

and one hand was badly scraped. Nothing very serious, but it had shaken her, and she had lain there against the bank, and felt that the courage was out of her. She had felt bad enough before it happened, she had said to herself, and now she didn't care if she lay there all day.

As she tried to struggle to her feet, Fanshawe's arms were round her, supporting her, protecting her, making a shelter for her. She felt suddenly that he was a man, a big stalwart creature, that he loved her, and that he wanted her.

"I was coming too fast down the hill," she said, shaking all over as she leaned against him, and felt the comfort of his support; "I knew I was keeping you waiting."

"You were hurrying on my account!" whispered Fanshawe, pressing her to him.

How slight and small she was in his arms! How fragile! Such a little thing! How white and tear-stained her face was as he looked down into it!

"You shall never go away from me again!" he said, dizzily, as the lips that had been unattainable were his at last.