

III.

They went upstairs in silence, to find Tamlin reading the paper, and Susan engaged in dusting the china.

"Where's father?" said Posy.

"Busy with Mabel Dredge. I'll fetch him."

Posy sat down. From her face it was impossible to divine what was passing through her brain. She folded her hands upon her lap and waited.

Quinney appeared, followed by Susan. He glared at James, and then fixed his gaze upon Posy.

"Well, my girl?"

She said demurely:

"It's to be a fight to a finish for me."

"Damn!" said Tamlin.

Susan wandered to the window, staring aimlessly into the square. She heard Tamlin saying hoarsely:

"Joe, you take my advice; let the girl have the man she wants. S'elp me, if one o' my daughters took a shine to him, she should have him! You're fairly downed, old man, and you know it. This Hunsaker will be here before we can turn round!"

"He is here," said Susan, turning from the window.