

stony paths to where she was sitting, and she had sunk upon the garden bench exhausted and had quoted to herself Queen Katharine's line, "My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth." Hunting was still a long way off; it was not good to think of it. She could see the window of her room, in which at this moment the housemaids, Gina and Francesca, obviously bored with the dull routine of household tasks, were lolling on their elbows and talking loudly and jovially. But they also reminded her of Ireland.

She closed her eyes, and through the gay voices heard the smooth rattle of a chain running out, as the English yacht came to anchor under the old Castello.

In the room next to that in which Gina and Francesca held converse Jean Masterman was writing, as a good wife should, to her husband.

"This place is excellent for Katharine, so dull and so romantic. Ulick says he is making his obliging friend bring the yacht round here from Genoa. I don't quite know what the position is with regard to him, but I suppose it will be my duty to devote myself to the obliging friend. To tell you the truth I shall be rather surprised if she marries any one, and