

“ Now, what a shame that is, I do believe you would rather he had it than me, Constance; I don't think that's very civil of you; but if you could see him I don't believe you would like him, he's such a stupid-looking fellow, and always holds his head down, and if he's spoken to he starts and says, 'What did you say, I didn't hear you?' He seems always to be thinking of something else. But, I say, Connie; it's getting late, we must turn back.”

They had nearly reached the village again, when they heard the sound of wheels coming close to them. It was a shabby-looking gig, and contained a man who was driving and a boy who sat beside him, with a small trunk strapped on in front. As it passed them, Ernest looked up, and his eyes met those of Arthur Forrester.

He whispered this to Connie, and the boy seeing himself recognised, nodded coldly to Ernest, colouring deeply as he did so, and looking away directly.