

Helena's Path

himself at the doors of Nab Grange at eleven fifty-five the next morning. His Ambassadors had come in magnificence; humbly he walked — and not by Beach Path, since his homage was not yet paid — but round by the far-stretching road and up the main avenue most decorously. Stabb and Roger had cut across by the path — holding the Marchesa's leave and license so to do — and had joined an excited group which sat on chairs under sheltering trees.

"I wish she hadn't made the audience private!" said Norah Mountliffey.

"If ever a keyhole were justifiable —" sighed Violet Dufaure.

"My dear, I'd box your ears myself," Miss Gilletson brusquely interrupted.

The Marchesa sat in a high arm-chair, upholstered in tarnished fading gold. The sun from the window shone on her hair;