

Tristram's tall arm-chair still stood by the window. Cecily threw herself into it, sighing and stretching her arms in a delighted weariness. Mina Zabriska could make out a figure in the Long Gallery now.

Slowly and irresolutely Harry Tristram came in; Cecily's face was not turned towards the door, and he stood unnoticed just within the threshold. His eyes ranged round the room but came back to Cecily. She was very quiet, but he saw her breast rise and fall in quick breathing. She was stirred and moved. A strange agitation, an intensity of feeling, came over him as he stood there motionless, everything seeming motionless around him, while his ancestors and hers looked down on them from the walls, down on their successors. The Lords of Blent were about him. Their trophies and their treasures decked the room. And she sat there in Addie Tristram's chair, in Addie Tristram's place, in Addie Tristram's attitude. Did the dead know the secret? Did the pictures share it? Who was to them the Lord of Blent?

He shook off these idle fancies—a man should not give way to them—and walked up the room with a steady assured tread. Even then she did not seem to hear him till he spoke.

“Well, do you like it?” he asked, leaning against a table in the middle of the upper part of the room, a few feet from the chair where she sat. Now Mina Zabriska made out two figures, cast up by the bright light against the darkness, and watched them with an eagerness that had no reason in it.

“Like it!” she cried, springing to her feet, running to him, holding out her hands. “Like it! Oh, Harry! Why, it's better than all the rest. Better, even better!”

“It's rather a jolly room,” said Harry. “The pictures and all the things about make it look well.”

“Oh, I'm not going to say anything if you talk like that. You don't feel like that!—‘Rather a jolly room!’ That's what one says if the inn parlour's comfortable. This isn't a room—It's—it's——”

“Shall we call it a temple?” he suggested, smiling.