

ently, I got caught in the charm of the wonderful thing — and went mad — demonized, as the old Greeks were — the men who did the great things, the greatest the world has ever had done. Birds were my prophets — my playfellows, the only ones I had, poor little devil. You played with Helen, I sat apart — and watched you — and then I got to watching the birds and the bats and the insects that flew instead — sometimes. I worked tremendously at drawing and maths and fifty other things that I might be able to invent aircraft and perfect it. But no — Uncle Dick would have none of it. But, by God, I'll do it yet, I tell you — "

Angela slipped in between the bed and the table, and sat down on the coverlet.

"You must not talk too long," she said gently.

"Won't you try some grapes?" Hugh said huskily.

Stephen laughed mirthlessly. "No." To Mrs. Latham he said, "I'm almost done. There was something I wanted more than I wanted an aerial career," he went on, looking Hugh full in the face — "more than you ever wanted anything in your life — or could want anything — or many men could. It was not for me. And I might have won it, if it hadn't been for Uncle Dick. Oh! it wasn't you who thwarted me — you needn't think it was — it was he. Always he thwarted me. I did my best to thwart him in return. I wasn't glad to hurt you, Hugh, truly I wasn't — " For just an instant his voice softened and suspended. Then he went bitterly on, "You were in the way, and you had to go — that was all — but I'd very much rather it had been any one else. I owed Uncle Dick