

hole ; "surely to goodness this is concentration if anything is! Some folk would stare, I think, to see *me* doing this sort of thing." The maid came in at that moment and put some coal on the fire. "I suppose Miss Ambrose isn't in, Bessie?" Mrs. Ambrose asked.

"No, ma'am."

"I thought maybe she had come in through the side entrance?"

"I feel sure she hasn't come in yet, ma'am."

"She's very late," said Mrs. Ambrose, turning to peer out into the dusk a little anxiously.

"I expect Lady Matheson will send her back in the car," said the maid.

"Oh, very likely! Have you been in to Mr. Ambrose? You put the coal on very quietly, didn't you, Bessie?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, as quiet as quiet! He didn't know I went in. He hadn't touched his tea, so cook made him some more."

The maid went away, and Helen Ambrose let her work drop in her lap and sat back in the comfortable chair. She was still worried. It was bad enough to have to realize herself that she had not fulfilled all expectations, it was worse to have this told her by another person. She must start changing things right away, she saw that clearly enough now.

First of all she must get a good grip of herself. Was it not too absurd that she, who had fought and made a splendid way for herself in the past, should let her courage be frozen and her will be stultified by a slip of a girl who possessed no other weapons but a pair of coldly critical eyes and a sneering tongue? Surely,