

to be passed beside her would come to him during the day, and fill him with impatience to realise the picture again. Tea was no sooner finished than they put on their hats, to wander where their humour led them. Generally they returned at sunset; and sometimes they returned under the stars. Supper would be awaiting them, and afterwards they sat and talked—or dreamed, by the open window—until, all too early, she gave him her hand and said “Good-night.”

His heart followed her. Surely Kent comprehended that the feeling that she awoke in him was more than admiration, more than pique, was something infinitely different from the calm affection into which his first fancy had subsided. He knew that the conditions that she had imposed had aroused no ephemeral ardour, but had illumined in himself as vividly as in her a development that possession had left obscure. He knew he loved her—he loved her, and he was unworthy of her love. He could not speak—that was for her—but his eyes besought, and the woman read them. She made no sign. So speedily?—her pride forbade it. Her manner towards him remained unchanged. But tenderness tugged at her pride, and joy at what she read flooded her soul.

She would be contemptible to condone so soon, she told herself. He would never know