

In the afternoons of that fortnight I wrote long letters to Bellwattle, telling her everything, leading up slowly by the most gradual degrees to that moment when I could ask for my gift to be returned to me. It is a mean thing to do, to give a thing and take a thing. Surely there is some condemnatory couplet which treats of such instability as this.

"Give a thing and take a thing——"

I have long forgotten how it goes. But surely, with a lonely man and his dog it were excusable. I had word from her that he was happy enough when out on the cliffs alone with her, where there was ever the great adventure of the chase. But she hinted sometimes how in the long evenings he would sit thoughtfully before the fire taking no notice of any word that was said to him. I like to think it was then that he thought of me.

At length came that morning when the nurse told me Clarissa was up in her room, sitting before the fire, and that I might take my tea with her in the afternoon.

Before breakfast then Moxon and I went to Covent Garden.

"I just want to get a few flowers," said I.

We staggered back under the weight of those flowers. Freezias, tulips—even lilac there was. Moxon's face grew scarlet among the yellow tulips as he bore them bravely homeward. I sent them up to Clarissa's room before me. When at last I knocked at the door and was admitted, I found her with her face buried in a great bowl of flowers, and her eyes were