

"Why, Elizabeth, how vindictive! I had no idea you could cherish so much malice."

"I was very young," said Elizabeth, with a faint, sweet smile, "and if it's any satisfaction to you to know it, I was quite as miserable as it was possible for him to be, though I would rather have died than admit it. So we rode on in silence till we came to the lych-gate at Glenspeed, generally our parting as well as our trysting-place. You remember the bridle-path that comes up through the birch wood, and past the old burying ground? Well, we rode up there in silence, and our horses, by use and wont, stopped at the gate. Then Keith looked at me quietly and steadily, and I returned his look with equal steadiness, though I don't know how I managed to control myself."

"I say, Liz, you didn't mean all that. You're not really contemplating such a disastrous step."

"You don't choose your words very happily," I replied coldly and evasively.

"I use the words which express what I feel. If you persist in this folly of course it is disastrous. It will put an end to everything that is worth thinking about in this world."

"Opinions differ," I said lightly. "To me it