

again leaned lazily back against the stone, and watched the changes of the evening light. If I had been certain that by making a declaration of love I could have caused her to stand there abashed before me with eyes cast down, I think I would have risked my life's happiness to have had the power at that moment to put her to confusion; but I felt impotent to touch her perfect self-command. I could not even fancy Annabel blushing with downcast looks. It was one of her faults that she constantly looked before her out of her big grey eyes, and I sometimes suspected that when she least appeared to be observing what she saw she was observing most. It was some time before I spoke again, and in the silence my anger grew more calm.

"Even though I do not possess your list of virtues, Annabel, except perhaps the last, I know that you have allowed me to regard you with brotherly interest, and——"

"Do look at that cow in our meadow!" she interrupted. "Did you ever see anything so funny as the way it and its shadow