

contemplated a
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was only a
th Percy at
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the pearls
urse, Percy
d for them
I daresay.
magnificent

“Mother,
hem? He
, would he

not? I remember his giving me ‘hem so well.
‘They are your own, your very own,’ he said.”

“Wear them to-night, anyhow,” said Lady Otterbourne.

“Would not Arthur think it strange?” she asked. “Might he not ask how I got them? That would not be pleasant.”

“My dear, Arthur never asks such questions. Probably he will not notice them. Men don’t see pearls.”

But when Sybil told Lady Otterbourne this morning about what Percy had said to her, she felt almost ashamed.

“He really is very generous,” she said. “How did he look, Sybil? Did he look much changed?”

“No, I don’t think he did,” said Sybil. “Oh, mother, do you think I treated him very badly?”

“It is too late to think of that, Sybil,” said her mother. “What is done, is done. He was obstinate; he persisted in doing a mad, absurd thing. Think of that; perhaps that may be some comfort to you.”

“Comfort? Why should I want comfort?” demanded Sybil, with the foxy look in her face.

“You asked if I thought you had treated him badly. I supposed you felt ashamed. I cannot say that I think you treated him well.”

Sybil flushed.

“You would not have allowed me to marry him,” she said hotly. “I knew it was impossible.”