

## CHAPTER XXIV

CYNTHIA wrote to him to go to her.

The day was bright, and a promise of spring was in the air as he journeyed down. Some of its brightness seemed to tinge his mood, and he was conscious of a vague wonder at the pleasurable emotions that stirred him as fields and hedgerows shot past.

She was on the platform awaiting him, though he had not telegraphed the time of his arrival. He saw her at once, and was momentarily a prey to misgivings. Her welcoming smile as they advanced towards each other dissipated his dread. But it revived his embarrassment, and his embarrassment appeared to her pitiable.

"I knew," she said frankly, "that you would come by this train."

She gave orders to a porter about the luggage, and Kent passed into Monmouth by her side. He heard that her brother had come down to see her, and was at the cottage now. Cæsar was having a holiday, and had been spending a fortnight with his parents.