

"We have already settled our differences—as you're pleased to call them. If you mean to revive the ghosts of the old differences or make new ones I refuse to travel with you."

"And break your word? You who have so often boasted you've never yet failed to keep a promise once made," he sneered.

"Oh, I'll keep my word, Mr. Haggar. I'll go to Southampton to take that farewell you are so anxious about, but my promise doesn't bind me to travel in the same carriage with you."

A gleam of vindictive passion shot into the old man's pale eyes. He was standing inside the compartment, and in the light from the lamp above, his face looked grotesque. It was absolutely hairless and suggested a horrible likeness to some grinning, mocking wooden idol of savagery.

"Really!" he exclaimed with a jeering laugh. "One would almost think you were afraid."

Her reply was to wheel round with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

Meanwhile a young man, followed by a porter carrying a golf kit, a Gladstone bag, and a travelling rug, was sauntering along the platform with the leisurely nonchalance which goes with a comfortable balance at one's bankers and a freedom from care. The porter found an empty compartment for him, and deposited his luggage.

"Have I time for a drink?" said the passenger.

"You'll have to be sharp, sir. Train goes at eight o'clock. It's now five minutes to."

"All right."

The young man tipped the porter, rushed to the refreshment bar, then to the bookstall and returned