

anxious surmises as to the future which might creep in upon her during the wakeful hours of the night. She would put them both carefully into her drawer, even as she put a bit of camphor there to keep away moths.

So she rose, with saddened eyes, and yet with something of a lighter heart; and in passing by the side-table she stopped—perhaps by inadvertence—to look at the basket of primroses which Harry Trelyon had sent her. She seemed surprised. Apparently missing something, she looked around and on the floor, to see that it had not fallen; and then she said to herself, “I suppose Mabyon has taken it for her hair.”

CHAPTER XX.

TINTAGEL'S WALLS.

WHAT was the matter with Harry Trelyon? His mother could not make out; and there never had been much confidence between them, so that she did not care to ask. But she watched; and she saw that he had, for the time at least, forsaken his accustomed haunts and ways, and become gloomy, silent, and self-possessed. Dick was left neglected in the stables; you no longer heard his rapid clatter along the highway, with the not over-melodious voice of his master singing “The Men of merry, merry England” or “The Young Chevalier.” The long and slender fishing-rod remained on the pegs in the hall, although you could hear the flop of the small burn trout of an evening when the flies were thick over the stream. The dogs were deprived of their accustomed runs; the horses had to be taken out for exercise by the groom; and the various and innumerable animals about the place missed their doses of alternate petting and teasing, all because Master Harry had chosen to shut himself up in his study.

The mother of the young man very soon discovered that her son was not devoting his hours of seclusion in that extraordinary museum of natural history to making trout-flies, stuffing birds, and arranging pinned butterflies in cases, as was his custom. These were not the occupations which now

kept Harry Trelyon up half the night. When she went in of a morning, before he was up, she found that he had been covering whole sheets of paper with careful copying out of passages taken at random from the volumes beside him. A Latin Grammar was ordinarily on the table—a book which the young gentleman had brought back from school pretty well free from thumb-marks. Occasionally a fencing foil lay among these evidences of study; while the small aquaria, the cases of stuffed animals with fancy backgrounds, and the numerous birdcages, had been thrust aside to give fair elbow-room. “Perhaps,” said Mrs. Trelyon to herself, with much satisfaction, “perhaps, after all, that good little girl has given him a hint about Parliament, and he is preparing himself.”

A few days of this seclusion, however, began to make the mother anxious; and so, one morning, she went into his room. He hastily turned over the sheet of paper on which he had been writing; then he looked up, not too well pleased.

“Harry, why do you stay indoors on such a beautiful morning? It is quite like summer.”

“Yes, I know,” he said indifferently. “I suppose we shall soon have a batch of parsons here: summer always brings them. They come out with the hot weather—like bluebottles.”

Mrs. Trelyon was disappointed; she thought Wenna Rosewarne had cured him of his insane dislike to clergymen—indeed, for many a day gone by he had kept respectfully silent on the subject.

“But we shall not ask them to come if you'd rather not,” she said, wishing to do all she could to encourage the reformation of his ways. “I think Mr. Barnes promised to visit us early in May; but he is only one.”

“And one is worse than a dozen. When there's a lot you can leave 'em to fight it out among themselves. But one—to have one stalking about an empty house, like a ghost dipped in ink! Why can't you ask anybody but clergymen, mother? There are whole lots of people would like to run down from London for a fortnight before getting into the thick of the season—there's the Pomeroy girls as good as offered to come.”

"But they can't come by themselves," Mrs. Trelyon said, with a feeble protest.

"Oh yes, they can; they're ugly enough to be safe anywhere. And why don't you get Juliott up? She'll be glad to get away from that old curmudgeon for a week. And you ought to ask the Trewhellas, mother and daughter, to dinner—that old fellow is not half a bad sort of fellow, although he's a clergyman."

"Harry," said his mother, interrupting him, "I'll fill the house, if that will please you; and you shall ask just whomsoever you please."

"All right," said he; "the place wants waking up."

"And then," said the mother, wishing to be still more gracious, "you might ask Miss Rosewarne to dine with us—she might come well enough, although Mr. Roscorla is not here."

