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sort some of the piles of manuscript papers left by Mrs. Powell.

"Heigh-ho, but it is a good old world to live in!" murmured Hester with a sigh of content, as she stretched her arms high above her head.

She had been hard at work since dawn, and dawn again must find her astir, for the long summer days were all too short for the work which had to be done in them. But when one is young and strong, work is only another sort of play, and there is a zest in effort and a satisfaction in achievement that are not to be surpassed.

Then there came to her ears the sound of the hoof-beats of a horse, and the colour flamed over her face as she said to herself, "It is the doctor, I expect, and I told him that he was not to come until to-morrow."

The doctor it proved to be, but he made no apology for having acted in defiance of her commands, deeming that the occasion justified his coming.

"I have had a letter from your father," he said abruptly, as he slid from his saddle to walk by her side.

"Yes?" The colour had deepened in her cheeks, but her eyes were shining, and there was a smile hovering round her lips.

"He says that I may have you, on condition that you are married from your own home," answered the doctor.

"Why, of course," said Hester with a laugh, "I should go home in any case now, just because I want to make the acquaintance of my stepmother, from whom at the first I ran away!"