

"When? How?"

"When we went to see Clarissa at Queenstown on her way through."

"You saw her, then?"

"Yes—we went straight off, Cruikshank and I, directly we heard she was coming."

"And she told you?"

"No—I guessed it."

"Then why didn't she stay when I offered her the cottage in Kent?"

"You offered it for her alone. It was like hitting her in the face when she knew she deserved it. She had lived with another man. You had nothing better to offer her than that. But you would have offered her better, wouldn't you?"

"Great heavens, yes! If I thought she'd have taken it."

"I think she would," said Bellwattle. "Now I'm going to sit down here. I'm tired. You go on to the cottage. Don't stay too long. Cruikshank's waiting for us. Go on. Don't mind me."

I think I was glad to be alone then. I wanted to go back every step in my memory of those days in London and count if she were right. So, retracing it all, I came at last to the cottage.

The ground was already being laid out for the garden, and there I stood for some moments thinking what yet might be possible, if all that Bellwattle had said were true. If it should ever be so, we would make that garden together, Clarissa and I, remembering with