

# Kathy

By Oswald Sickert

AT a little after nine o'clock one evening towards the end of August, Mrs. Lee-Martin, her daughters Eva and Clara, her niece, Katharine Shinner, and a kind of cousin, Huddleston, were all sitting in the vestibule attached to the ball-room of the Dieppe Casino. A waltz had just been played, and the next dance was the "Berline," an invention of the dancing master's which the Lee-Martins did not know, so they had an interval for watching and discussing the people.

They had been in Dieppe a week, and the chief object of their discussions was a young man of twenty, a Mr. Reynolds, whom they all disliked. He was not tall, he had dark brown curly hair which parted well in the middle, a taming face with clear complexion and clean features; he dived and danced admirably; he was always exquisitely dressed, his manners were easy, and he was a great favourite with his partners. Eva and Clara had quarrelled with everything about him, including his long brown overcoat with a waist, which was so effeminate. Huddleston, who dressed very quietly, generously defended him. Mrs. Lee-Martin did not fancy the style of some of the girls with whom Reynolds danced, and she was just as well pleased her girls did not like him.

Kathy exceeded the rest of the party in her objection to  
Reynolds;

Reynolds ; indeed she felt so strongly on the subject that she could not bring herself to join in the perpetual discussions of his faults, vexed that her two grown-up cousins should talk so much of him—he was so very far removed from her ideal of what a man should be. And now she talked to her aunt rather than watch him dancing the “Berline.” She was an orphan and just sixteen, very sensitive, sometimes a little oppressed by her position as guest of the Lee-Martins, a poor relation with no particular prospects ; though she was wise enough to see that they gave her no reason for this feeling, probably never thought about her position except with the wish to help freely and gaily. But she was altogether sensitive and troubled by a pride which had come upon her early.

Meanwhile Reynolds was saying to himself every five minutes : “I really must dance with the younger Miss Lee-Martin to-night.”

He had been settled in Dieppe a good fortnight when the Lee-Martins arrived, and so he had not thought it his duty to dance with the girls after his first introduction at the tennis-club. They were to his mind unnecessarily English : they walked about all day in men’s straw hats, the eternal shirt or blouse and serge skirt. However, he had played in a set with Clara that afternoon, so he really would have to dance with her.

He was thoroughly enjoying his stay in Dieppe ; it was his first independent outing, and everything, including his overcoat, had been successful. The first time he went out in it he had felt shy : it was just the latest thing, and he hardly knew yet whether he was the kind of person who could afford to dress fashionably. However, it had turned out all right. He especially liked the way in which the brown sleeve sat over the white shirt cuff, and contrasted with the dress gloves when he wore the coat in the evening. He had been in Dieppe many times before ; but he  
had

had not done the whole business properly, and he was delighted to find that he had fallen on his feet, that he could do all that was wanted as well as or better than any one else, and that therefore he was in request everywhere. He had never been so unreservedly light-hearted, so filled with the joy of existence.

He had danced the first dances with his usual partners, for he always put off a change ; but at last he came round to the Lee-Martins' corner, and asked Clara for a dance. Kathy was sitting behind her, intensely interested ; Clara had a good chance now of being distant to him.

"I'm sorry I'm engaged for the next, and after that comes the entr'acte, and we don't stay for the second part."

Kathy was filled with glee at the answer ; but she did not think Clara looked very happy as Reynolds walked away and her partner came to fetch her, and she was decidedly silent walking back to the hotel.

At the next ball, Clara bowed and smiled so charmingly to Reynolds right at the beginning of the evening that he immediately asked her for a dance, and Kathy was shocked to see her start off with him in evident delight. She watched them dancing. Reynolds had conquered.

When the waltz was over and Reynolds brought Clara to her seat again, he was begging her to stay after the entr'acte—then was the best time. Towards the end of the evening the room became empty, and only the superior people stayed. Clara turned round and looked at her mother while Reynolds stood in front of her.

"I don't know whether mother would care to stay."

"Oh, I think we had better go back, dear ; we shall be so late."

