

stand a sorrow that seemed so unreasonable, and yet, like a child over a broken toy, she cared to do nothing just then but give way to her grief. She was also annoyed at the old woman's allusion to a closer relation with Mr. Knighton; it was the second time she had heard such allusion that day. She felt ashamed lest he might think she listened to it, but that, being as she thought, merely fanciful, bore a lesser part.

Knighton was vexed that when he had been at some pains to dispel the subject of grief it should have been re-awakened in Alice's mind. When they had passed in silence over the combe bridge and through the village, he said:—

“Of course, if you are really sure you know your own mind in this matter the trouble of it won't last long.” He felt that it was rather a stupid form of consolation, only said because he wanted to be saying something.

“You think me the soul of inconsistency to feel as if the sun had gone out,” she