

he was thinking over the events that had occurred and of the satisfactory reception that had been given to the play on the first night of its production, which had taken place in London during the preceding week.

As the train neared the Mediterranean coast his thoughts turned towards his sister and Catherine. The latter had written a novel, the manuscript of which had been revised by Martin and by him submitted to an English publisher. He carried with him in his pocket the formal acceptance of the book by this firm. It had pleased him to bring it to Mentone in person, for he knew that it meant much to Catherine.

He looked out of the window at the white-walled villas and over the hedgeless fields of Southern France, and thought of her as her letters and Clare's had pictured her for him.

There had been content in these letters of Catherine's and a certain interest in her chosen occupation; yet in spite of this Martin seemed always to see her as he had parted from her more than a year ago at the station in Nice: very silent and with wistful eyes.

The same look was in Catherine's eyes at that moment as she stood before the mirror in her room in the villa at Mentone. She had put on a pale grey muslin, very plain and simple, and she now thought that it needed some kind of ornament. She wished that she had bought a bunch of violets, and wondered if there would be time