

" I don't see what I've done to deserve it." . . .

As though he had been caught red-handed in crime, Norman started guiltily on finding that he was brooding and murmuring as he had sworn that he would never brood or murmur again. The past, as he had told Margery, was dead and forgotten: had stolen away to say good-bye to it; the time was now come for him to hail the future with a cheer.

When he returned to the library, the others were choosing books and preparing to separate for the night; he was aware that Margery was watching him and that his expression and voice threatened momentarily to betray him.

" Well, . . . this time to-morrow we shall be in London," she reminded her, as they went up to bed. " It's been a tiring job, but I'm glad it's all over. Are you looking forward to the voyage?"

" Yes, . . . if I didn't know what it cost you to leave Newbridge."

" I'm fond of the place. . . ," he admitted indifferently.

" But you *love* it! More than anything in the world." . . .

" No. . . . That was true once, but I've a better idea of values than I had. I love Newbridge, . . . but I love you more. And I regret nothing that's taught me that." . . .

He paused to wonder whether his tone carried conviction. Margery wondered, too.

THE END