A sort of gloom fell again over the young man's face.

"I can't ask her: you may if you like."

Mrs. Trelyon stared.

"What's the matter, Harry? Have you and she quarrelled? Why, I was going to ask you, if you were down in the village to-day, to say that I should like to see her."

"And how could I take such a message?" the young man said, rather warmly. "I don't think the girl should be ordered up to see you as if you were conferring a favour on her by joining in this scheme. She's very hard-worked; you have got plenty of time; you ought to call on her, and study her convenience, instead of making her trot all the way up here whenever you want to talk to her."

The pale and gentle woman was anxious not to give way to petulance just then.

"Well, you are quite right, Harry; it was thoughtless of me. I should like to go down and call on her this morning; but I have sent Jakes over to the blacksmith's, and I am afraid of that new lad."

"Oh, I will drive you down to the inn! I suppose among them they can put the horses to the waggonette," the young man said; and then Mrs. Trelyon went off to get ready.

It was a beautiful, fresh morning; the far-off line of the sea still and blue; the sunlight lighting up the wonderful

masses of primroses along the tall banks; the air sweet with the resinous odour of the gorse. Mrs. Trelyon looked with a gentle and childlike pleasure on all these things, and was fairly inclined to be friendly with the young gentleman beside her. But he was more than ordinarily silent and morose.

He spoke scarcely a word to her as the carriage rolled along the silent highways. He drove rapidly and carelessly down the steep thoroughfare of Eglosilyan, although there were plenty of loose stones about. Then he pulled sharply up in front of the inn; and George Rosewarne appeared.

"Mr. Rosewarne, let me introduce you to my mother. She wants to see Miss Wenna for a few moments, if she is not engaged."

Mr. Rosewarne took off his cap, assisted Mrs. Trelyon to alight, and then showed her the way into the house.

"Won't you come in, Harry?" his mother said.

"No."

A man had come out to the horses' heads.

"You leave 'em alone," said the young gentleman. "I shan't get down."

Mabyn came out, her bright young face full of welcome.

"How do you do, Mabyn?" he said, without offering to shake hands.

"Won't you come in for a minute?" she said, rather surprised.

"No, thank you. Don't you stay out in the cold; you've got nothing round your neck."

Mabyn went away without saying a word, but thinking that the coolness of the air was much less apparent than that of his manner and speech.

Being at length left to himself, he turned his attention to the horses before him; and eventually, to pass the time, took out his pocket-handkerchief and began to polish the silver on the handle of the whip. He was disturbed in this peaceful occupation by a very timid voice, which said, "Mr. Trelyon."

He turned round and found that Wenna's wistful face was looking up to him, with a look in it partly of friendliness, and partly of anxiety and entreaty.

"Mr. Trelyon," she said, with her eyes cast down, "I

think you are offended with me. I am very sorry. I beg your forgiveness."

The reins were fastened up in a minute, and he was down in the road beside her.

"Now look here, Wenna," he said. "What could you mean by treating me so unfairly? I don't mean in being vexed with me; but in shunting me off, as it were, instead of having it out at once. I don't think it was fair."

"I am very sorry," she said. "I think I was wrong; but you don't know what a girl feels about such things. Will you come into the inn?"

"And leave my horses? No," he said, good-naturedly. "But as soon as I can get that fellow out, I will; so you go in at once, and I'll follow you directly. And mind, Wenna, don't you be so silly again; or you and I may have a real quarrel. And I know that would break your heart."

The old familiar smile lit up her face again as she turned and went indoors; while he proceeded to summon an ostler by shouting his name at the pitch of his voice.

Meantime the small party of women assembled in the parlour were a trifle embarrassed; it was the first occasion on which the great lady of the neighbourhood had honoured the inn with a visit. She herself was merely quiet, gentle, and pleased; but Mrs. Rosewarne, with her fine eyes and her sensitive face quickened by the novel excitement, was all anxiety to amuse, and interest, and propitiate her distinguished guest. Mabyn, too, was rather shy and embarrassed; she said things hastily, and then seemed afraid of her interference. Wenna was scarcely at her ease, because she saw that her mother and sister were not; and she was very anxious, moreover, that these two should think well of Mrs. Trelyon and be disposed to like her.

