

don't you know? So unsafe. So unstable. The rocks go off so sheer, and stones topple over so easily."

Le Neve laughed a little laugh of half-disguised contempt. He was moving over toward the path up the cliff side as they spoke. "Why, you used to be a first-rate climber at school," he said, attempting it, "especially when you were a little chap. I remember you could scramble up trees like a monkey. What fun we had once in the doctor's orchard! And as to the cliffs, you needn't go so near you have to tumble over them. It seems ridiculous for a landowner not to know a bit of scenery on his own estate that's celebrated and talked about all over England."

"I'm not afraid of tumbling over, for myself," Tyrrel answered, a little nettled by his friend's frank tone of amusement. "I don't feel myself so useful to my Queen and country that I rate my own life at too high a figure. It's the people below I'm chiefly concerned about. There's always some one wandering and scrambling about these cliffs, don't you see?—fishermen, tourists, geo-

