

"You're always busy," he told her at last. "I miss you dreadfully, Cynthia. Is it so important that what you are doing should be gone on with to-night?"

"I should like to finish it to-night," she said constrainedly—"yes. I'm sorry you miss me, but the girl is clumsy with her needle; one can't expect perfection."

"Yesterday something else prevented you. You have only been out with me once this week."

"Surely more than that?" she said calmly; "twice, I think?"

"Once. You went with me on Tuesday. There's all day for the boy, Cynthia; you might spare me the evening."

She bent lower over the pinafore, engrossed by it.

"It isn't only the boy, poor little chap! What a tyrant you'd make him out! Yesterday I didn't feel like going; I was up to my eyes in a book."

Kent regarded her hungrily.

"I've very little claim on you, I know; but when I first came——"

"'Sh!" she said. . . . "What a mountain out of a molehill! If I haven't been with you since Tuesday, we must have our walk together to-morrow."