The sudden appearance of a man, with a man's rough ways and loud voice, seemed to shake the feminine elements better together, and to clear the air of timid apprehensions and cautions. Harry Trelyon came into the room with quite a marked freshness and good-nature on his face. His mother was surprised: what had completely changed his manner in a couple of minutes?

"How are you, Mrs. Rosewarne?" he cried, in his off-hand fashion. "You oughtn't to be indoors on such a

morning, or we'll never get you well, you know; and the doctor will be sending you to Penzance or Devonport for a change. Well, Mabyn, have you convinced anybody yet that your farm labourers with their twelve shillings a week are better off than the slate-workers with their eighteen? You'd better take your sister's opinion on that point, and don't squabble with me. Mother, what's the use of sitting here? You bring Miss Wenna with you into the waggonette, and talk to her there about all your business affairs, and I'll take you for a drive. Come along! And, of course, I want somebody with me: will you come, Mrs. Rosewarne, or will Mabyn? You can't?—then Mabyn must. Go along, Mabyn, and put your best hat on, and make yourself uncommonly smart, and you shall be allowed to sit next the driver—that's me!"

And indeed he bundled the whole of them about until they were seated in the waggonette just as he had indicated; and away they went from the inn-door.

"And you think you are coming back in half an hour?" he said to his companion, who was very pleased and very proud to occupy such a place. "Oh no, you're not. You're a young and simple thing, Mabyn. These two behind us will go on talking now for any time about yards of calico, and crochet-needles, and twopenny subscriptions; while you and I, don't you see, are quietly driving them over to Tintagel—"

"Oh, Mr. Trelyon!" said Mabyn.

"You keep quiet. That isn't the half of what's going to befall you. I shall put up the horses at the inn; and I mean to take you all down to the beach for a scramble to improve your appetite; and at the said inn you shall have luncheon with me, if you're all very good and behave yourselves. Then we shall drive back just when we particularly please. Do you like the picture?"

"It is delightful—oh, I am sure Wenna will enjoy it!" Mabyn said. "But don't you think, Mr. Trelyon, that you might ask her to sit here? One sees better here than sitting sideways in a waggonette."

"They have their business affairs to settle."

"Yes," said Mabyn, petulantly, "that is what every one says: nobody expects Wenna ever to have a moment's

enjoyment to herself! Oh! here is old Uncle Cornish—he's a great friend of Wenna's—he will be dreadfully hurt if she passes him without saying a word."

"Then we must pull up and address Uncle Cornish. I believe he used to be the most thieving old ruffian of a poacher in this county."

There was a hale old man, of seventy or so, seated on a low wall in front of one of the gardens; his face shaded from the sunlight by a broad hat; his lean grey hands employed in buckling up the leather leggings that encased his spare calves. He got up when the horses stopped, and looked in rather a dazed fashion at the carriage.

"How do you do this morning, Mr. Cornish?" Wenna said.

"Why, now, to be sure!" the old man said, as if reproaching his own imperfect vision. "'Tis a fine marnin, Miss Wenna, and yū be agwoin for a drive."

"And how is your daughter-in-law, Mr. Cornish? Has she sold the pig yet?"

"Naw, she hasn't sold the pig. If yū be agwoin thrū Trevalga, Miss Wenna, just yū stop and have a look at that pig; yū'll be mazed to see en; 'tis many a year agone sence there has been such a pig by me. And perhaps yū'd take the laste bit o' refreshment, Miss Wenna, as yū go by; Jane would get yū a coop o' tay to once."

"Thank you, Mr. Cornish, I'll look in and see the pig some other time; to-day we shan't be going as far as Trevalga."

"Oh, won't you?" said Master Harry, in a low voice, as he drove on. "You'll be in Trevalga before you know where you are."

