

Witching Hill

"I don't see anything. He doesn't give me much—chance. If it isn't cricket at the Oval, it's billiards here at the George, night after night until I'm sick to death of the whole thing."

"Are you sure he's there now?"

"Oh, goodness, yes! He made no bones about it."

I thought Uvo had stopped in his stride to ask the question. I knew those hands clutched the hunting crop tighter at the answer. I saw the knuckles whiten in the moonlight.

"Because we're taking a bit of a risk," resumed Uvo, finishing further off than he began.

"Oh, no, we're not. Besides, what does it matter? I simply had to speak to you—and you know what happened the other morning. Mornings are the worst of all for people seeing you."

"But not for what they think of seeing you."

"Oh! what do I care what they think?" cried the wife of the man beside me. "I'm far past that. It's you men who keep on thinking and thinking of what other people are going to think!"

"We sometimes have to think for two," said Uvo—just a little less steadily, to my ear.

"You don't see that I'm absolutely desperate,