

Agatha smiled. The vibrant relief in her companion's voice stirred her, and she realised once more that in choosing this half-taught girl, at least, Gregory had acted with wholly unusual wisdom. It was with a sense of half-contemptuous amusement at her folly she remembered how she had once fancied that Gregory was marrying beneath him. Sally was far from perfect, but when it was a matter of essentials the man was not fit to brush her shoes.

"My dear," she said, "I really don't know exactly what I—have—done, but if it amounts to anything it is a pleasure to me."

Then they went together into the big general room where Gregory was talking to Winifred somewhat volubly. Agatha, however, fancied from his manner that he had, at least, the grace to feel ashamed of himself. Supper, she heard Mrs. Nansen say, would be ready very shortly, and feeling in no mood for general conversation she sat near a window looking out across the harvest field until she heard a distant shout, and saw a waggon appear on the crest of the rise. Then, to her astonishment, two of the binders stopped, and she saw a couple of men who sprang down from them run to meet the waggon. In another moment or two more of the teams stopped, and a faint clamour of cries went up, while here and there little running figures straggled up the slope. Then her companions clustered about her at the window, wondering, and Winifred turned to Hastings.

"What are they shouting for?" she asked. "They are all crowding about the waggon now."

Agatha felt suddenly dazed and dizzy, for she knew what the answer to that question must be even before Mrs. Hastings spoke.

"It's Harry coming back," she said, and gasped.

In another moment they streamed out of the house, and Agatha found it scarcely possible to follow them, for the sudden revulsion of feeling had almost over-