Which was literally the case. Wenna was so much engaged in her talk with Mrs. Trelyon that she did not notice how far away they were getting from Eglosilyan. But Mabyn and her companion knew. They were now on the high uplands by the coast, driving between banks which were starred with primroses, and stitchwort, and red dead-nettle, and a dozen other bright and tender-hued firstlings of the year. The sun was warm on the hedges and the fields, but a cool breeze blew about these lofty heights, and stirred Mabyn's splendid masses of hair as they drove rapidly along. Far over on their right, beyond the majestic

wall of cliff, lay the great blue plain of the sea; and there stood the bold brown masses of the Sisters Rocks, with a circle of white foam around their base. As they looked down into the south, the white light was so fierce that they could but faintly discern objects through it; but here and there they caught a glimpse of a square church tower, or of a few rude cottages clustered on the high plain, and these seemed to be of a transparent grey in the blinding glare of the sun.

Then suddenly in front of them they found a deep chasm, with the white road leading down into its cool shadows. There was the channel of a stream, with the rocks looking purple amid the bushes; here were rich meadows, with cattle standing deep in the grass and the daisies; and over there, on the other side, a strip of forest, with the sunlight shining along one side of the tall and dark green pines. As they drove down into this place, which is called the Rocky Valley, a magpie rose from one of the fields and flew up into the firs.

"That is sorrow," said Mabyn.

Another one rose and flew up to the same spot.

"And that is joy," she said, with her face brightening.

"Oh, but I saw another as we came to the brow of the hill, and that means a marriage!" her companion remarked to her.

"Oh no!" she said, quite eagerly. "I am sure there was no third one. I am certain there were only two. I am quite positive we only saw two."

"But why should you be so anxious?" Harry Trelyon said. "You know you ought to be looking forward to a marriage, and that is always a happy thing. Are you envious, Mabyn?"

The girl was silent for a moment or two. Then she said, with a sudden bitterness in her tone—

"Isn't it a fearful thing to have to be civil to people whom you hate? Isn't it?—when they come and establish a claim on you through some one you care for. You look at them—yes, you can look at them—and you've got to see them kiss some one that you love; and you wonder she doesn't rush away for a bit of caustic and cauterize the place, as you do when a mad dog bites you."

"Mabyn," said the young man beside her, "you are a most unchristian sort of person this morning. Who is it whom you hate in such a fashion? Will you take the reins while I walk up the hill?"

Mabyn's little burst of passion still burned in her cheeks, and gave a proud and angry look to her mouth; but she took the reins all the same; and her companion leaped to the ground. The banks on each side of the road going up this hill were tall and steep; here and there great masses of wild flowers were scattered among the grass and the gorse. From time to time he stooped and picked up a handful; until, when they had reached the high and level country again, he had brought together a very pretty bouquet of wild blossoms. When he got into his seat and took the reins, he carelessly gave the bouquet to Mabyn.

"Oh, how delightful!" she said; and then she turned round. "Wenna, are you very much engaged? Look at the charming bouquet Mr. Trelyon has gathered for you."

Wenna's quiet face flushed with pleasure when she took the flowers; and Mrs. Trelyon looked pleased, and said they were very pretty. She evidently thought that her son was greatly improved in his manners when he condescended to gather flowers to present to a girl. Nay, was he not at this moment devoting a whole morning of his precious time to the unaccustomed task of taking ladies for a drive? Mrs. Trelyon regarded Wenna with a friendly look, and began to take a greater liking than ever to that sensitive and expressive face, and to the quiet and earnest eyes.

"But, Mr. Trelyon," said Wenna, looking round, "hadn't we better turn? We shall be at Trevenna directly."

"Yes, you are quite right," said Master Harry. "You will be at Trevenna directly, and you are likely to be there for some time. For Mabyn and I have resolved to have luncheon there; and we are going down to Tintagel; and we shall most likely climb to King Arthur's Castle. Have you any objection?"

Wenna had none. The drive through the cool and bright day had braced up her spirits. She was glad to know that everything looked promising about this scheme

of hers. So she willingly surrendered herself to the holiday; and in due time they drove into the odd and remote little village, and pulled up in front of the inn.

