

Witching Hill

not make one after all! I thought it would only make things worse. Things might have been worse still, don't you see?"

"Exactiy. I think you behaved splendidly, all the same."

"But if you heard the whole thing——"

"I couldn't help myself. I found myself following you by pure chance. Then I saw what you had in your hand."

With a common instinct for cover, we had drifted round to the other side of the wall. And neither of us had raised his voice. But Ricardo never had his eyes off me, as we played our tiny scene among the broken columns, where Uvo and Mrs. Ricardo had just played theirs.

"Well, are you going to hold your tongue?" he asked me.

"If you hold yours," I answered.

"I mean—even as between you two!"

"That's just what I mean, Ricardo. If neither of us know what's happened, nothing else need happen. 'Least said,' you know."

"Nothing whatever must be said. I'll trust you never to tell Delavoye, and, if it makes you happier, you can trust me to say nothing to—to anybody. It's my only chance," said Ricardo,