

CHAPTER X.

A NEW COMMAND

O'ROURKE sent Mr. Pollin's letter back to Hemming, and Molly treasured it, unopened, among her dearest possessions. Mr. Pollin had several serious talks with his sister, but for all the good that came of them he might have saved his breath to blow smoke with. That cantankerous, silly old lady, firmly believing that her daughter had treated her unkindly, refused to have anything more to do with Hemming. Before a few friends as biased or stupid as herself she posed as a Christian martyr. What a pity there were no pagan emperors around, with boiling oil and thumbscrews!

One morning, about three weeks after Hemming's return, he and Molly rode together in Hyde Park. Despite Mrs. Travers, and thanks to Mr. Pollin's library and another friend's saddle-horses, they managed to meet for several hours every day. On this occasion, as they walked their horses shoulder to shoulder, they seemed deep in some great plan.