

go back to that dog's life?" he asked almost roughly.

Anne faced him steadily, though her color rose. "We must not forget it was a business arrangement," she answered. "We went into business together, and the firm has failed. It is hard; but we must get to work."

"Yes," said Harley grimly, "we'll get to work. That uneasy conscience of mine will get a chance to look me into shape now. But it won't be French for you!"

"It must be French for me," Anne said gently. "It is all I can do. They will take me back, I know; for they are not going to keep the girl I sent them. It won't be the same. Think of all I shall take back with me! I have lived now! I shall take back memories and new life. It will not be the old drudgery."

"It would be easier perhaps than drinking coffee from thick cups," he asked intently. With a little laugh she shook her head.

"But without all this!" he went on with persistent grimness, waving his arm round the hall. "You'd rather do it than pour the coffee into thick cups—just for me?"

Anne gave him a fleeting look. She scarcely knew him, with the lightness gone from his manner. "I shall miss you more than the cups," she said softly, and turned away.

Harley followed her. He took her hand and held it. "I'll make it as easy as I can for you," he said, his indolent eyes intent with earnestness. "We can have a garden with carnations. We can have a mahogany table. Lots of people are happy on three thousand a year. It will give us the necessities, and I promise you, Anne, I promise you, my pen shall give you some luxuries!"

She stood still a moment and let him hold her hand. Then, with a quick sigh, she drew away. "No," she said. "It is sweet and generous of you; but it was only a business arrangement. I've lost, and I am not going to try to win it back." She tried to laugh instead. "You will keep you as it used to, but you will do without luxuries; you told me so. How would you manage with your pen?"

He raised both hands and drew her close to him. "And you really think," he said, his eyes shining, "that I prefer my pen to you?"

She looked up quickly with startled eyes. "How can you say that?" she asked. "As she drew her head, it fell upon her husband's shoulder, and his arm was round her. Anne was thinking of the lost fortune. There was a warm hand on the gravel walk. Anne was on her head and drew away, with a gasp, and her husband, though her eyes looked beneath.

"You have returned to work for me!" she said, her eyes shining.

"I'll show you the way," he said, his eyes shining. "I'll show you the way," he said, his eyes shining. "I'll show you the way," he said, his eyes shining.

The step marked on the porch now. Anne disappeared her hand.

"It's the morning," Harley murmured, and the door opened in the doorway.

Good morning," he said solemnly.

"Good morning," said Anne, advancing. "I have come to talk business."

"I'll be glad to see you first," said Harley, his eyes shining.

"No, I must come. I breakfasted early. You are not my telegram?"

"Yes," said Harley. "I'm afraid that play of mine is not yet strictly legitimate."

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I'm going to be picking bunches of roses all the morning.

"And I doomed to my desk?" asked Harley sadly.

In spite of the storm, Anne took her husband's hand tightly between both of hers. "This is a wonderful day to begin forging chains," she said softly. "We'll wait."

Harley, with a glance at the lawyer's stiff back, bent his lips into a grin. "And I give you my first rose," he whispered.

Without turning, the chains moved steadily ahead. His back was trim and decorous to a degree; but on his countenance, unseen, shone the genial human grin.

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