As soon as the ostler had come to the horses' heads, the young gentleman who had been driving jumped down and assisted his three companions to alight; then he led the way into the inn. In the doorway stood a stranger—probably a commercial traveller—who, with his hands in his pockets, his legs apart, and a cigar in his mouth, had been visiting those three ladies with a very hearty stare as they got out of the carriage. Moreover, when they came to the doorway he did not budge an inch, nor did he take his cigar from his mouth; and so, as it had never been Harry Trelyon's fashion to sidle past any one, that young gentleman made straight for the middle of the passage, keeping his shoulders very square. The consequence was a collision. The imperturbable person with his hands in his pockets was sent staggering against the wall, while his cigar dropped on the stone.

"What the devil——!" he was beginning to say, when Trelyon got the three women past him and into the small parlour; then he went back.

"Did you wish to speak to me, sir? No, you didn't—I perceive you are a prudent person. Next time ladies pass you, you'd better take your cigar out of your mouth, or somebody'll destroy that two-pennyworth of tobacco for you. Good-morning."

Then he returned to the little parlour, to which a waitress had been summoned.

"Now, Jinny, pull yourself together and let's have something nice for luncheon—in an hour's time, sharp—you will, won't you? And how about that Sillery with the blue star—not the stuff with the gold head that some abandoned ruffian in Plymouth brews in his back garden. Well, now, can't you speak?"

"Yes, sir," said the bewildered maid.

"That's a good thing—a very good thing," said he, putting the shawls together on a sofa. "Don't you forget how to speak, until you get married. And don't let anybody come into this room. And you can let my man have his dinner and a pint of beer—oh! I forgot, I'm my own

man this morning, so you needn't go asking for him. Now, will you remember all these things?"

"Yes, sir; but what would you like for luncheon?"

"My good girl, we should like a thousand things for luncheon such as Tintagel never saw; but what you've got to do is to give us the nicest things you've got; do you see? I leave it entirely in your hands. Come along, young people."

And so he bundled his charges out again into the main street of the village; and somehow it happened that Mabyn addressed a timid remark to Mrs. Trelyon, and that Mrs. Trelyon, in answering it, stopped for a moment; so that Master Harry was sent to Wenna's side, and these two led the way down the wide thoroughfare. There were few people visible in the old-fashioned place; here and there an aged crone came out to the door of one of the rude stone cottages to look at the strangers. Overhead the sky was veiled with a thin fleece of white cloud; but the light was intense for all that; and, indeed, the colours of the objects around seemed all the more clear and marked.

"Well, Miss Wenna," said the young man, gaily, "how long are we to remain good friends? What is the next fault you will have to find with me? Or have you discovered something wrong already?"

"Oh no!" she said, with a quiet smile. "I am very good friends with you this morning. You have pleased your mother very much by bringing her for this drive."

"Oh, nonsense!" he said. "She might have as many drives as she chose; but presently you'll find a lot o' those parsons back at the house; and she'll take to her white gowns again, and the playing of the organ all the day long, and all that sham stuff. I tell you what it is: she never seems alive—she never seems to take any interest in anything—unless you're with her. Now you will see how the novelty of this luncheon-party in an inn will amuse her: but do you think she would care for it if she and I were here alone?"

"Perhaps you never tried?" Miss Wenna said gently.

"Perhaps I knew she wouldn't come. However, don't let's have a fight. I mean to be very civil to you to-day—I do, really."

"I am so much obliged to you," she said meekly. "But pray don't give yourself unnecessary trouble."

"Oh," said he, "I'd always be civil to you if you would treat me decently. But you say far more rude things than I do—in that soft way, you know, that looks as if it were all silk and honey. I do think you've awfully little consideration for human failings. If one goes wrong in the least thing—even in one's spelling—you say something that sounds as pleasant as possible, and all the same it transfixes you just as you stick a pin through a beetle. You are very hard, you are—I mean with those who would like to be friends with you. When it's mere strangers, and cottagers, and people of that sort, who don't care a brass farthing about you, then I believe you're all gentleness and kindness; but to your real friends—the edge of a saw is smooth compared to you."

