

had avenged them all. The generous, pugnacious youth was ready to take Faversham to his heart.

And yet, not without uneasiness, some dread of reaction in himself, if — by chance — they were all mistaken in their man! Neither Boden, nor Undershaw, nor he had any definite idea of the conclusions to which Faversham had come. He had not had a word to say to them on that head; although, during these ghastly weeks, when they had acted as buffers between him and an enraged populace, relations of intimacy had clearly grown up between him and Boden, and both Undershaw and Tatham had been increasingly conscious of liking, even respect, for a much-abused man.

Oh, it was — it would be — all right! Lydia would see to it!

Lydia! What a letter that was the post had brought him — what a letter, and what a woman! He sighed, thinking with a rueful though satiric spirit of all those protestations of hers in the summer, as to independence, a maiden life, and the rest. And now she confessed that, from the beginning, it had been Faversham. Why? What had she seen in him? The young man's vanity no less than his love had been sore smitten. But the pain was passing. And she was, and would always be, a dear woman, to whom he was devoted.

He had pushed aside his letters, and was pacing his library. Presently he turned and went into a small inner room, his own particular den, where he kept his college photographs, some stuffed and now decaying beasts, victims of his earliest sport, and many boxes of superb toy soldiers, the passion of his childhood. There on the