

The eyes of his dead wife were looking at him, full of pity, full of pity.

"I can hear the horses outside," he said. "They are exceedingly restless. We had better make haste."

On the way home Lady Mary talked of plans for the new life in London, of possible situations for a residence, of servants, and even casually of the conventional restrictions imposed by her period of mourning.

"The engagement cannot possibly be announced for the next month or two," she said. "In any case, people will talk."

Lady Mary smiled. "Because of seventeen years ago," she said, "and because they always do. And because we have given them plenty of occasion—recently. And because they would, though we had not."

Anthony frowned. He did not like the idea of people talking about these affairs of his. Seventeen years ago he was not a public man. Away at Florence, he had not