

## TRISTRAM *of* BLENT

he took them in his. "It was all true that you said about me, all abominably true."

He did not contradict her.

"That's why I'm here," she went on. "When you've feelings like that, it's your duty not to run away from the place that excites them, but to stay there and fight them down manfully."

"I agree," said Harry gravely. "When you've basely deceived and tricked somebody it's cowardly to run away. The straightest thing is to stay with that person and try to redeem your character."

"How did you know it?" she asked. "I hardly knew it was in my heart myself."

"It sharpens a man's wits to be called a liar—and not to be able to deny the name."

"And you called me a—curmudgeon! Oh, how did you happen on that funny old word?" Her laugh rang fresh and gay through the quiet of the night. "After you'd gone, Mina came to me."

"What happened then?"

"Well, I ought to have cried—and Mina did."

"Did Mina stop you going?"

"Mina? No!" The acme of scorn was in her voice.

"What then?" he asked, drawing her a little nearer to him.

"I wanted to obey your wishes. You said I was to stay—and you'd go."

"Yes, but you've sent away the fly," objected Harry.

"Well, all that you said of me was true too."

"We should start on a clear understanding then?"

"I'm a liar—and you're a curmudgeon? Yes."

"What awful quarrels we shall have!"

"I don't care a hang for them," said Harry.

"And what about the Arbitration?"

"Absurd, if I'm going to live in a state of war!"

Suddenly came a sound of wheels rolling briskly