

formist conscience developed to an appalling extent! I must get a wire somehow through to Glenlochan, telling them to send Ted's letters to the flat. Something must be risked, and he must be got here as soon as possible."

But even amidst all her planning and plotting to circumvent Anna Helder something whispered that it was futile, that the die was cast, that Ted had lost what appeared to be his last chance.

Happening at this particular juncture, it would militate against her, she knew, and she began to think that, after all, she had bungled that year of incomparable chance, and that she was not going to reap the rich reward she had counted on.

A decent house in London, where she could entertain and be entertained, and an income sufficient to relieve her from sordid care for all time to come were the prizes she had bargained and sold herself for. And, unless she could get things put on a solid and satisfactory basis immediately, she feared the day would be lost.

With Clare to think was usually to act. She walked to the bell-pull and rang sharply. In a minute or two a housemaid appeared to take her orders.

"Can you tell me how far it is to the village—or rather to the nearest telegraph office?"

"Not far, ma'am. Through the park and the field it don't take more'n ten minutes."

"Ah, in what direction? Can you show me from the window?"

"Yes'm. It's just right down to the church spire. You can't go wrong. See, right by that line of trees. But if it's telegrams, ma'am, one of the men will take them."

"I should like to go myself, thank you. And please have my things brought up and a fire lit. I'm a chilly mortal."

She smiled in friendly fashion at the girl, who immediately proceeded to do her bidding.