

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PERILOUS TRUCE.

THE very stars in their courses seemed to fight for this young man.

No sooner had Wenna Rosewarne fled to her own room, there to think over in a wild and bewildered way all that had just happened, than her heart smote her sorely. She had not acted prudently. She had forgotten her self-respect. She ought to have forbidden him to come near her again—at least, until such time as this foolish fancy of his should have passed away and been forgotten.

How could she have parted with him so calmly, and led him to suppose that their former relations were unaltered? She looked back on the forced quietude of her manner, and was herself astonished. Now her heart was beating rapidly; her trembling fingers were unconsciously twisting and untwisting a bit of ribbon; her head seemed giddy with the recollection of that brief and strange interview. Then, somehow, she thought of the look on his face when she told him that henceforth they must be strangers to each other. It seemed hard that he should be badly used for what was, perhaps, no intentional fault. If anybody had been in fault, it was herself, in being blind to a possibility to which even her own sister had drawn her attention; and so the punishment ought to fall on her.

She would humble herself before Mr. Roscorla. She would force herself to be affectionate towards him in her letters. She would even write to Mabyn, and beg of her to take no notice of that angry remonstrance.

Then Wenna thought of her mother, and how she ought to tell her of all these things. But how could she? During the past day or two Mrs. Rosewarne had been at times singularly fretful and anxious. No letter had come from her husband. In vain did Wenna remind her that men were more careless of such small matters than women, and that it was too soon to expect her father to sit down and write. Mrs. Rosewarne sat brooding over her husband's

silence; then she would get up in an excited fashion and declare her intention of going straight back to Eglosilyan; and these fitful moods preyed on the health of the invalid. Ought Wenna to risk increasing her anxiety by telling her this strange tale? She would doubtless misunderstand it. She might be angry with Harry Trelyon. She would certainly be surprised that Wenna had given him permission to see her again—not knowing that the girl, in her forced composure, had been talking to him as if this avowal of his were of no great moment.

All the same Wenna had a secret fear that she had been imprudent in giving him this permission; and the most she could do now was to make his visits as few, short, and ceremonious as possible. She would avoid him by every means in her power; and the first thing was to make sure that he should not call on them again while they remained in Penzance.

So she went down to the small parlour in a much more equable frame of mind, though her heart was still throbbing in an unusual way. The moment she entered the room she saw that something had occurred to disturb her mother. Mrs. Rosewarne turned from the window, and there was an excited look in her eyes.

"Wenna," she said, hurriedly, "did you see that carriage? Did you see that woman? Who was with her? Did you see who was with her? I know it was she—not if I live a hundred years could I forget that—that devil in human shape!"

"Mother, I don't know what you mean," Wenna said, wholly aghast.

Her mother had gone to the window again, and she was saying to herself, hurriedly, and in a low voice—

"No, you don't know; you don't know—why should you know? That shameless creature! And to drive by here—she must have known I was here. Oh, the shamelessness of the woman!"

She turned to Wenna again.

"Wenna, I thought Mr. Trelyon was here. How long has he gone? I want to see him most particularly—most particularly, and only for a moment. He is sure to know all the strangers at his hotel, is he not? I want to ask

him some questions—Wenna, will you go at once and bid him come to see me for a moment?"

"Mother!" Wenna said—how could she go to the hotel with such a message?

"Well, send a note to him, Wenna—send a note by the girl downstairs. What harm is there in that?"

"Lie down then, mother," said the girl calmly, "and I will send a message to Mr. Trelyon."

She drew her chair to the table, and her cheeks crimsoned to think of what he might imagine this letter to mean when he got the envelope in his hands. Her fingers trembled as she wrote the date at the head of the note. Then she came to the word "Dear," and it seemed to her that if shame were a punishment, she was doing sufficient penance for her indiscretion of that morning. Yet the note was not a compromising one. It merely said, "Dear Mr. Trelyon,—If you have a moment to spare, my mother would be most obliged to you if you would call on her. I hope you will forgive the trouble.—Yours sincerely, Wenna Rosewarne."

When the young man got that note—he was just entering the hotel when the servant arrived—he stared with surprise. He told the girl he would call on Mrs. Rosewarne directly. Then he followed her.

