

"Live here at Drumworth all the year round?"

"Yes."

"Never go to America, even for a visit?"

"Never."

"Forget your country and become a British subject?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean to keep all those promises?"

"No."

Octavia laughed. "Thank heaven! I should despise you if you did!"

The chaffinch at the window was stepping sideways, to and fro, silent now, but suspicious; uncertain apparently how to express his disapproval. For these intruders were impervious to censure. In their designs he had no confidence.

Baseborn with his nose to the floor was sniffing about the room in the tracks of the departed tourists, uttering low growls. But these growls were partly for show. They were merely the usual canine expressions of doubt as to the intentions of strangers. And who had a better right to responsibility for the safety of Octavia than the present dog?

The two lovers stood smiling into each other's faces, like happy children. Through the stained glass of the great window the sunlight lay gently upon them, as in friendly approval.

"This morning in the garden," said Ethan, "you were shocked at hearing of Mumsey's descent from Drumworth castle to a cheap American boarding-