

Mr. Masters was entirely willing, and, with a civil word of conventional protest, left them, saying he would look after them at the pier in New York next morning.

Miss Morrow's greeting of the older woman had been warm and honest. As he turned away Mrs. Hunter said:

"Were I in Mr. Masters's place I should hate Mrs. Hunter; but the fact is I do want to have you to myself."

Miss Morrow remarked that it was "awfully nice."

"I was greatly surprised," said her friend, "to find that you had left Newport, and to know that I was on the boat with you did seem better fortune than life usually provides for me."

"I called to tell you I was going," said Miss Morrow; "you were out—"

"Come to the stern." They gave up the suggested walk, and sat down by themselves where they could see the white wake of the steamer melt into the distant darkness. The mysterious beauty of sea and sky affected neither of them.

"I cannot help repeating," Mrs. Hunter began, "what luck it is to find you on board." (She had taken care to arrange that this fortunate meeting should occur.)

Miss Morrow again explained: she had meant to write, but, really, there was too much to do; her maid was to remind her and never did—

"And," said the elder woman, "we might never have met again."