

Better than Gold

'Ah! you're a man of action; that's what I like, Forrester. Come this way'; and Sir Robert opened the drawing-room door and ushered me in saying, 'Here's your rescuer, Grace, come to inquire after you. I'll leave you to answer for yourself while I fish for trout before dinner.' He closed the door behind him and was gone.

This was extraordinary consideration on the part of the formerly cold-mannered baronet, and I could scarcely credit my good-fortune.

There was certainly no trace of annoyance in the slight exclamation of surprise which escaped Miss Jocelyn's lips as she rose from her seat to meet me. 'Oh, Mr. Forrester, how kind of you to come and ask after me!' she said, glancing my way with a pretty blush just touching her cheeks with colour.

'I hope you are not the worse for your adventure, Miss Jocelyn,' I replied, trying to suppress my emotion and speak calmly. 'It must have been a great shock.'

'Well, it was,' she confessed. 'I felt rather bad afterwards, but I am better to-day.' And she smiled happily,

'That's right,' I said, thinking what a lovely woman she had grown into, and feeling half dazed and very stupid as I stood silent before her.

'Won't you sit down?' she asked at length.