

had so much to say to her. Hang it! if he only knew where she was he'd go and meet her. He walked back to the fireplace and regarded the photograph of the late Delanty that hung in the place of honour over the chimneypiece. He had many times regarded it with dislike and curiosity, and he thought, as he had often thought before, that he looked like a fat actor, and remembered how old Bolger, in answer to his enquiries, had described Mr. Delanty's appearance as "a cross between an undertaker and a chimney-sweep, with a dash of the corner-boy thrown in." What a champion rouser he must have been! But how could *she* know—she was only seventeen when she married him, poor little girl!

Here Miss Janetta entered in the black silk, whose rustle was not what it had been on the day that it had lent dignity to the obsequies of the champion rouser.

"Lily hasn't come in yet," she began, very apologetically; she was accustomed to finding herself a disappointment. "Danny's after coming back from the forge. He says she went over the hill with her bike to Ashgrove. It must be she got some message from Tom Coyne. Danny says he was at the forge."

"Gone to Ashgrove!" repeated Fanshawe,