He never for a moment doubted that this note had reference to his own affairs. Wenna had told her mother what had happened. The mother wished to see him to ask him to cease visiting them. Well, he was prepared for that. He would ask Wenna to leave the room. He would attack the mother boldly, and tell her what he thought of Mr. Roscorla. He would appeal to her to save her daughter from the impending marriage. He would win her over to be his secret ally and friend; and while nothing should be done precipitately to alarm Wenna or arouse her suspicions, might not these two carry the citadel of her heart in time, and hand over the keys to the rightful lord? It was a pleasant speculation; it was at least marked by that audacity that never wholly forsook Master Harry Trelyon. Of course, he was the rightful lord; ready to bid all false claimants, rivals, and pretenders beware.

And yet, as he walked up to the house, some little tremor of anxiety crept into his heart. It was no mere game of

brag in which he was engaged. As he went into the parlour, Wenna stepped quietly by him, her eyes downcast; and he knew that all he cared to look forward to in the world depended on the decision of that quiet little person with the sensitive mouth and the earnest eyes. Fighting was not of much use there.

"Well, Mrs. Rosewarne," he said, rather shame-facedly, "I suppose you mean to scold me?"

Her answer surprised him. She took no heed of his remark, but in a vehement, excited way, began to ask him questions about a woman whom she described. He stared at her.

"I hope you don't know anything about that elegant creature?" he said.

She did not wholly tell him the story, but left him to guess at some portions of it; and then she demanded to know all about the woman and her companion, and how long they had been in Penzance, and where they were going? Master Harry was by chance able to reply to certain of her questions. The answers comforted her greatly. Was he quite sure that she was married? What was her husband's name? She was no longer Mrs. Shirley? Would he find out all he could? Would he forgive her asking him to take all this trouble; and would he promise to say no word about it to Wenna?

When all this had been said and done, the young man felt himself considerably embarrassed. Was there to be no mention of his own affairs? So far from remonstrating with him and forbidding him the house, Mrs. Rosewarne was almost effusively grateful to him, and could only beg him a thousand times not to mention the subject to her daughter.

"Oh, of course not," said he, rather bewildered. "But—but I thought from the way in which she left the room that—that perhaps I had offended her."

"Oh no, I am sure that is not the case," said Mrs. Rosewarne, and she immediately went and called Wenna, who came into the room with rather an anxious look on her face, but she immediately perceived the change in her mother's mood. The demon of suspicion and jealousy had been as suddenly exorcised as it had been summoned. Mrs.

Rosewarne's fine eyes were lit by quite a new brightness and gaiety of spirits. She bade Wenna declare what fearful cause of offence Mr. Trelyon had given; and laughed when the young man, blushing somewhat, hastily assured both of them that it was all a stupid mistake of his own.

"Oh yes," Wenna said, rather nervously, "it is a mistake. I am sure you have given me no offence at all, Mr. Trelyon."

It was an embarrassing moment for two, at least, out of these three persons; and Mrs. Rosewarne, in her abundant good-nature, could not understand their awkward silence. Wenna was apparently looking out of the window at the bright blue bay and the boats; and yet the girl was not ordinarily so occupied when Mr. Trelyon was present. As for him, he had got his hat in his hands; he seemed to be much concerned about it, or about his boots; one did not often find Harry Trelyon actually showing shyness.

At last he said, desperately—

"Mrs. Rosewarne, perhaps you would go out for a sail in the afternoon? I could get you a nice little yacht, and some rods and lines. Won't you?"

Mrs. Rosewarne was in a kindly humour. She said she would be very glad to go, for Wenna was growing tired of always sitting by the window. This would be some little variety for her.

"I hope you won't consider me, mother," said the young lady quickly, and with some asperity. "I am quite pleased to sit by the window—I could do so always. And it is very wrong of us to take up so much of Mr. Trelyon's time."

"Because Mr. Trelyon's time is of so much use to him," said that young man, with a laugh; and then he told them when to expect him in the afternoon, and went his way.

He was in much better spirits when he went out. He whistled as he went. The plash of the blue sea all along the shingle seemed to have a sort of laugh in it; he was in love with Penzance and all its beautiful neighbourhood. Once again, he was saying to himself, he would spend a quiet and delightful afternoon with Wenna Rosewarne, even if that were to be the last. He would surrender himself to the gentle intoxication of her presence. He would get a glimpse, from time to time, of her dark eyes when

she was looking wistfully and absently over the sea. It was no breach of the implied contract with her that he should have seized this occasion. He had been sent for. And if it was necessary that he should abstain from seeing her for any great length of time, why this single afternoon would not make much difference. Afterwards, he would obey her wishes in any manner she pleased.

