

stay in the neighborhood, of course, and she must not dream of venturing anywhere near her native village.

If Seth, dear old Seth, were by any chance to hear of her return and her reception, he would kill Horace to a certainty—"ax" him, as he called it. No, she must steal off at once, report herself to the raven-haired woman and Keturah, and then—? Well, why not go back to America? That would be the best plan and the simplest. She could find work there and ready comradeship, and a niche waiting for her. She would be a duffer not to fill it. Of course she would go.

A smile came into her face as she thought of Miss Byrne and Miss Emory and Mr. Perry and the other members of her special group, and her friends at Greenwich Village, and Mr. Post and her comrades at the great publishing house. She wouldn't be able now to take them on a "round trip" to the barn house, the moors, the Wheatsheaf, the river, the pond with its three great elms, and "Never ending." Well, well, that couldn't be helped.

But now, before she left, supposing she went to have just one last look at the barn house.

"I would love to see it once more," she said to herself. "No one is astir yet. No one need know if I do creep round quietly. For, after all, I was very, very happy until my awakening came. Hundreds of happy hours Horace and I have spent there together. So kind he was—so gentle. I can't—I can't believe he could have planned the destruction of any one. I won't believe it. I wonder whether he has worked at the Renaissance. I should like to have confessed to him how bitterly, bitterly sorry I was that I burnt those notebooks. And I should also like to have told him of the Renaissance penance I did in New York. So many things I wish I could have told him, asked him, explained to him—without constraint—because I was free."