

## CALVARY

"Still, as we are here," continued Godfrey, "we may as well stay the night. The Hôtel Poulard is very comfortable. If you like, I will return to Pontorson for anything you need. The people here will be only too glad to have us. Visitors are rare once the summer is over."

"I confess I should like to stay," said Craddock. "There is an extraordinary fascination about the place. Besides, it is odd, but do you know I can't get rid of the idea that we shall find or hear of David here—sooner or later."

"I hope we may," said Godfrey. "I felt discouraged at the first check, I must say. It was June when I left him. It is November now. Where has he been all these months? He had very little money too, and his clothes were all packed and left behind at Paimpol. The people told me he had only gone over to Bréhat to see the island, and was coming back for his luggage, intending to go on to Brest. Since then he seems to have disappeared off the face of the earth."

"Would she have known—that woman? Perhaps I ought to have written to her, as I intended."

"Do you suppose she would have told the truth?" said Godfrey contemptuously. "No, no, Mr. Craddock, you couldn't have acted differently. We must just wait and hope that David will break this silence sooner or later."

"Suspense is hard to bear," said Craddock wearily. "I felt no uneasiness until I saw you. But since then I confess I am haunted by the idea that some misfortune has overtaken him. He may be ill, suffering—dead."

"Oh, I think he is alive!" said Godfrey. "Bring your Karmic philosophies to bear on that, Squire. And now I'll be off to catch that tram and fetch our things from Pontorson. I love this place, and I've never stayed here at this time of the year. Let us wait and see what the gods will send us in the way of news. You'll find endless occupation in exploring. If you like, I'll call Bernardot, or would you rather be left to yourself?"

"Yes—I should prefer that," said Craddock. "Where is the hotel?"

"Between the second and third gates, just beyond—there. Poulard Ainé. You can't mistake. We shall have it all to ourselves, I fancy."

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