

which many misunderstood. 'Now will you take me to Peggy?'

I did not offer to accompany them, but sat brooding upon the mercies of my life, and asking what I had done to be blessed as I was in my home and wife.

About ten o'clock Euphan returned in the carriage alone. I heard the wheels on the avenue, and was at the open door to receive her. I saw that she was overwrought, and the moment we were within the house she threw herself sobbing on my breast.

'It is all right, David,' she was able to tell me at last. 'I don't think they will ever misunderstand each other again.'

The firstborn son of Alec and Peggy Rutherford saw the light under a foggy London sky in one of honest Jean Syme's upper rooms, and six weeks later Euphan and I saw the family off at Southampton, bound for Calcutta. So far as I am aware, Peggy Maxwell's own folk never knew of her escapade, or dreamed that she had lived seven months in London, solitary save for us. She has been in London many a time since then, but that