

fortnight before, Norman had been administering himself as tonic every hour or so throughout the day: the shadow which he now contrived to keep at a distance from her mind always threatened to come back if he stayed away even for the whole of a morning, and, though she no longer feared that he would abandon her, she needed to be constantly assured of his love. Her dependence on him was measured and recorded on the days when, with the choice of returning to the haunted atmosphere of Newbridge and of remaining in London without him, she found the ghosts and memories of house and park easier to bear than fortnight's separation.

"I just looked in to see that you weren't tiring yourself," he began, when he found her in her own room, tidying household papers and tearing up old letters. "We've struck work for the rest of the morning, and your father and the attorney are getting up an appetite in the courtyard. Would you care for a little fresh air?"

"Yes! But don't let's go where they are," she pleaded. "I want you all to myself. *Norman*, what a lovely day it is!"

"Yes. . . . I've never seen the place look better."

At the irrepressible note of yearning in his voice, Margery winced and bit her lip:

"I *will* stay if you want to! It's not too late. When you think of all that Newbridge means to you, all that you've done for me . . . and the way I've repaid it . . ."

Before she could finish her sentence Norman drew her into his arms and kissed her:

"My child, what are you talking about? I thought you gave me a little promise: we were to think only of the future, and you were to get well and not worry . . ."

"But this place . . ."

"We can come back to it whenever we like. Just now a change will be good for both of us. Your father's quite right; we've seen extraordinarily little of the world." . . .

"Does he know why you're taking this appointment?" Margery interrupted timidly. "D'you think he ever suspects?"

"No. It's what he's been urging me to do for months. I . . . I jumped at the opportunity. When we're the other side of the world . . . I've no idea what South America's like; have you? I remember the first night we met, at that theatre, we had a geography-competition. . . . Whatever it's like, it will all be so different that it will be like starting our married life again. All we shall remember will be what we choose to remember."