

at an opposing force, too wise not to realise that all things are possible to youth. But in Blantyre she could discern only a ship's doctor, who looked, as well, an uncompromising cynic. So she snapped her glass shut, and accepted without a quaver when he asked them to his cabin to tea.

She softened a little under this influence. Afternoon tea is of an emolient nature. Under its process there is a slackening in the most formidable. It touched even the immaculate severity of this rectangular box, ornamented with a few pictures flattening themselves against the walls in mathematical order.

Stella found it difficult to realise that Blantyre actually lived here. It seemed strange that all his possessions could have been gathered in this tiny domicile; that there was, after all, nothing transitory about it, but that he did really emerge from this cube, morning after morning, and return to it every night as his home.

Blantyre was explaining his photographs? "This is Kildonan." He pointed to a bare stone house on the hillside of rock and heather. "And this is my father." He nodded at a face that curiously resembled his own.

Stella looked across the blue Inter-Oceanic cups. "Your father is a doctor?"

"No. He was in the Service and died with Gordon." He caught her gaze full of sympathy, and without knowing why went on, "My sister and I were left the house. You know there are a good many unendowed Irish houses," he added quizzically.