

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