

THE GARDEN.

I planted a garden on a sunny day
And marked well each flower bed there.
I pictured a wonderful world in May,
And rejoiced that my world would be fair.

IN EVERY PORT.

Garrett was making pleasant conversation with a touch of condescension.
"Of course, you've never been out here before, Mr. Nicolls."

her. Her hand lay very warm and small and soft in his, with strange magnetic tremors in the fingertips.
"I'll tell you, Margot," he said slowly, drawing the tips of her imprisoned fingers gently across his cheek till they came to his lips and lingered there, "what I'm afraid of is learning sense. There's a lot of fun in being a fool and knowing it. But it goes with the teens and twenties. Thirty begins to demand the merest trifle of filling in the dear old brain. Something tells me that, at times, I have my intelligent moments. Just now, however, I'd give the Lord High Admiral's job—the earth and the fullness thereof—the whole bally show—for this brief friendly session with you on the edge of the Pacific—God bless the bird that discovered it! Look at me, Margot!"

ingly of the unreliability of men in general and of the Service in special. She dealt at first in generalities, and Margot, brushing off her long and lovely hair before the dressing-table, responded politely but without marked interest, seeing which, Rosie abandoned suggestion and came out into the conversational open.
"Jim Nicolls," she remarked abstractedly, "has been engaged to half a dozen girls to my certain knowledge—and it always fell through."

"Am I a strange young man?—Oh, Margot!"
"Quite strange enough," said Margot firmly, "for all practical purposes."

"I could break you in my two hands, you cold little thing!"
"Yes, but you wouldn't, would you? Don't be a cave-man! It isn't your type."

It was, perhaps, his last perfect move in a perfect game, to leave her ostensibly still the adored one.
"Jim—" she said, "are you by any chance trying to become engaged to me?"