

to reflect upon the vanishing of his charmer, nor upon the blissful fact that the same village was to hold him near her for an hour.

"Hulloa! I get down here," he said, and tumbled out, with a shilling for the man.

He stood confused upon the gravel. "Now—Myrtle Cottage—Mrs. Welbore—how do I—?" He addressed the foggy air, but a loafer by the porch coughed and spat.

"Down the street, sir, to the church; up Church Lane, and you'll find it opposite Mr. Jaskins' farmhouse. A matter of ten minutes—and I'll be thankful for the price of a half-pint."

Heniker bestowed his alms and hastened after the retreating form of the lady which he could just see about to be swallowed up in fog. He saw his way to a question and answer, and almost certainly to another look from her fine grey eyes. She was actually now turning up by the churchyard into a lane which, with fortune to help, must needs be his. Long legs served him well; he drew level with her before she was past the church.

Assuredly she had been aware of pursuit; there had been a gleam of the ear and cheek, a flying set of the shoulder; she had seemed to be before the wind, to have been leaving a wake. But extreme caution, not alarm, made her eyes so bright; and the vivid rose of her cheek may well have been the flush of her speed.

Heniker drew level, and she tired. The game was up; she was his; her eyes met his in appeal.