

to the wall pretending to be fast asleep. Whether Silvia was really ill or, like her brother, was only pretending, Mrs. Ambrose could not decide, but she had thought it better to leave the girl entirely to herself, for the immediate moment at least. Under her arm the mistress of Garth Court carried a round parcel. She smiled as she had wrapped it up, for it contained some of the rough red flannel. It seemed so absurd to her to picture Mrs. Cheston sewing this same rough red flannel; however, she had been asked to send some of the village sewing to Thorpe, and so she was taking it.

From the fields she passed through a side entrance into the grounds of Thorpe Bassett. The house itself was of no particular period, but there was about it a note of luxury and again of order which made a very strong appeal to Helen Ambrose.

Mrs. Cheston was in the hall when her guest arrived. She had been to the station to see her son off.

Mrs. Ambrose glanced about her appreciatively. She liked this fine square hall with its great big fireplace, and over the wide mantelshelf the full-length portrait of John Cheston's father.

It was the face of a kindly rather than of a handsome man, and in fact there was very little resemblance except in the height between the dead man and his son; but Helen Ambrose found pleasure in looking at the picture. She felt convinced that Anthony Cheston must have been just the type of man she would have liked.

"I think we'll have tea in my own little room," said Olivia Mary. Her manner was as usual nervous, a little timid. She gave the effect to the other woman of

being shy but so much for have the re

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"Why, Ambrose said her hostess I'm hearing that you do

Olivia M

"To give

"Isn't it long way in

As they Mrs. Ambro

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"Well, we you are at C forward a big

Her guest

"Yes, we are dull, so ve

As she ran and looked into her. "I am q she said and sl

The other

"Why of c myself. In fa