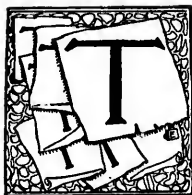


CHAPTER XXXII



HE winter days went by, and, although the bridge was built, it seemed to need later much inspection, until, by ill fortune, there were bridges to build in Cuba, and thither Carington went in haste. It was therefore not until mid-June that he reached home again.

While busy with his bridge, and later, he had found himself often at Lyndsay's table, and had come to be a welcome guest. And yet he seemed no nearer to the end he desired. One day, just after he had gone to the West Indies, Anne Lyndsay had said to Rose:

"I think that is a too patient man: I hate a man to be as patient as that. If I were he, I would go away and stay away."

"He won't."

"How long will this state of things go on?"

"I do not know. I cannot be sure. I — aunty, one ought to be so very sure. It is for life! I think he understands me."

"If he were to leave you, my dear, you would ery your eyes out."

"I should."

"How many bears go to a wooing?"

"Let me alone, Aunt. I had better be let alone."