

"Did she? What occurred?"

"I don't know. Oh, Errol, I am afraid this is going to be a great trouble to us all," said Janet, bursting into tears. "I am very sorry for you, and most of all for Airlie; mamma will never consent."

Errol made no reply, but stalked out of the room, and upstairs to his mother's dressing-room door.

Mrs Keith had now risen, and was resting on a low lounge near the fire. She sat up when Errol entered, for she saw that he had come to say something on the vexed subject.

"You saw Airlie to-day, mother, Janet tells me," he began without preamble. "What did you say to *her*?"

"Much the same as I said to you. She understands that I will never consent, so there is no more to be said."

Mrs Keith spoke with that unmistakable decision which is sometimes exhibited very strongly by those who are weak in many respects.

Errol leaned up against the mantel-shelf, and bent his gravely troubled eyes on the