

the wheels that bore the well-dressed procession so comfortably along. He was naked, unashamed, unmodulated. But Blantyre felt that, by God! he did the work—without airs or concealments. And he understood—much better than most of the popinjays on the first-class list could ever understand. And this was the side of him that Catherine Innes never guessed at, but was subtly revealing itself through all his cynicism to the clear gaze of youth.

For the rest of the voyage Blantyre felt himself subject to cumulative influences. He had strange promptings, mystical suggestions, that now, if he would, he could find the way out. For once in his life all his defences were levelled. He tried to imagine the return voyage, and had a queer halting of the breath, realising it would be utterly different.

The days slipped by, and he unfolded more and more of his diffident self. He was not consciously drawn by any magnetism of sex. As yet he did not love, for Blantyre could not forget Blantyre, but he wrestled with an impulse that he could take and enjoy the woman made for man.

The *Harmonic* was gliding along the Riviera coast, when Miss Innes expostulated. This vagary was assuming formidable dimensions. "Stella, you are not fair," she said abruptly.

They had been talking itineraries. Baedeker slipped from the girl's hand. She was staring at the shore line. "Is that Nice or Cannes?"

"Yes, I think so." Then Miss Innes coughed. "Did you hear what I said?"

Stella looked at her curiously. "Not fair? Why?"