

and magnetic healing, for which she showed so distinct a gift that she had serious thoughts of taking it up in earnest. A vague idea of going out with Monica Videlle had been simmering in her brain for the past week; but she had not spoken of it till to-night.

"Wonder what's come to old Mark," mused Ralph pensively, stirring his coffee. "Thought this picnic arrangement was all for his benefit——"

"Rather so!" Mark's voice answered him, as he and Maenair strolled round the corner of the house. "Hurry up with the coffee, Mums. I love dabbling my oars in the sunset. Lenox, old chap, you two might go on ahead and give the word."

They went on readily enough; and the rest soon followed them through the wilder spaces of the garden, down rocky steps to the bay, where sand and rough grass shelved gently to the water's edge. Here they found two boats already afloat, with Maurice and Monica—she was commonly called Mona—established in one of them.

Lady Forsyth, nothing if not prompt, privately consigned Ralph to that boat, Mark and Keith to her own. It was a heavenly evening, and she thanked goodness they were going to have it to themselves: quite a rare event since Maurice Lenox had discovered that superfluous Miss Alison.

"Coming to row stroke for us?" she asked as Mark handed her in.

He shook his head, smiling down at her.

"That's to be Keith's privilege! I'm for the other boat." But neither his smile nor the light pressure of her arm could atone for the refusal.

"Pointed and purposeless," she denounced it mentally; but within a very few moments his purpose was revealed.

"Down to Connel first, Keith," he called out, as he pushed off his own boat and sprang lightly in.