

her work silent and miserable-looking, or if she spoke at all it would be to say something bitter. Then one morning after a holiday she had asked for, and which I had given her without any questions, she came to business more like her old self than I had seen her since the afternoon Master Tom Sleight had appeared upon the scene. All that day she went about smiling to herself; and young Flammard, presuming a bit too far maybe upon past favours, found himself sharply snubbed: it was a bit rough on him, the whole thing.

“‘It’s come to a head,’ says I to myself; ‘he has explained everything, and has managed to satisfy her. He’s a cleverer chap than I took him for.’

“He didn’t turn up at the Café that day, however, at all, and she never said