

to himself during the 'long dark winter evenings' a May of enchantment, wrapped in rosy mists that were the mists of dawn. Instead, the lengthening of the days of the sweet month had lengthened with shadows. And chief among the shadows was the thought not so much of his loneliness, but of the loneliness that was coming so near to his old and his dear friend. He could perhaps get used to his own solitude, or diversify it by distractions that would prove a narcotic to its aching; for a man, by no means selfish, holds in his constitution a certain fibre of self-sufficiency which an unselfish woman necessarily lacks. Round her, if she is alone, the years build bars of iron: soon the far-eyed sorrow of the caged animal who longs for some mate, some companion, is hers who would only have used the liberty of which time has robbed her to give herself to the service of another, even as Daisy had always done. The most pitiful of all tragedies would be hers, the tragedy of not being wanted.

At present the sense (and also the analysis) of this impending dusk was not very vivid to Teddy, it but hovered over the flowering shrubs, dimming their colour, as a passing cloud might, for his more active mind was engaged not with the situation as it would soon be, but as it was now in the house by the village green, where every day Marion lost a little more of her grip on life. Day by day there still came the peremptory orders to Daisy to be