

"We shall see. At any rate, don't leave to-morrow. Stay one day longer to please—Sambo."

"No," with a shudder.

"Then you must give me this afternoon, for we ought to be together the last day. Will you drive with me? I know a view you haven't seen; and though I don't say it is beautiful, it is interesting for our part of the world. You will come?"

"Yes."

"How dully you say it, my dear. I will promise you a brisk drive, for I have not driven my ponies for days, and they will be fresh. I would rather not bring them up to the mill lane. I will take them along the gradual road if you don't mind meeting me somewhere on the north slope. Say you start from here exactly at half past two, and go through the fir grove and on toward a cottage which is close to the road I am speaking of. You will soon see me come."

"I know the cottage. It is old Leppard's; and I will go in and see him, for he is ill. So if you don't see me, you may be sure I'm in there."

"Leppard? Is he the father of that young fisherman who saw Steven Basset drowning?"

"Who saw him in the sea? Yes."

"Poor Derry!" said her sister with a little caress. "You look as if you needed some change. I am glad I thought of that drive. Now I will not let you come a step with me, because you have your packing to do; not that you ever used to make much of that, but you look so tired. Good bye, dear. Be punctual."

And with a wave of her hand, Ella went down the lane to rejoin her aunt in the village, while Derry wished with all her heart she could meet her sister's eyes with the old love in her own. For many minutes she walked up and down in thought before the mill, then seeing that the door of the parlor, which had been Steven Basset's, was wide open, she entered, pausing within the threshold and looking round with pain in every throb of her heart. Once before, since she had been told of his death, she had come in to stand, as she had done on that first morning, looking on Mrs. Frayd's photograph, while the memory of Steven's words about its

being the only woman's likeness ever given him brought hot tears to her eyes. Instinctively now she turned to the same spot, but no photograph was there. This change positively hurt her, for it had been a curious delight to feel that his room was waiting just as he had left it, just as he would have returned to it on any ordinary day.

When she saw Mrs. Frayd next, she at once, in her frank way, spoke of having been in, and mentioned the disappearance of the photograph which had stood in its old place through Mr. Basset's absence.

"Yes, miss, it's gone," Mrs. Frayd acknowledged with a rather lugubrious expression. "I have had word at last where to send Mr. Basset's luggage, and it's all gone. I s'pose," hurrying on, as Derry looked wistfully, questioning, "something thinks himself Mr. Basset's heir. They do say nobody dies without leaving a heir in this world; so I s'pose it's right."

"Who came?"

"Only a man," with hasty negligence, as if the heir ought at least to have had the grace to be of some other sex. And when she had thus delivered herself, Mrs. Frayd did a thing so unusual with her, that Derry sat pondering it until summoned to her early dinner—she voluntarily became silent.

Punctually at the time arranged Derry left Harrack's, idling on her way, utterly unlike the Derry of old days, who had grudged every minute wasted alone, which she might have spent with Ella. It was a pleasant little stroll in the April sunshine, over the "low back of the bushless downs," and on to the cottage near the bridle-road along the slope. As she entered the kitchen a fisherman, who had been standing near the big dinnity-covered chair of the old invalid, moved away, and went out through a door at the back of the room. Derry looked after him almost wistfully, thinking that would be Leppard's son, the young fisherman who had been the last to see Steven Basset. She had often wished that she might chance to see him.

"I am sorry my coming in disturbed your son, Leppard," she said, in her sweet spontaneous way.

"Eh? eh?" quavered the old sailor.