



American, partly because he was loath to break in upon her calm, partly because the chatelaine had forbidden it.

"Duport joined us here yesterday," had run the last letter from Stone. "He says little, and Cecile makes no comment on her condition except that it is to be kept from Blair Martin, that her leave-taking of the Island may not be shadowed nor her return home saddened. She still talks of Anthony and — the anemones."

The letter was in Lamoré's pocket when he called at Toinette's cottage that day. It was the afternoon before Blair Martin left for Havre. Already were the trunks packed and strapped; already had Fauchet been engaged to take her to Grenette; already had the rocks and woods and slopes been visited for the last time with Anthony, where he had sung for her a Canticle and the song of the Swiss children. The chateau and the garden and the path to the wicket gate lay untrodden and unvisited.

She found Lamoré on the rustic bench before the cottage door, and it recalled to both of them their first meeting there months ago. She was thinking of it when she touched the soft gray gown she wore.

"Not the old dress and Toinette's gingham apron to-day, Father."

"I find Mademoiselle the peasant-worker. I take leave of her as the great lady."

She smiled and smoothed the soft gray dress caressingly. It was the one that she had worn that