

asked. "If you are, you will know why I ask it. If you are not, never mind," he added wearily.

She shook her head. His face cleared.

"I thought you were not a neighbor; I was certain that I had never seen you—as certain as a man can be awakening from—from illness, with his mind—his memory—shaky—almost blank." He bent his head, gazing into the water. Then he looked up. "You know the doctor? I think I saw you on the lawn this morning."

"Are you sure you never before seen me?" she asked, with a ghost of a smile.

"I thought at first—for an instant—the canoe on the rock, and the sunshine, and you—" He fell silent, groping through the darkened corridors of memory.

In the sunlit hush a rippling noise sounded far out across the pool; then up out of the glassy water shot a sinuous shape, dark against the sun—a fish in silhouette, curving over with a flapping splash.

The long-dormant passion awoke in him; he looked across the pool where the pretty intruder stood, an eager question in her eyes.

"I'd like to try," he said. "Do you mind?"

"Tell me what to do."

"Paddle very quietly over here—carefully and without a splash. Can you do it?"

She loosened the canoe noiselessly, a lithe figure in her wet brown skirt and stockings. The canoe slipped into the pool; she knelt in the stern; then, with one silent push, sent it like an arrow across the water. He caught and steadied the frail craft; she stepped from it and sprang, without a sound, beside him.

He was muttering to himself: "I've forgotten some things—but not how to throw a fly, I think. Let us see!"

She stood motionless as he embarked, watching him raise his rod and send the tiny colored "flies" out over the water. The delicate accu-

acy seemed to fascinate her; her dark eyes followed the long upward loop of the back cast, the whistling flight of the silken line, the instant's suspense as the leader curved, straightened out, and fell, dropping three flies softly on the still surface of the pool.

As the canoe drifted nearer the spot where the trout had leaped, the sharp dry click of the reel, the wind-like whistle of the line, grew fainter. Suddenly, far ahead of the floating flies, a dark lump broke in the water; there came a spatter of spray, a flash of pink and silver, and that was all—all, though for two hours the silken line darted out across the water, and many feathered flies of many hues fell vainly across the glassy mirror of the Golden Pool.

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She was still standing in the same place when he returned. He drew a long breath of disappointment as he stepped ashore, and she echoed his sigh. The tension had ended.

"Showed color, but wouldn't fight," he said in a low voice. "Biggest trout I ever saw. I must rest him. You can't force a fish like that by persistent worry. I dare not bother him for an hour or two."

He looked into her sensitive face; then, suddenly conscious of its youthful beauty, he fell silent, reeling in his wet line inch by inch.

The rod slipped from his hand; his musing eyes rested on her. She was seated on a mossy log, head bent, slender stockinged feet trailing in the pool.

"All this has happened before," he said quietly. But there was no conviction in his voice.

Her eyes fell, were lifted to his, then fell again.

"Can't you help me?" he said wistfully.

"Can you not remember?" she breathed.

"Then we—we have known one another. Have we?"

(To Be Concluded Monday.)