

This afternoon, however, romance and dreams in which she frequently indulged were not with her.

She was thinking of what her last guest had said to her just before she took her departure.

Through the mist a faint outline of this guest's spare figure could be seen marching vigorously away in the distance. It was late October and the trees had lost all their leaves. The road to the village beyond the garden could be seen now from the house.

There had been a little gathering that afternoon in this shabby yet delightful old room. A few of the more important people scattered about the neighbourhood had responded to Mrs. Ambrose's suggestion to meet at her house and discuss the usual parochial duties which they shared among them. A pile of rough red flannel cut into various shapes stood on the table, a tangible remembrance of the meeting.

The hostess had cheerfully promised to sew the dismembered portions of this pile of red flannel into garments during the next week. She was always prodigal of her promises to help, though in reality she detested sewing in general and parochial clothing in particular: moreover, as it was she had more than enough employment for her needle in her homework.

Close beside the armchair where she usually sat was a big workbasket simply crammed with socks and other things all with holes in them.

The woman who had lingered for a chat after the others had gone was one of her best friends, although Agnes Dalywood was not popular with the other members of the family at Garth Court. She was too frank and independent to please everybody.

Dick Ambrose got up and we came in.

"I shall tell he said on hideous," the tell me she's got a good heart that look six

It would be considerable that the lady eyes had as li

"It is done it," Miss Daly her home-ma departure.

He's the son Nigel Ambrose certainly we duty, my de about Dick.

"If you Mrs. Ambrose she was no she sighed s

"Dick's nothing bu looking and himself; b

Miss D.

"I am