

"Across at the *Carsegarry*. At least, he told me he was going when he recognised her."

"Without coming to shake hands with us?" said Muriel, who flashed a covert glance at Jacinta.

"I understand from one of these fellows that Farquhar is just going to sea, and it's very probable that Austin heard it, too. I have no doubt he'll be back again in five minutes."

"You will come ashore with us, and we will expect you and Mr. Austin to make my house your home in the meanwhile," said Brown.

"I shall be very glad," said Jefferson. "You will, however, have to excuse me for an hour or two. I have our Consul to see, and a good many things to do before I can call my time my own. I wonder if you could get me a tartana?"

"Mine is waiting at the Mole," said Brown.

It was an hour later when they took their places in the vehicle, but though Brown bade the driver wait a minute or two, there was no appearance of Austin. Just then the *Carsegarry* crept down the harbour, and with a sonorous blast of her whistle steamed out to sea.

"There is no boat coming. He must have landed on the other mole, and, perhaps, met somebody he couldn't get away from," said Brown. "I'll leave word that we are expecting him, and no doubt he'll turn up soon after we get home."

They drove away, and that afternoon sat together in Brown's cool patio. The noise of the bustling city was deadened by the tall white walls, over which there shone a square of cloudless blue, and the scent of flowers was heavy in the shadowy space below. Jefferson lay, attired becomingly once more, in a big cane chair, with a little smile of content in his hollow face, and a pile of fruit, and