

look without lowering her eyes or altering her position in any particular.

“It’s too absurd!” he declared, half fretful, half amused. “Your features aren’t so very much alike—except the eyes—they are—and your hair’s darker. But you move and carry yourself and turn your head as she did. And that position you’re in now—why I’ve seen her in it a thousand times! Your arm there and your foot stuck out——”

His voice grew louder as he went on, his petulant amusement giving way to an agitation imperfectly suppressed.

“What do you mean?” she asked, catching excitement from him.

“Why, my mother. That’s her attitude, and your walk’s her walk, and your voice her voice. You’re her—all over! Why, when I saw you by the Pool just now, a hundred yards off, strolling on the bank——”

“Yes?” she half whispered. “You started, didn’t you?”

“Yes, I started. I thought for a moment I saw my mother’s ghost. I thought my mother had come back to Blent. And it is—you!”

He threw out his hands in a gesture of what seemed despair.

*(To be continued.)*