

A SKETCH OF A TEMPERAMENT

Lunch-time had hardly come when Avice arrived, looking very tearful and excited. Marcia took her into an inner room, had a conversation with her, and they came out together.

'O it's nothing,' said Marcia. 'I tell her she must go back directly she has had some luncheon.'

'Ah, that's all very well!' sobbed Avice. 'B-b-but if you two had been m-married so long as I have, y-you wouldn't say go back like that!'

'What is it all about?' inquired Pierston.

'He said that if he were to die I—I—should be looking out for somebody with fair hair and grey eyes, just—just to spite him in his grave, because he's dark, and he's quite sure I don't like dark people! And then he said—But I won't be so treacherous as to tell any more about him! I wish——'

'Avice, your mother did this very thing. And she went back. Now you are to do the same. Let me see; there's a train——'

'She must have something to eat first. Sit down, dear.'

The question was settled by the arrival of Henri himself at the end of luncheon, with a very anxious and pale face. Pierston went off to a business meeting, and left the young couple to adjust their differences in their own way.