

"Of course! Of course! Only I'd forgotten for the moment what it was I didn't remember. Cut along!"

"I was not saying anything."

"No—but you were just going to."

"Well—I was. It was *her* grave in Chorlton Churchyard."

"That what?"

"That Gwen and our girl went to put the flowers on, three weeks ago."

"By-the-by, when are the honeymooners coming back?"

"The Crespignys? Very soon now, I should think. They were still at Siena when Gwen heard from Dorothy last, and it was unbearably hot, even there."

"I thought Cis wrote to Dolly in Florence."

"Not the last letter. They were at the Montequattrini's in May. That's what you're thinking of. Cis wrote to her there, then. It was another letter."

"'Spouse I'm wrong! I meant the letter where she told how the very old lady walked with them to the grave."

"Old Mrs. Marrable. Yes—and old Mrs. Alibone had to go in the carriage, because of her foot, or something. She has a bad foot. That was in the middle of June. *That* letter was to Fiesole. You do get so mixed up."

"Expect I do. Fancy that old lady, though, at ninety-eight!"

"Yes—fancy! Gwen said she was just as strong this year as last. She'll live to be a hundred, I do believe. Why—the other old woman at Chorlton is over seventy! Her daughter—or is it niece? I never know. . . ."

"Didn't Cis say she spoke of her as 'my mother'?"

"No—that was the twin sister that died. But she always spoke to her as 'mother.'"

"Oh ah—that was what Cis couldn't make head or tail of. Rather a puzzling turn out! But I say. . . ."

"What? . . . Wait till we get out of the noise. What were you going to say?"

"Isn't her head rather . . . I mean, doesn't she show signs of . . ."

"Senile decay? No. What makes you think that?"

"Of course, I don't know. I only go by what our girl said. Of course, Gwen Torrens is still one of the most beautiful women in London—or anywhere, for that matter! And it may have been nothing but that."

"Oh, I know what you mean now. 'Glorious Angel.' I