

knees, her chin in her two little brown hands, her blue eyes sparkling defiance up at him.

When that movement was all the answer he had—

“Do you not understand?” he said, this time in French.

“Oui, ’comprends,” she returned indifferently, settling herself into her old position.

“What had I done, that you should give me no hint of the ford?”

“What had you done, that I should give you any hint of it?”

She said it with such directness, such certainty of unanswerableness in the cold, sweet voice, that Kendal rather stared at her, taken by surprise: as when one would touch a rose, and finds it tinted marble instead.

How had she come by that fair little, sunny-haired face, the big childish blue eyes that ought to have had the sunshine in them too, but had only an unchildlike hardness instead? Kendal had nothing to say, for an instant; and then the pause was broken by the opening of an inner door.

“Oh, but that is fine! on a summer evening like this, to burn up all the wood my *viert’* *homme Pacifique* has cut for madame’s fire upstairs!”

The brisk old body on the threshold, her white-