

"Now that we are not protected, we must bestir our selves," Basset said on the last evening before their return. "I'll inquire about a seat, if you like," he added reluctantly.

Mary was standing behind him. She put her hand on his shoulder. "You are paying me out, Peter," she said. "I know that I don't know as much as I thought I knew."

"Which means?" Basset said, smiling.

"That once I thought that nothing could be done without an earthquake. I know now that it can be done with a spade."

"So that where Mary was content with nothing but a gilt coach, Mrs. Basset is content with a nutshell."

"If you are in the nutshell," Mary answered softly, "only—for what we have received, Peter—let us make other people thankful."

"We will try," he answered.

THE END

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