

the garment up to him, and perforce he drew back.

It was not so easy to voice emotion as to feel it. Half an hour crept away; shadows filled the room, and a grey peace brooded over the grass outside. The tones deepened, and beyond a ridge of blackened boughs the moon swam up. He decided that he would speak after supper. But after supper, when she resumed her sewing, he felt that it would be useless. He sat by the hearth, holding a paper that he did not read. Presently the landlady was heard slipping the bolt in the passage, and Cynthia pushed her basket from her, preparing to retire. With her change of position, a reel escaped and rolled to the fender. Kent had not noticed where it fell, but he became conscious, with a tremor, that she was stooping by his side. In rising, it seemed to him that her figure brushed his arm as if with a caress. She had drawn apart from him before he could do more than wonder if it had been accidental, but now he watched her with a curious intentness. She wandered about the room a little aimlessly, righting a photograph, settling a flower in a glass on the shelf. Having gathered up her work, she hesitated, and sought some books; when she had chosen them, her arms were full and she could not give him her hand. But she did not say "Good-night," either.