

"Everyone in that station of life must. There is no room for anything else. That's where the unfairness comes in!" said Laura. "There's no Africa in that station."

There was a silence. If a look could have killed Laura she would have died at the eyes of the man who was talking to Violet.

"When do you really expect your husband?" she said, turning to Violet.

"Not for two or three days," said Violet.

Laura watched the colour come and go in the girl's face, and she tried to imagine herself amused.

The man who had been talking to Violet began to tug furiously at the grass. He would have given much to read those blushes. Was she in love with her husband? Of course she was. If so, why wasn't she in London waiting for him? Why wasn't she at Southampton? From an enormous interest in her he suddenly jumped to a hasty condemnation. She ought to have gone to meet her husband. He hated to find her less of a woman than he had imagined her; though in his heart of hearts he was glad she hadn't gone. A man must come to such a woman. He probably didn't deserve such a wife. Why did women marry boys? She was too young to have been married; far too young to have been!

"You have never looked at that dress I want you to wear to-night," said Laura. Violet said she would go in and look at it!

They went into the house together. "How well that girl walks!" said Lady Missenden, as she watched the two women walking away.

"What is the husband like?" asked two men together.

"The most delightful creature in the world. What