

month of their marriage. And then to the time when her little girl was on her way into the world and arrived! Never would she forget Mac's solicitude and tenderness and devotion at this time—a time when every wife is able to gauge her husband's love. Maud's heart welled over with love and she closed her eyes. The familiar faces, the old memories, vanished and the music carried her away. She thought no longer, she was all feeling.

A crash like the shattering of a wall broke suddenly on her ear, and she awoke and drew in her breath. The Symphony was at an end. Mac was standing up and leaning out of the box. There was a swaying to and fro in the stalls.

A little dizzy, Maud stood up and began suddenly to clap her hands with wild enthusiasm.

"Clap, Mac, clap!" she exclaimed to her husband, almost beside herself with emotion.

Allan laughed at her unwonted excitement and clapped several times to please her.

"Bravo! Bravo!" Maud cried out in clear ringing tones, leaning over the front of the box, her moist eyes showing how deeply she was still affected.

The conductor wiped the perspiration from his thin pallid face and bowed again and again. As however the clapping did not cease he pointed modestly to the orchestra with his outstretched hands. This gesture was manifestly insincere and called forth Allan's ineradicable mistrust of all artists, whom he never regarded as being really men and whom he often declared to be useless.

Maud, however, threw herself wholeheartedly into the new outburst of applause.

"My gloves have burst! Look, Mac!" she exclaimed. "What an artist he is! Wasn't it wonderful!" Her face was radiant, and to her husband she looked strangely beautiful in her delight. He smiled and answered, as enthusiastically as he could. "Yes, he's a remarkable fellow."

"Oh, he is a *genius*!" exclaimed Maud, and she continued her clapping. "I have never heard anything like it anywhere, not in Paris even, or Berlin, or London!" She was