

other at the door, things he couldn't hear. He hadn't liked it at the time, and he liked it less now that he thought about it. He had always had a notion that there had been something between them once, and old Bolger had hinted something about it too. He had tried to pin her about it one afternoon coming home from hunting, and she didn't altogether deny it. She just rotted and humbugged about it, as she always did. Anyhow he wasn't going to stand her being ordered about like this.

He passed the forge at a good four miles an hour, and took the turn up the hill that Mrs. Delanty had taken in the morning. He went up it, as she had gone up it before him, with his own thought, like Sir Bedivere's, driving him like a goad, even as she had been driven. Such a road for a bicycle! he thought, fuming; it was just like her, though, not to think about that where a hound was concerned.

He turned a corner in the lane, and saw, up the hill ahead of him, a bicycle lying on the ground, and a little figure huddled against the bank near it.

Mrs. Delanty heard his running step, and raised her head from her hands. She and the bicycle had come down with some force; she was covered with mud, she had hurt her elbow,