"Am I so very harsh to my friends?" the young lady said, in a resigned way.

"Oh, well," he said, with some compunction; "I don't quite say that; but you could be much more pleasant if you liked, and a little more charitable to their faults. You know there are some who would give a great deal to win your approval; and perhaps when you find fault they are so disappointed that they think your words are sharper than you mean; and sometimes they think you might give them credit for trying to please you, at least."

"And who are these persons?" Wenna asked, with another smile stealing over her face.

"Oh," said he, rather shamefacedly, "there's no need to explain anything to you. You always see it before one need put it in words."

Well, perhaps it was in his manner, or in the tone of his voice, that there was something which seemed at this moment to touch her deeply; for she half turned, and looked up at his face with her honest and earnest eyes, and said to him in a kindly fashion—

"Yes, I do know without your telling me; and it makes me happy to hear you talk so; and if I am unjust to you, you must not think it intentional. And I shall try not to be so in the future."

Mrs. Trelyon was regarding with much favour the two

young people walking on in front of her. Whatever pleased her son pleased her; and she was glad to see him at once so light-hearted and attentive and considerate. Those two were chatting to each other in the friendliest manner; sometimes they stopped to pick up wild flowers; they were as two children together, under the fair summer skies.

They went down and along a narrow valley, until they suddenly stood in front of the sea, the green waters of which were surging in upon a small and lonely creek. What strange light was this that fell from the white skies above, rendering all the objects around them sharp in outline and intense in colour? The beach before them seemed of a pale lilac, where the green waves broke in a semicircle of foam. On their right some masses of ruddy rock jutted out into the water; and there were huge black caverns into which the waves dashed and roared. On their left and far above them towered a great and isolated rock, its precipitous sides scored here and there with twisted lines of red and yellow quartz; and on the summit of this bold headland, amid the dark green of the seagrass, they could see the dusky ruins—the crumbling walls, and doorways, and battlements—of the castle that is named in all the stories of King Arthur and his knights. The bridge across to the mainland has, in the course of centuries, fallen away; but there, on the other side of the wide chasm, were the ruins of the other portions of the castle, scarcely to be distinguished in parts from the grass-grown rocks. How long ago was it since Sir Tristram rode out here to the end of the world, to find the beautiful Isoulte awaiting him—she whom he had brought from Ireland as an unwilling bride to the old King Mark? And what of the joyous company of knights and ladies who once held high sport in the courtyard there? Trelyon, glancing shyly at his companion, could see that her eyes seemed centuries away from him. She was quite unconscious of his covertly staring at her; for she was absently looking at the high and bare precipices, the deserted slopes of dark seagrass, and the lonely and crumbling ruins. She was wondering whether the ghosts of those vanished people ever returned to this desolate headland, where they would find the world scarcely altered since they had left it. Did they come at night, when the land was

dark, and when the only light over the sea was that of the stars? If one were to steal hither at night, alone, and to sit down by the shore, might not one see strange things far overhead, or hear some sound other than the falling of the waves?

"Miss Wenna," he said—and she started suddenly—"are you bold enough to climb up to the castle? I know my mother would rather stay here."

She went with him mechanically. She followed him up the rude steps cut in the steep slopes of slate, holding his hand where that was necessary; but her head was so full of dreams, that she answered him when he spoke only with a vague Yes or No. When they descended again, they found that Mabyn had taken Mrs. Trelyon down to the beach, and had inveigled her into entering a huge cavern, or rather a natural tunnel, that went right through underneath the promontory on which the castle is built. They were in a sort of green-hued twilight, a scent of seaweed filling the damp air, and their voices raising an echo in the great hall of rock.

"I hope the climbing has not made you giddy," Mrs. Trelyon said, in her kind way, to Wenna, noticing that she was very silent and *distracte*.

"Oh no!" Mabyn said promptly. "She has been seeing ghosts. We always know when Wenna has been seeing ghosts. She remains so for hours."

