

JAVA HEAD

East India money in a corner cabinet. It was Sidsall who finally spoke, slowly and clearly.

"Forgive me."

He recognized that she was addressing her mother and father. From a whisper at skirts he realized that she was leaving the room. Without the will necessary for a last glimpse he stood with his head bowed by an appalling sensation of weariness and years.

In a flash of self-comprehension, Roger Brevard knew that he would never, as he had hoped, leave Salem. He was an abstemious man, one of a family of long lives, and he would linger here, increasingly unimportant, for a great while — an old man in new epochs, isolated among strange people and prejudices. Whatever the cause — the small safety — an inward flaw — he had never been part of the corporate sweating humanity where, in the war of spirit and flesh, the vital rewards and accomplishments were found.

Soon after he passed Gerrit and Nettie Vollar driving in the direction of the harbor; she was lying back wanly in the Armidon barouche, but her companion's face was set directly ahead, his expression of general disdain strongly marked. A vigorous hand, Roger noted, was clasped about Nettie's supine palm. She saw him standing on the sidewalk and bowed slightly, but the shipmaster plainly overlooked him together with the rest of Salem.

The end of summer was imminent in a whirl of yellow leaves and chill gray wind. There was a ringing of bugles through the morning, the strains of military quick-steps, rhythmic tramping feet and the irregular fulmination of salutes. That it was already the day of the