

not the shedding of the tears of sensibility, which often stood in her generous eyes. Emmy moved gently across the room—she was a soft-hearted, affectionate woman—and knelt by the sofa.

“Zora dear!”

Zora, with an immense longing for love, caught her sister in her arms, and the two women wept very happily together.

It was thus that Septimus, returning for tea, as he was bidden, found them some while afterwards.

Zora rose, her lashes still wet, and whipped up her furs.

“But you’re not going?”

“Yes; I’ll leave you two together. I’ll do what I can. Septimus”—she caught him by the arm, and drew him a step or two towards the door—

“Emmy has told me everything. Oh, you needn’t look frightened, dear! I’m not going to thank you”—her voice broke on the laugh—“I should only make a fool of myself. Some other time. I only want to say: don’t you think you would be more—more cosy and comfortable—if you let her take care of you altogether? She’s breaking her heart for love of you, Septimus—and she would make you happy.”

She rushed out of the room, and before the pair could recover from their confusion they heard the flat door slam behind her.

Emmy looked at Septimus with a great scare in her blue eyes. She said something about taking no notice of what Zora said.