He walked into the hotel. There was a gentleman standing in the hall, whose acquaintance Master Harry had condescended to make. He was a person of much money, uncertain grammar, and oppressive generosity; he wore a frilled shirt and diamond studs, and he had such a vast admiration for this handsome, careless, and somewhat rude young man, that he would have been very glad had Mr. Trelyon dined with him every evening, and taken the trouble to win any reasonable amount of money of him at billiards afterwards. Mr. Trelyon had not as yet graced his table.

"Oh, Grainger," said the young man, "I want to speak to you. Will you dine with me to-night at eight?"

"No, no, no," said Mr. Grainger, shaking his head in humble protest, "that isn't fair. You dine with me. It ain't the first or the second time of asking either."

"But look here," said Trelyon, "I've got lots more to ask of you. I want you to lend me that little cutter of yours for the afternoon; will you? You send your man on board to see she's all right, and I'll pull out to her in about half-an-hour's time. You'll do that, won't you, like a good fellow?"

Mr. Grainger was not only willing to lend the yacht, but also his own services, to see that she properly received so distinguished a guest; whereupon Trelyon had to explain that he wanted the small craft merely to give a couple of ladies a sail for an hour or so. Then Mr. Grainger would have his man instructed to let the ladies have some tea on board; and he would give Master Harry the key of certain receptacles, in which he would find cans of preserved meat, fancy biscuits, jam, and even a few bottles of dry Sillery; finally he would immediately hurry off to see about fishing-rods. Trelyon had to acknowledge to himself that this worthy person deserved the best dinner that the hotel could produce.

In the afternoon he walked along to fetch Mrs. Rosewarne and her daughter, his face bright with expectation. Mrs. Rosewarne was dressed and ready when he went in; but she said—

"I am afraid I can't go, Mr. Trelyon. Wenna says she is a little tired, and would rather stay at home."

"Wenna, that isn't fair," he said, obviously hurt. "You ought to make some little effort when you know it will do your mother good. And it will do you good too, if only you make up your mind to go."

She hesitated for a moment; she saw that her mother was disappointed. Then, without a word, she went and put on her hat and shawl.

"Well," he said, approvingly, "you are very reasonable, and very obedient. But we can't have you go with us with such a face as that. People would say we were going to a funeral."

A shy smile came over the gentle features, and she turned aside.

"And we can't have you pretend that we forced you to go. If we go at all, you must lead the way."

"You would tease the life out of a saint!" she said, with a vexed and embarrassed laugh, and then she marched out before them, very glad to be able to conceal her heightened colour.

But much of her reserve vanished when they had set sail, and when the small cutter was beginning to make way through the light and plashing waves. Wenna's face brightened. She no longer let her two companions talk exclusively to each other. She began to show a great curiosity about the little yacht; she grew anxious to have the lines flung out; no words of hers could express her admiration for the beauty of the afternoon and of the scene around her.

"Now, are you glad you came out?" he said to her.

"Yes," she answered shyly.

"And you'll take my advice another time?"

"Do you ever take any one's advice?" she said, venturing to look up.

"Yes, certainly," he answered, "when it agrees with my own inclination. Who ever does any more than that?"

They were now a good bit away from land.

"Skipper," said Trelyon to Mr. Grainger's man, "we'll put her about now, and let her drift. Here is a cigar for you; you can take it up to the bow and smoke it, and keep a good look-out for the sea-serpent."

By this arrangement they obtained, as they sat and idly talked, an excellent view of all the land around the bay, and of the pale, clear sunset shining in the western skies. They lay almost motionless in the lapping water; the light breeze scarcely stirred the loose canvas. From time to time they could hear a sound of calling or laughing from the distant fishing-boats; and that only seemed to increase the silence around them.

It was an evening that invited to repose and reverie; there were not even the usual fiery colours of the sunset to arouse and fix attention by their rapidly changing and glowing hues. The town itself, lying darkly all around the sweep of the bay, was dusky and distant; elsewhere all the world seemed to be flooded with the silver light coming over from behind the western hills. The sky was of the palest blue; the long mackerel clouds that stretched across were of the faintest yellow and lightest grey; and into that shining grey rose the black stems of the trees that were just over the outline of these low heights. St. Michael's Mount had its summit touched by the pale glow; the rest of the giant rock and the far stretches of sea around it were grey with mist. But close by the boat there was a sharper light on the lapping waves and on the tall spars; while it was warm enough to heighten the colour on Wenna's face as she sat and looked silently at the great and open world around her.

