

spoke in a rather excited way, as if his speech was more wordy than usual.

"Will you walk?" asked the other. "You will want to stretch your legs; and the trap has a circuit to make."

The two men started back upon the path across the moor.

The younger man's name was Henry Harvey. He was an artist. Although descended from a family of this neighborhood, he had never visited the place before. It was he who spoke.

"When my father and I met you in town you were so tremendously kind that I feel as if I must talk to you a bit about this affair. I hope it won't bore you; you see you know her so well; and about the place and everything. You see, theoretically I don't believe in being married by family arrangement, and neither, of course, does my cousin Alice; but we've had to write a good many letters to one another. Hang me if I'm not half bowled over, and I think Alice" —