

"Have you spoken to Donald about this?" asked Fiona at length.

"No. You will forgive me for having spoken so frankly to you, dearest, but somebody had to intervene to save the situation. The future has to be considered, and you will not allow any quixotic feelings to blind your common-sense view."

"I will see about it," was all Fiona would say, and Mrs. Leyden had no further talk with her.

The next day when she called in the morning, half hoping to find that Fiona had not hurried her departure until something definite was settled, she learned to her dismay that she had that morning left for Scotland with her uncle and Dr. MacAlister. She was a large-hearted woman, but she felt for the moment slightly chagrined that her intervention had borne so little fruit. She could only hope that in the solitude of Garrows Fiona would be able to face the situation more calmly and to see the wisdom of the suggested course.

As she drove through the Park again she met Donald on foot.

"I have been to your house, Mrs. Leyden," he said, as he raised his hat.

"And I have been to yours," she answered. "Jump in, I have a great deal to say to you. Just tell the man to drive slowly round the Serpentine."

He took his seat nothing loth.

"So she has gone," Mrs. Leyden said without preamble of any kind. "Was anything said before she started?"

Donald shook his head; his face wore the look of the deepest gloom.

"I have not spoken one word to her since the day