

vous, and suddenly perceived that she had blundered.

"There is one man at least who will do himself that honor," said Knighton; and he went away.

His words did not refer with precision to anything that she had said, but neither of them noticed that.

Alice was walking toward the house, and seeing a shady place beside the stream where one or two daffodils still bloomed, she went mechanically across the grass to gather them. She hardly knew what she did, but she was not absorbed in actual thought, for so surprising was the new conviction that had been forced on her that she could not rally her mind to think about it.

She stopped and gathered one of the daffodils. It was a fine lusty flower, not so pale in color or delicate in form as many of its neighbors, for its perianth was luxuriantly doubled; and so fresh it was to the light of heaven that the green hue of its first unfolding was only becoming golden,