

He came in sight of Westminster. Only half past ten! Suppose he took a cab to Wilfrid's rooms, and tried to have it out with him. It would be like trying to make the hands of a clock move backward to its ticking. What use in saying: "You love Fleur—well, don't!" Or in Wilfrid saying it to him? "After all, I was first with Fleur," he thought. Pure chance perhaps, but fact! Ah! And wasn't that just the danger? He was no longer a novelty to her—nothing unexpected about him now! And he and she had agreed times without number that novelty was the salt of life, the essence of interest and drama? Novelty now lay with Wilfrid! Lord! Lord! Possession appeared far from being nine points of the law! He rounded in from the Embankment toward home—jolly part of London, jolly Square; everything jolly except just this infernal complication. Something, soft, as a large leaf, tapped twice against his ear. He turned, astonished—he was in empty space, no tree near. Floating in the darkness, a round thing—he grabbed, it bobbed. What! A child's balloon! He secured it between his hands, took it beneath a lamp-post—green, he judged. Queer! He looked up. Two windows lighted, one of them Fleur's! Was this the bubble of his own happiness expelled? Morbid! Silly ass! Some gust of wind—

a child's plaything lodged and loosened! He held the balloon gingerly. He would take it in and show it to her. He put his latch-key in the door. Dark in the hall—Gone up! He mounted swinging the balloon on his finger. Fleur stood half dressed before a mirror.

"What on earth's that?" she said.

The blood returned to Michael's heart. Curious how he had dreaded its having anything to do with her!

"Don't know, darling; fell on my hat, must belong to heaven." And he batted it.

The balloon floated, dropped, bounded twice, wobbled, and came to rest.

"You *are* a baby, Michael. I believe you bought it."

Michael came closer, and stood quite still.

"My God! What a misfortune to be in love!"

"You think so!"

"Il y a toujours un qui baisse, et l'autre qui ne tend pas la joue."

"But I do."

"Fleur!"

Fleur smiled.

"Kiss away."

Embracing her, Michael thought: "She holds me—does with me what she likes—I know nothing of her!"

And there arose a small sound—from Confucius smelling the balloon.

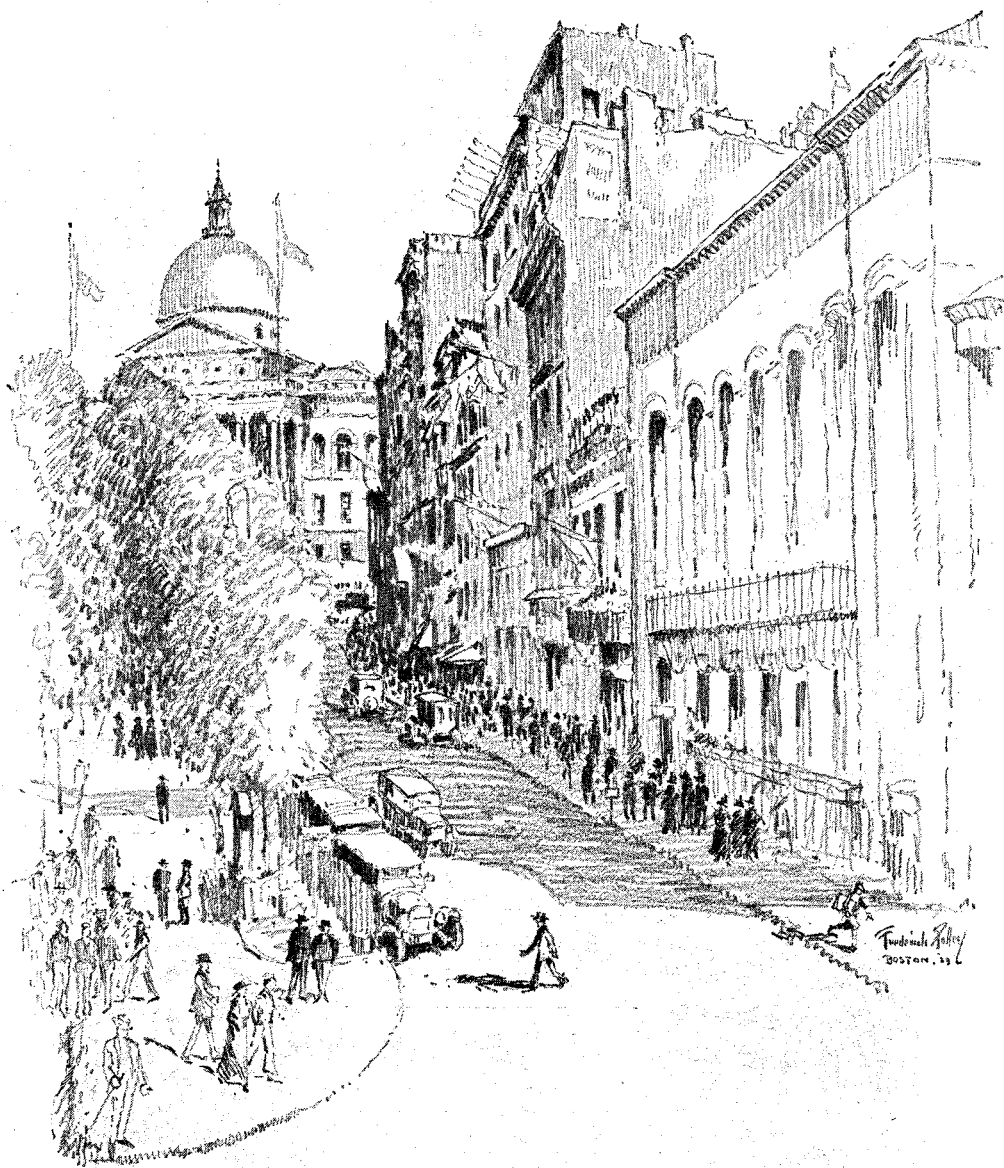
(To be continued.)

The Trust

BY EVELYN HARDY

I HAVE given you my dreams . . . and you alone.
 They are like figures in a tapestry,
 Faded, and dim, and visible to few;
 Or like the strips of moonlight that have shone
 On columns lying broken, long ago;
 The notes of cellos that are very low
 And rich; or shallow bowls of porcelain
 That catch and keep the sunlight through the rain,
 Fragile, yet beautiful.

I have given you
 My dreams: oh hold them very tenderly!



The State House.

View of the Bulfinch front of the State House from the foot of Beacon Hill at Park and Tremont Streets.

Boston

A Series of Eight Drawings (Including Frontispiece)
by Frederick Polley