

self absolutely bound to his compact with her and you."

"And the moral of that is—" said Helena, flushing.

"Marry me!—Nothing simpler. Then the compact falls—and at one stroke you bring two men into port."

The conflict of expressions passing through her features showed her shaken. He waited.

"Very well, Geoffrey—" she said at last, with a long, quivering breath, as though some hostile force rent her and came out.

"If you want me so much—take me!"

But as she spoke she became aware of the lover in him ready to spring. She drew back instantly from his cry of joy, and his outstretched arms.

"Ah, but give me time—dear Geoffrey, give me time! You have my word."

He controlled himself, warned by her agitation, and her pallor.

"Mayn't we tell Philip—when he comes?"

"Yes, we'll tell Philip—and Lucy—to-night. Not a word!—till then." She jumped up—"Are you going to climb that crag before tea? I am!"

She led him breathlessly up its steep side and down again. When they regained the inn, Geoffrey had not even such a butterfly kiss to remember as she