

said. "There are things to attend to. You will excuse me just now."

They looked at one another when she left them, and then Brown turned to Jefferson.

"I wonder if you have any objections to showing me that note?" he said.

"It doesn't seem to be here," said Muriel. "What can she have done with it?"

"Don't worry about looking," said Jefferson sharply. "I can remember it. It has, in fact, shaken a good deal of the stiffness out of me."

Muriel gasped with consternation when he told them, and by and by the group broke up, while it was a somewhat silent party that assembled for comida an hour later. Jacinta, it was evident, had very little appetite, though she contrived to join in the somewhat pointless conversation, and it was not until late that night Brown came upon her alone on the flat roof. She was leaning on the parapet, and looking out across the sea, but her eyes were turned northwards now, and she did not hear him until he gently laid a hand upon her shoulder. Then she turned and looked at him with despair in her face. She had not expected him, or he would not have seen it, though there was clear moonlight above them.

Brown sat down on the parapet, and, taking off his gold-rimmed glasses, held them in his hand.

"I think I understand, my dear, and I have something to say," he said.

Jacinta made no disclaimer. For one thing, she saw it would have been useless, and she had no strength left in her then.

"Is it worth while?" she asked. "Would anything that you could say change what has happened?"

"No," said Brown, reflectively, "I scarcely think it