

## CHAPTER IV

### THE GIPSIES' PURSUIT

As Zipporah and Paul arranged their meal of plain water and blackfaced Galloway mutton-ham, they made a cheerful couple. It was not in life that it should be otherwise—Paul's uncle was safe in his den among his folios. Only the old housekeeper, Barbara Simpson, would be remembering about him, and he could so easily, in the presence of Zipporah, forget about Barbara. For Paul had come to the ungrateful age when the skip of a foot on the stair, the swish of a skirt, the shapeliness of a small head, close-buckled and crisp, weigh more with young men than all the benefits of uncles and housekeepers, past, present, or to come.

Quickly the little feast was dispatched amid whispering and smothered laughter—to which may be added the occasional touching of hands by accident (as it were) across the slab of rock which served as a table.

Then Zipporah rose, bade him follow her and be very still. "I will show you something," she said, putting out the candle.

She took his hand in hers, and led him through the confined russet darkness into a fresher air and a rosier light.

Quite without warning they came out upon a kind of terrace in a niche under the beetling black sea-cliffs. In front was a wall to lean upon, not built of stone and lime, but cut out of the solid rock. Zipporah swept Paul's cap off, and taking him to a spot near the corner motioned him to look over.

What he saw was the sea breaking in a dim froth of foam like daintiest lace all along the cliff edge.