

ing, and I wanted to talk to you. The cart is here for your stuff. Where's Ted?" she asked.

"I left him at the Albany. We got in late last night, and we slept at his place."

"But why didn't he come? I am sure I thought I made my message urgent enough," she said, as they turned to leave the station.

"He won't come, Clare. Anna has put her spoke in, and it'll take some trouble to put things right."

"Kitty's a little fool! I've had one talk with her. She goes on as if we were all plaster saints in glass cases! They all do that. Oh, but I'm deadly sick of them! Your father is the only human being in the place."

"How is he?" asked Cyril, not appearing to resent her remarks. He had had to digest a good many similar ones of late.

"He's all right—looking younger, I think. Your mother is in a state of seraphic happiness, but that doesn't prevent her giving me occasional digs. I'm going to stop here. We've both got to stop, Cyril, till something is settled about us. If you get in for East Breen, of course it'll help."

"I won't get in for East Breen, because I'm not standing, Clare," said Cyril quietly.

She stood still in the roadway and looked at him steadily.

She was looking well herself, and ridiculously young in her girlish costume of Harris tweed and a smart French sailor hat with a quill at the side—the proper country get-up, which became her quite well.

"Now, what new idiocy is this? I've had about enough of late, Cyril. I warn you my temper isn't anything to brag about this morning!"

"I'm not standing," repeated Cyril quietly. "Let us walk on. Which is the way, and is it far?"