

There was a sudden scream. Little Paul had fallen and bumped his black head against a garden-seat. Iris, with a scared expression, ran to him, arms outstretched. But, before she could reach him, the child had scrambled to his feet, his little face puckered into a brave semblance of unconcern, his small mouth smiling with a somewhat pitiful insouciance. At that moment he looked the image of his dead father.

Hilyard saw it: it was for him the keynote to what followed.

The young mother caught the child in her arms, and held him passionately. "Hugh! Oh, Hugh!" Godfrey heard her cry.

Then little Paul shook himself free, and Iris turned round to see a tall, bronzed man with a pleasant smile, who said he had come for tea, and to say "good-bye."

THE END