

tyre watched her curiously, moved not by love or desire, but by a sudden glimpse of what a woman like this had to give.

And as to Blantyre, Stella was conscious that he was distinct from any man she had known. He seemed moulded into a precise outline by hereditary instincts. She felt that he was too traditional to blend with the ordinary, casual march of average men. His aloofness was eloquent of a pride that appealed to her, his reserve spoke of unexplored vistas that piqued her curiosity. He appeared a man of parts, who by some turn of the wheel had not yet found himself, but in the finding of whom there might be infinite possibilities. Blantyre had begun to curse himself in that he was not like his fellows. Stella was drawn to him for the very same reason.

He had been talking quietly, diffidently—almost impersonally, and again with a thread of revolt. It gave her strange sensations that they had each come from an infinite distance to meet and speak. There was a shutting out of the existence of other people and things from this suddenly intimate exchange. And, all through, the Celt in him revealed itself. Thin lips, large mouth, with its characteristic lift of expression—mobile eyebrows above hard blue-grey eyes—long, straight features and strong, restless, prehensile hands, sudden glimpses of humour effaced as suddenly by quick, savage little self-thrusts—all these allied in a measured story of an unbalanced life, such an unfolding as a week before he would never have dreamed of giving.