

Le Neve had now made good his foothold up the first four or five steps. "Well, you've no objection to my going, at any rate?" he said, with a wave of one hand, in his cheerful good-humour. "You don't put a veto on your friends here, do you?"

"Oh, not the least objection," Tyrrel answered hurriedly, watching him climb none the less with nervous interest. "It's . . . it's a purely personal and individual feeling. Besides," he added, after a pause, "I can stop below here, if need be, and warn the quarrymen."

"I'll be back in ten minutes," Le Neve shouted from the cliff.

"No, don't hurry," his host shouted back. "Take your own time. It's safest. Once you get to the top, you'd better walk along the whole cliff path to Kynance. They tell me it's splendid; the view's so wide; and you can easily get back across the moor by lunch-time. Only, mind about the edge, and whatever you do, let no stones roll over."

"All right," Le Neve made answer, clinging close to a point of rock. "I'll do no damage. It's opening out beautifully on