They were drifting in more ways than one. Wenna almost forgot what had occurred in the morning. She was so pleased to see her mother pleased, that she talked quite unreservedly to the young man who had wrought the change, and was ready to believe all that Mrs. Rosewarne said in private about his being so delightful and cheerful a companion. As for him, he was determined to profit by this last opportunity. If the strict rules of honour demanded that Mr. Roscorla should have fair play—or if Wenna wished him to absent himself, which was of more consequence than Mr. Roscorla's interests—he would make his

visits few and formal; but in the mean time, at least, they would have this one pleasant afternoon together. Sometimes, it is true, he rebelled against the uncertain pledge he had given her. Why should he not seek to win her? What had the strict rules of honour to do with the prospect of a young girl allowing herself to be sacrificed, while here he was able and willing to snatch her away from her fate?

"How fond you are of the sea and of boats!" he said to her. "Sometimes I think I shall have a big schooner yacht built for myself, and take her to the Mediterranean, going from place to place just as one took the fancy. But it would be very dull by yourself, wouldn't it, even if you had a dozen men on board? What you want is to have a small party all very friendly with each other, and at night you would sit up on deck and sing songs. And I think you would like those old-fashioned songs that you sing, Miss Wenna, all the better for hearing them so far away from home—at least, I should; but then I'm an outer barbarian. I think you, now, would be delighted with the grand music abroad—with the operas, you know, and all that. I've had to knock about these places with people; but I don't care about it. I would rather hear 'Norah, the Pride of Kildare,' or 'The Maid of Llangollen'—because, I suppose, these young women are more in my line. You see, I shouldn't care to make the acquaintance of a gorgeous creature with black hair and a train of yellow satin half a mile long, who tosses up a gilt goblet when she sings a drinking-song, and then gets into a frightful passion about what you don't understand. Wouldn't you rather meet the 'Maid of Llangollen' coming along a country road—coming in by Marazion over there, for example, with a bright print dress all smelling of lavender, and a basket of fresh eggs over her arm? Well—what was I saying? Oh yes! don't you think if you were away in the Adriatic, and sitting up on deck at night, you would make the people have a quiet cry when you sang 'Home, sweet home'? The words are rather silly, aren't they? But they make you think of such a lot if you hear them abroad."

"And when are you going away this year, Mr. Trelyon?" Wenna said, looking down.

"Oh, I don't know," he said cheerfully; he would have no question of his going away interfere with the happiness of the present moment.

At length, however, they had to bethink themselves of getting back, for the western skies were deepening in colour, and the evening air was growing chill. They ran the small cutter back to her moorings; then they put off in the small boat for the shore. It was a beautiful, quiet evening. Wenna, who had taken off her glove and was allowing her bare hand to drag through the rippling water, seemed to be lost in distant and idle fancies not altogether of a melancholy nature.

"Wenna," her mother said, "you will get your hand perfectly chilled."

The girl drew back her hand, and shook the water off her dripping fingers. Then she uttered a slight cry.

"My ring!" she said, looking with absolute fright at her hand and then at the sea.

Of course, they stopped the boat instantly; but all they could do was to stare at the clear dark water. The distress of the girl was beyond expression. This was no ordinary trinket that had been lost; it was a gage of plighted affection given her by one now far away, and in his absence she had carelessly flung it into the sea. She had no fear of omens, as her sister had; but surely, of all things in the world, she ought to have treasured up this ring. In spite of herself, tears sprang to her eyes. Her mother in vain attempted to make light of the loss. And then at last Harry Trelyon, driven almost beside himself by seeing the girl so plunged in grief, hit upon a wild fashion of consoling her.

"Wenna," he said, "don't disturb yourself! Why, we can easily get you the ring. Look at the rocks there—a long bank of smooth sand slopes out from them, and your ring is quietly lying upon the sand. There is nothing easier than to get it up with a dredging-machine—I will undertake to let you have it by to-morrow afternoon."

Mrs. Rosewarne thought he was joking; but he effectually persuaded Wenna, at all events, that she should have her ring next day. Then he discovered that he would be just in time to catch the half-past six train to Plymouth

where he would get the proper apparatus, and return in the morning.

"It was a pretty ring," said he. "There were six stones in it, weren't there?"

"Five," she said; so much she knew, though it must be confessed she had not studied that token of Mr. Roscorla's affection with the earnest solicitude which most young ladies bestow on the first gift of their lover.

Trelyon jumped into a fly, and drove off to the station, where he sent back an apology to Mr. Grainger. Wenna went home more perturbed than she had been for many a day, and that not solely on account of the lost ring.

