

IN THE TUMULT OF THE STORM 11

sometimes his good manners, so, when the porter outside the station opened the door of the motor, he scrambled out and shuffled over the miry pavement, taking not the slightest notice of the girl.

Alicia's face flushed slightly. She was in two minds whether to follow, but eventually she alighted and hastened to the booking office with the intention of preventing Haggar from purchasing two tickets. But she was too late.

She caught sight of his face. The tempest of rage was passing. There was something in his expression which excited her pity, if not her sympathy. She determined to fulfil her promise. She walked silently by his side to the departure platform. Her silk cloak touched him. The cloak was one of David Haggar's many presents to Alicia and was the envy of the lady residents of Talbot House, Queen's Gate. Its contact, or the sight of the girl herself, for she looked superbly handsome in it, brought back all Haggar's fury. He turned upon her :

"How long is this farce of silence to go on, Alicia?" he snarled.

"All the way to Southampton—if you choose. It depends upon yourself," she retorted.

Haggar drew in his breath with a hissing sound, as though her cold, contemptuous words strained his endurance almost to breaking point. He stopped opposite the open door of a first-class carriage.

"Let us get inside and talk over the matter quietly," said he. "There'll be two hours and a half before we reach Southampton—ample time to settle our differences."