

### CHAPTER III

"You know not the limit of this kingdom, still you are its queen."  
SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Miss O'NEILL, as might be supposed, proved no easy subject for diplomatic manipulation. Long before they had made an end of their picnic-lunch, in a glen of rocks and birches and purple cushions of heather, she had effectually given Mr. Lenox to understand that she was neither to be deceived nor coerced by his tactful attempts to detach her from the other two. Years of pushing and shouldering through obstacles, in the Suffrage campaign, had so far blunted her finer sensibilities that she could smilingly hold her ground even among those who obviously wished her elsewhere: and she held it to-day, till Mark lost patience and frankly took the bull by the horns.

"I say, Miss O'Neill, you might take pity on Lenox and honour him with your company up the glen," he said; and beneath his engaging tone there lurked a faint note of command. "He's no fisherman, and he can't keep himself to himself for ten minutes on end. So you see, it would be a real act of charity to remove him."

"Yes, Sir Mark, I can see *that* without spectacles," answered the redoubtable Harry, challenging him with her greenish-brown eyes.

"Good business!" Sir Mark retorted unabashed. "When you reach the high moor you'll be rewarded by a view that's worth some climbing to see. Of course, if Miss Alison would prefer to go with you——"