

with thankfulness on a large table, of a solidity that seemed to promise that it would not wobble. Beside the blotting-pad was an inkstand, of whose construction the primary object had been that it should hold ink; a handful of early flowers was arranged in a china bowl. There was a knot in his throat as he contemplated these preparations—the more touching for their simplicity—and when he sat down, the table confirmed its promise, and he found that the position afforded him a view of a corner of the garden.

It was here that he worked.

By degrees the frankness of her manner became more spontaneous in Cynthia, and his embarrassment in her society was sometimes forgotten. They were, as she had promised, the best of friends. Their rambles together had a charm which one associates with a honeymoon, but in which their own honeymoon had been lacking. In these rambles Kent was never bored; it appeared to him delightful to place himself in her hands and be taken where she listed in the April twilight. To seek shelter from showers in strange quarters was adventurous; and milk had a piquancy drunk with Cynthia in farmyards. He signed the extension of the Streatham agreement with gladness.

The alteration in her impressed him still more strongly now that he had opportunities for