

MILDRED THROWS DOWN THE GLOVE

we were out there at the point. And say, doesn't she just pose! Well!"

"O woman, woman!" said Timpkin. "I never noticed all that."

"No, of course you didn't. You didn't either, did you, Mr. Haig?"

"I don't know," replied Sam. "Perhaps. Our supper-party has made me forget the earlier visitors a bit."

"Sure," agreed Timpkin. "All I saw, in that way, was that Miss Henderson hated Nance Webley on sight."

"Do you know," said Mrs. Timpkin, "I admit that Miss Henderson is what they call beautiful, but her face strikes me like a skull. I don't like to remember it; and yet she's handsome enough. But I seem to see into her eyes, instead of just the colour of them; and I don't like what's in them; and she has mighty cruel lips. Now Mrs. Peters is what I call pretty—though she ain't got anything to commend in the way of what you might call points."

"Points!" thought Sam, feeling far off. "That's it—points! The way one talks of the lower animals!" But he said nothing. Moving before him, he in a retrospective mood, natural to him, was the face of Nance Webley as he had seen it in the moonlight when she stood at the top of the steps, so still that her friend commented upon her silence. It was, for some reason, a picture that would abide with him. He still felt her hand resting in his—and he was furious with himself.