Everything seemed to conspire against her, and keep her from carrying out her honourable resolutions. That sail in the afternoon she could not well have avoided; but she had determined to take some opportunity of begging Mr. Trelyon not to visit them again while they remained in Penzance. Now, however, he was coming next day; and whether or not he was successful in his quest after the missing ring, would she not have to show herself abundantly grateful for all his kindness?

In putting away her gloves, she came upon a letter of Mr. Roscorla, which she had not yet answered. She shivered slightly; the handwriting on the envelope seemed to reproach her. And yet something of a rebellious spirit rose in her against this imaginary accusation; and she grew angry that she was called upon to serve this harsh and inconsiderate taskmaster, and give him explanations which humiliated her. He had no right to ask questions about Mr. Trelyon. He ought not to have listened to idle gossip. He should have had sufficient faith in her promised word; and if he only knew the torture of doubt and anxiety she was suffering on his behalf—

She did not pursue these speculations further; but it was well with Mr. Roscorla that she did not at that moment sit down and answer his letter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FURTHER ENTANGLEMENTS.

"MOTHER," said Wenna, that night, "what vexed you so this morning? Who was the woman who went by?"

"Don't ask me, Wenna," the mother said, rather uneasily. "It would do you no good to know. And you must not speak of that woman—she is too horrid a creature to be mentioned by a young girl ever."

Wenna looked surprised; and then she said, warmly—

"And if she is so, mother, how could you ask Mr. Trelyon to have anything to do with her? Why should you send for him? Why should he be spoken to about her?"

"Mr. Trelyon!" her mother said, impatiently. "You seem to have no thought now for anybody but Mr. Trelyon. Surely the young man can take care of himself."

The reproof was just; the justice of it was its sting. She was indeed thinking too much about the young man, and her mother was right in saying so; but who was to understand the extreme anxiety that possessed her to bring these dangerous relations to an end?

On the following afternoon Wenna, sitting alone at the window, heard Trelyon enter below. The young person who had charge of such matters allowed him to go up the stairs and announce himself as a matter of course. He tapped at the door, and came into the room.

"Where's your mother, Wenna? The girl said she was here. However, never mind—I've brought you something that will astonish you. What do you think of that?"

She scarcely looked at the ring, so great was her embarrassment. That the present of one lover should be brought back to her by another was an awkward, almost a humiliating, circumstance. Yet she was glad as well as ashamed.

"Oh, Mr. Trelyon, how can I thank you?" she said, in her low, earnest voice. "All you seem to care for is to make other people happy—and the trouble you have taken too!"

She forgot to look at the ring—even when he pointed

out how the washing of the sea had made it bright. She never asked about the dredging. Indeed, she was evidently disinclined to speak of this matter in any way, and kept the finger with the ring on it out of sight.

"Mr. Trelyon," she said then, with equal steadiness of voice, "I am going to ask something more from you; and I am sure you will not refuse it—"

"I know," said he, hastily, "and let me have the first word. I have been thinking over our position, during this trip to Plymouth and back. Well, I think I have become a nuisance to you—wait a bit, let me say my say in my own way—I can see that I only embarrass you when I call on you, and that the permission you give me is only leading to awkwardness and discomfort. Mind, I don't think you are acting fairly to yourself or to me in forbidding me to mention again what I told you. I know you're wrong. You should let me show you what sort of a life lies before you—but there, I promised to keep clear of that. Well, I will do what you like; and if you'd rather have me stay away altogether, I will do that. I don't want to be a nuisance to you. But mind this, Wenna, I do it because you wish it—I don't do it because I think any man is bound to respect an engagement which—which—which, in fact, he doesn't respect—"

His eloquence broke down; but his meaning was clear. He stood there before her, ready to accept her decision with all meekness and obedience; but giving her frankly to understand that he did not any the more countenance or consider as a binding thing her engagement to Mr. Roscorla.

"Mind you," he said, "I am not quite as indifferent about all this as I look. It isn't the way of our family to put their hands in their pockets and wait for orders. But I can't fight with you. Many a time I wish there was a man in the case—then he and I might have it out: but as it is, I suppose I have got to do what you say, Wenna, and that's the long and the short of it."

She did not hesitate. She went forward and offered him her hand; and with her frank eyes looking him in the face, she said—

"You have said what I wished to say, and I feared I

had not the courage to say it. Now you are acting bravely. Perhaps at some future time we may become friends again—oh yes, and I do hope that!—but in the mean time you will treat me as if I were a stranger to you!"

"That is quite impossible," said he, decisively. "You ask too much, Wenna."

