiful than he had ever seen her—all-beautiful and all-womanly. But in that moment's speech with her he had looked into her eyes, and they were still those of a child; there was no knowledge of the world in their shining depths, no experience of men or women, no passion nor comprehension of it. He turned from the little country station to walk in the woods by the wayside until his own train should be leaving, and from time to time he threw himself under a tree to think and dream and look at the glory of the foliage. He had brought a new copy of 'The Arabian Nights' for Rebecca, wishing to replace the well-worn old one that had been the delight