

"Nine o'clock."

"Everything is packed. Half an hour is all we really need now."

"Three hours to spare then. Everything is in our favour. It is not a bad boat, and there is room for us on board."

"Have you taken berths then?" Mrs. Costello asked.

"Yes. And I will tell you why I did so without waiting to consult you. I made some inquiries about this fellow Bailey, and found out that it would most likely not suit him to go to England for some time to come."

"You inquired about him? Good heavens, what a risk!"

"You forget, dear Mrs. Costello, that I was meant for a lawyer. Don't be afraid. He has no more thought of you than of the Khan of Tartary."

"If you only knew the comfort it is having you, Maurice; I was quite helpless, quite upset by this last terror."

"But you had been ill, mamma," Lucia interposed.
"It was no wonder you were upset."

"That is not kind, Lucia," Maurice said, turning to her with a half smile. "Mrs. Costello wishes to