

heart, actually over stomach), chin diving into the bony hollow of her neck—Cora's courtesy was a thing to be remembered.

LADY CLARE

She announced it with ceremony, and this time, Martha noticed, the recalcitrant garter held fast to its moorings.

“ ‘Twas the time when lilies blow
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe—’ ”

“ *His!* ” prompted Martha in a loud stage-whisper. “ *His*—not ‘a’——”

Cora accepted the correction obediently, but her self-confidence was shaken. She managed to stammer,

“ ‘Give t-to—his c-cousin, L-Lady C-Clare,’ ”

and then a storm of tears set in, drowning her utterance.

“ Well, what do you think o’ *that?* ” exclaimed Martha, amazed at the undue sensitiveness of her offspring. “ Never mind, Cora! You done it grand!—as far as you went.”

To cover this slight mishap, Claire gave a hurried signal to the pages, who appeared forthwith