

self that she had loved Winchester because it had been kind to Min. Without Min, Winchester would become intolerably dull and tiresome. If she followed him to Paris—?

A memorable half hour followed, in which reason wrestled with impulse. Dorothy had a vision of a charming cottage just outside Paris—on the river, of course—near Passy or Auteuil. Fancy wreathed it with honeysuckle and roses, furnished it delightfully, painted it white with apple-green shutters and palings.

She smiled derisively, knowing that she was evoking shadow not substance. Men like Min did not attain their full stature in sweet-smelling cottages, tended by loving women: pleasaunces encompassed by apple-green palings. No; Min must range free, fighting for his own hand, as his father had fought before him.

His father.

Inevitably her thoughts turned to Dick. Susan brought the tea-things and a smoking-hot Sally Lunn.

"I thought may be you'd fancy that."

"Thank you, Susan. By the way, don't let me be disturbed. I'm not at home whoever calls."

"Very good, ma'am," said Susan.

Dorothy sat on after she had drunk her tea, staring into the fire, thinking of Min's father, who now cared more for his ambitions, his position, than he did for her. How small a