

CHAPTER XXVIII

WHAT CAME OF IT

KATHERINE LOWTHER was leaning on the parapet, watching the play of sunlight on the river, the slow progress of the barges plying up and down. She heard footsteps behind her on the garden path, and turned. She was wearing a warm cloak, but the glory of her hair had been covering. It was gathered up into a coronet with a diamond ornament, crescent-shaped, half hidden, half exposed. She saw Lord Dion coming towards her and smiled, but the smile passed quickly from her lips, for his face was pale, agitated. He seemed to be the bearer of bad tidings. She hastened towards him, holding out both her hands.

"What is the matter?" she cried. "You are in trouble. Has something happened?"

It required no imagination on her part to understand that if Lord Dion were stricken in any way, it would be to her he would turn first for sympathy—in a sense, for help.