But Kathy knew the opposition would not last for ever, and at  
the

the next ball the party stayed on till the end. Kathy, thinking she might be an obstacle—her aunt would certainly wish her to go to bed before eleven—suggested of her own accord that Huddleston should see her back to the hotel after the first part. She felt as if Huddleston were being wronged by Clara's sudden conversion to Reynolds. Till now he had been the mainstay of the three girls at the balls, dancing regularly with them all; he had not even troubled to be introduced to any other partners, although there were plenty to be had. It was true he did not dance well, but he was such a good honest fellow, unselfish and simple. He had always been about with them, and they were grateful, for it is agreeable to have a cavalier. He was well-intentioned and equally polite to all four ladies; but Clara was the more charming of the two sisters, and it was evidently she who made their company pleasant to him. Now Kathy saw that he would continue to do everything he could for them; but that Reynolds might step in at any moment and perform the pleasanter duties. So she talked cheerfully to Huddleston during their walk back to the hotel, making him tell her about his plans and the kind of work he would like to do when he was ordained.

Reynolds had been surprised to find that Clara Lee-Martin danced well, better than any of his former partners; and instead of being bored with his duty, he danced with her more and more, found that she was pretty, and that she liked his company. So he saw a great deal of her, bathed with her, and made her come to the end of the wooden pier and dive off instead of going into the water from the beach, sat near the Lee-Martins at concerts, and went with them to eat cakes at all the confectioners down the Grande Rue. They still talked of Reynolds a good deal, but no longer with disapproval. Clara would repeat his good stories, and they would wonder what his people were like: his father and

and mother were at Carlsbad, two elder brothers fishing in Norway, and they were all to meet in Paris towards the end of September.

On the Sunday, ten days after their first dance, Reynolds was wondering at lunch-time whether he should be able to find Clara Lee-Martin anywhere in the afternoon. She would probably be going out for a walk, and he might join her. Sunday managed to be rather a blank day, even in Dieppe, chiefly because most of the English colony would not dance in the evening, and as Reynolds did not go to either of the churches, he never knew where the people had got to. He felt shy of walking into the hotel to ask for her; but she was often on the balcony outside her window, and anyhow, if she were going out, he could watch for her. After waiting about near the hotel for a quarter of an hour, thinking what a fool he was to cling to so small a chance, she appeared at her window. He walked back quickly towards the hotel and saluted her, and then came up close under the balcony.

“Are you going for a walk this afternoon?”

“Yes, we’re going to Pourville.”

“Might I come with you?”

She nodded her head, smiling, and went in. Reynolds moved away and looked at a bicycle shop further on. That was a piece of good luck! He imagined how empty he would have felt all the afternoon if chance had not turned so well and given him the occupation he wished for. After a few minutes Huddleston appeared from the hotel and sat down at one of the little iron tables. Reynolds was doubtful what to do; he thought Huddleston probably did not approve of him, and probably too he would not be over pleased to know that he was going to join them; but it seemed too silly to roam about close to him and say nothing, and he was in good spirits and well-intentioned towards everyone,

so he went up to him and began talking pleasantly. Soon he saw Clara coming downstairs, she was turning her head back, calling out something to her sister. She smiled when she saw Reynolds, went to the edge of the pavement to look at the sky, and asked Huddleston his opinion on the weather, which he gave as an authority. Her mother was going to call on the English curate's wife. Eva and Kathy came out together. Kathy was disgusted to see that Reynolds had calmly made himself one of the party.

Through the town and up the Faubourg they walked all pretty evenly together ; but when they reached the division in the road, where the houses stop, and the short cut goes straight up, narrow and overhung with trees, the party divided naturally ; Huddleston walked in front with Eva and Kathy, and Reynolds a few feet behind with Clara. Kathy was angrier than ever ; poor, manly, honest Huddleston had only two more days in Dieppe and this fop had appropriated Clara. Reynolds was chattering and Clara laughing incessantly. He talked of parents and their ways till Clara had to stand still for laughing ; then of schoolmasters, and Kathy would have laughed herself as she overheard him, if she had not been so angry and so sorry for Huddleston—he was talking with Eva about the train service between London and Haslemere. Reynolds evidently overheard them, for he began an absurd description of Waterloo station and its difficulties ; there seemed no end to his drivel—indeed Reynolds was in very good spirits.

