

The House of the Secret

and manly. She supposed it was the interest of his wound. But no; this Godfrey was somehow different from the lad who had left her. There was a distinction, almost an elegance, about this Godfrey which the other one had lacked. Well, Lady Mary would sacrifice that to see the old happiness come back to his face, the old health fill out his cheeks and smooth the lines from about his lips and eyes.

They were in the cab by this time, rattling through the intricacies of the docks. Lady Mary sat holding her boy's hand. They had never been demonstrative people to each other, and even so much demonstration made her feel a little shy. They were silent because of the noise the cab made as it rattled over the paving-stones; but presently they were among quiet squares and terraces where they could hear each other's voices.

"I chose a quiet hotel on the very outskirts of the town, Godfrey," the mother said. "I thought you might like to rest for a few days before going on, and we can quite easily get into the open country from there. I was almost tempted to take rooms in a farmhouse where the little orchard was in bloom, and the place smelt deliciously of white pinks and wallflowers, but I thought that perhaps it was hardly worth while for a few days."

"I have abundant leisure," Godfrey said, with a little bitterness. "God knows I shall have too much!"

"Are you sure the arm is beyond help?"

"Beyond help," he answered. "I have no money to go to specialists, nor to try expensive methods, and you have none; if you had I would not let you