

"Hum!" said Tobiah thoughtfully. "I had heard that she was again hereabouts:" after that he sat awhile in meditation.

Marvel, too, was silent in moody thought, picking lichen from cracks in the tombstone; at last he roused himself: "You see, reverend sir, how I am placed?" said he.

Tobiah nodded briefly, then rose to his feet; Marvell rose also. "May I——" he ventured. "Did you a while since bid me home with you?"

"Nay," returned Tobiah, there is a matter here to be cleared up first," and so saying he bade him good-bye and departed.

He said nothing of this meeting nor of what he had heard to Virtue; but in the afternoon, as early as might be, betook himself to the Manor House where Dulcina was.

The fair lady was that day expecting a visitor; no less a person than Sir Pomeroy Cassilis, who had by now discovered her whereabouts, professed penitence, and prayed pardon in the most elegant of epistles. And as the lady had found the Manor, owing to Marvell's ill-behaviour, even more exceedingly dull than the place she had left, she had been graciously pleased to accord forgiveness to Cassilis. She bade him come to make his peace in person and escort her away.

Tobiah arrived at the house awhile before the gallant was expected and with no credentials to the lady's favour. Nevertheless, he was admitted, for he would not be kept out. And when the town-bred lackey on the stairs cursed the one at the door for admitting him, he reproved them both sharply, telling them, since curses come home to roost, what would be their fate in the latter days, and for the present sending them about