"Would not that be the simpler way?" she said, looking at him again with the frank and earnest eyes; and he knew she was right.

"And the length of time?" he said.

"Until Mr. Roscorla comes home again, at all events," she said.

She had touched an angry chord.

"What has he to do with us?" the young man said, almost fiercely. "I refuse to have him come in as arbiter or in any way whatever. Let him mind his own business; and I can tell you, when he and I come to talk over this engagement of yours—"

"You promised not to speak of that," she said quietly, and he instantly ceased.

"Well, Wenna," he said, after a minute or two, "I think you ask too much; but you must have it your own way. I won't annoy you and drive you into a corner—you may depend on that. But to be perfect strangers for an indefinite time!—then you won't speak to me when I see you passing to church?"

"Oh yes," she said, looking down; "I did not mean strangers like that."

"And I thought," said he, with something more than disappointment in his face, "that when I proposed to—to relieve you from my visits, you would at least let us have one more afternoon together—only one—for a drive, you know. It would be nothing to you—it would be something for me to remember—"

She would not recognize the fact, but for a brief moment his under lip quivered; and somehow she seemed to know it, though she dared not look up to his face.

"One afternoon—only one, to-morrow—next day, Wenna? Surely you cannot refuse me that?"

Then, looking at her with a great compassion in his eyes, he suddenly altered his tone.

"I think I ought to be hanged," he said in a vexed way. "You are the only person in the world I care for, and every time I see you I plunge you into trouble. Well, this is the last time. Good-bye, Wenna!"

Almost involuntarily she put out her hand; but it was with the least perceptible gesture to bid him remain. Then she went past him; and there were tears running down her face.

"If—if you will wait a moment," she said, I will see if mamma and I can go with you to-morrow afternoon."

She went out and he was left alone. Each word that she had uttered had pierced his heart; but which did he feel the more deeply—remorse that he should have insisted on this slight and useless concession, or bitter rage against the circumstances that environed them, and the man who was altogether responsible for these? There was now at least one person in the world who greatly longed for the return of Mr. Roscorla.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FAREWELL!

"YES, it is true," the young man said, next morning, to his cousin, "this is the last time I shall see her for many a day."

He was standing with his back to her, moodily staring out of the window.

"Well, Harry," his cousin said, gently enough, "you won't be hurt if I say it is a very good thing? I am glad to see you have so much patience and reasonableness. Indeed, I think Miss Rosewarne has very much improved you in that respect; and it is very good advice she has given you now."

"Oh yes, it is all very well to talk!" he said impatiently. "Common sense is precious easy when you are quite indifferent. Of course, she is quite indifferent, and she says, 'Don't trouble me!' What can one do but go? But if she was not so indifferent——"

He turned suddenly.

"Jue, you can't tell what trouble I am in! Do you

know that sometimes I have fancied she was not quite so indifferent—I have had the cheek to think so from one or two things she said—and then, if that were so, it is enough to drive one mad to think of leaving her. How could I leave her, Jue? If any one cared for you, would you quietly sneak off in order to consult your own comfort and convenience? Would you be patient and reasonable then?"

"Harry, don't talk in that excited way. Listen. She does not ask you to go away for your sake, but for hers."

"For her sake?" he repeated, staring. "If she is indifferent, how can that matter to her? Well, I suppose I am a nuisance to her—as much as I am to myself. There it is. I am an interloper."

"My poor boy," his cousin said, with a kindly smile, "you don't know your own mind two minutes running. During this past week you have been blown about by all sorts of contrary winds of opinion and fancy. Sometimes you thought she cared for you—sometimes no. Sometimes you thought it a shame to interfere with Mr. Roscorla; then again you grew indignant and would have slaughtered him. Now you don't know whether you ought to go away or stop to persecute her. Don't you think she is the best judge?"

"No, I don't," he said. "I think she is no judge of what is best for her, because she never thinks of that. She wants somebody by her to insist on her being properly selfish."

"That would be a pretty lesson."

"A necessary one, anyhow, with some women, I can tell you. But I suppose I must go, as she says. I couldn't bear meeting her about Eglosilyan, and be scarcely allowed to speak to her. Then when that hideous little beast comes back from Jamaica, fancy seeing them walk about together! I must cut the whole place. I shall go into the army—it's the profession open to a fool like me, and they say it won't be long open either. When I come back, Jue, I suppose you'll be Mrs. Tressider."

"I am very sorry," his cousin said, not heeding the reference to herself; "I never expected to see you so deep in trouble, Harry. But you have youth and good spirits on your side: you will get over it."