And, indeed, she was rather more reserved than usual all during their walk back to luncheon, and while they were in the inn; and yet she was obviously very happy, and sometimes even amused by the childlike pleasure which Mrs. Trelyon seemed to obtain from these unwonted experiences.

"Well, now, mother," Master Harry said, "what are you going to do for me when I come of age next month? Fill the house with guests?—yes, you promised that—with not more than one parson to the dozen. And when they are all feasting, and gabbling, and missing the targets with their arrows, you'll slip quietly away; and I'll drive you and Miss Wenna over here; and you'll go and get your feet wet again in that cavern; and you'll come up here again, and have an elegant luncheon, just like this. Won't that do?"

"I don't quite know about the elegance of the luncheon; but I am sure our little excursion has been very pleasant. Don't you think so, Miss Rosewarne?" Mrs. Trelyon said.

"Indeed I do," said Wenna, with her big, dark eyes coming back from their trance.

"And here is another thing," remarked young Trelyon. "There's a picture I've seen of the heir coming of age—he's a horrid, self-sufficient young cad, but never mind—and it seems to be a day of general jollification. Can't I give a present to somebody? Well, I'm going to give it to a young lady, who never cares for anything but what she can give away again to somebody else; and it is—well, it is—why don't you guess, Mabyn?"

"I don't know what you mean to give Wenna," said Mabyn, naturally.

"Why, you silly, I mean to give her a dozen sewing-machines—a baker's dozen—thirteen—there! Oh! I heard you as you came along. It was all, '*Three sewing-machines will cost so much, and four sewing-machines will cost so much, and five sewing-machines will cost so much. And a penny a week from so many subscribers will be so much, and twopence a week from so many will be so much;*' and all this as if my mother could tell you how much twice two was. My arithmetic ain't very brilliant; but as for hers— And these you shall have, Miss Wenna—one baker's dozen of sewing-machines, as per order, duly delivered, carriage free; empty casks and bottles to be returned."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Trelyon," Wenna said—and all the dreams had gone straight out of her head so soon as this was mentioned—"but we can't possibly accept them. You know our scheme is to make the Sewing Club quite self-supporting—no charity."

"Oh, what stuff!" the young gentleman cried. "You know you will give all your labour and supervision for nothing—isn't that charity? And you know you will let off all sorts of people owing you subscriptions the moment some blessed baby falls ill. And you know you won't charge interest on all the outlay. But if you insist on paying me back for my sewing-machines out of the overwhelming profits at the end of next year, then I'll take the money. I'm not proud."

"Then we will take six sewing-machines from you, if you please, Mr. Trelyon, on those conditions," said Wenna, gravely. And Master Harry—with a look towards Mabyn which was just about as good as a wink—consented.

As they drove quietly back again to Eglosilyan, Mabyn had taken her former place by the driver, and found him uncommonly thoughtful. He answered her questions, but that was all; and it was so unusual to find Harry Trelyon in this mood, that she said to him—

"Mr. Trelyon, have you been seeing ghosts, too?"

He turned to her and said—

"I was thinking about something. Look here, Mabyn; did you ever know any one, or do you know any one, whose face is a sort of barometer to you? Suppose that you see her look pale and tired, or sad in any way, then down go your spirits, and you almost wish you had never been born. When you see her face brighten up, and get full of healthy colour, you feel glad enough to burst out singing, or go mad; anyhow, you know that everything's all right. What the weather is, what people may say about you, whatever else may happen to you, that's nothing: all you want to see is just that one person's face look perfectly radiant and perfectly happy, and nothing can touch you then. Did you ever know anybody like that?" he added, rather abruptly.

"Oh yes!" said Mabyn, in a low voice. "That is when you are in love with some one. And there is only one face in all the world that I look to for all these things: there is only one person I know who tells you openly and simply in her face all that affects her: and that is our Wenna. I suppose you have noticed that, Mr. Trelyon?"

But he did not make any answer.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONFESSION.

THE lad lay dreaming in the warm meadows, by the side of a small and rapid brook, the clear waters of which plashed and bubbled in the sunlight as they hurried past the brown stones. His fishing-rod lay near him, hidden in the long