They reached the top of the hill and walked on the high road a few hundred yards till Reynolds said from behind that they must go by the cliff, so they turned off the road to the right. Reynolds declared that it was one of the most exhilarating and inspiring spots in the world, and made Clara stand still and look about her. Of course every one knew that the cliff path to Pourville was  
lovely,

lovely, and it was just like Reynolds' impertinence to pose before Clara as a discoverer. Kathy wondered how Clara could be so easily satisfied with this man's conversational and dictatorial ways of amusing her.

Huddleston stopped to show Eva a pretty and rare kind of butterfly on their path—he was learned in science, and the butterfly was one of his strong points. Before, Clara had always shown interest in Huddleston's explanations; but now she passed by talking to Reynolds.

Kathy now had Reynolds in front of her as they began to go down hill into the valley, and she was acutely sensible of the differences between Reynolds' and Huddleston's appearance. She noticed how Reynolds' coat sat well round the collar, Huddleston's came up too far behind in a point so as almost to hide it; Reynolds' black straw hat made a successful angle on his head, Huddleston was wearing an old yellow straw trimmed with the colours of some out-of-the-way school; the crisp curls of Reynolds' dark hair left off clean at the neck, Huddleston's short fair hair had no definite ending; Huddleston's nose reached some way beyond the shade of his hat, hence it was scarlet with the sun; Reynolds' complexion was deliciously clean and pale—in fact he was a dark man, and she came to the conclusion that a fair man, however good looking, could never look smart. The comparison made her angrier still.

Reynolds and Clara raced laughing down the last few yards, which ran very steep: Huddleston began trotting in a feeble way, and Eva followed. Kathy would not run, make a fool of herself just because Reynolds had chosen to set the example.

When they reached the road again which crossed the valley parallel to the beach, Kathy was some way behind the two couples. She saw Reynolds and Clara stand on the little iron  
bridge

bridge and watch the stream, and then turn to the right and clamber over the high shelf of shingle which hid the sea from view. Eva and Huddleston stood for a moment uncertain whether to follow them; finally they did. Kathy came up to the bridge and leant over, fascinated by the rush of the stream into the tunnel under the shingle; she would wait till the others came back. However they were longer than she had expected, and as they were hidden by the shingle bank, she thought they might be walking along the beach, so she scrambled up the shifting mountain of pebbles and found them all four standing on the end of a long wooden box which enclosed the stream for some way after its reappearance. She walked along the slippery uneven planks; it certainly was a fascinating place, with the water rushing below her feet. They were discussing tea.

"Of course there's only one possible place," Reynolds was saying. "You can't go anywhere else but the Casino—surely you've been there? Oh, but it's immense, you must see it! The proprietor is a famous cook, and has a telephone to Dieppe, so that people may order dinner and lunch and then come out to eat it. And the big room is a sort of picture gallery; there are two magnificent Monets there, portraits of the proprietor and his wife. You must come; it's one of the sights of Normandy."

They walked on to the Casino. Kathy admitted to herself that it was strange, but very ugly and stupidly arranged. You could not see the sea at all; the Casino, which was really a restaurant, faced another building which evidently contained the kitchen; a few carriages stood in the yard at the end of the space between the two buildings, and people were sitting about at tables. The famous picture-gallery was a ridiculously ugly room with dreadful pictures on the walls, little tables all the way up on each side, an old and dusty petits-chevaux machine at the top; and the two magnificent

magnificent portraits were absurd. As they turned to walk out again, Reynolds pointed to a group of people playing cards in a little side room ; the old man sitting with his wife at the head of the green baize table, he said, was the proprietor, and Kathy had to own to herself that the portraits were wonderfully like. They took a table outside and ordered tea, Reynolds insisting on having a galette—you couldn't come to Pourville and not have a galette, it was the proper thing to do—and he explained that it was no question of whether you liked galette or not, you had to have it.

“My dear, you'll have to do many things in life which you don't like.”

During tea, Kathy noticed more than ever on what easy terms Reynolds and Clara stood after so short an acquaintance. He had taken to calling her “Miss Claire,” in imitation of a Frenchman whom he had overheard asking her for a dance ; and the name suited so well, besides overcoming the confusion between the sisters, that all her partners, even Huddleston, had caught up the habit. But Kathy was most shocked at this sign of familiarity.

Miss Claire had a way of yawning, when she was bored, in a subdued fashion, without opening her mouth. Reynolds had noticed this at once at a concert, and had caught her eye and made her smile, and this had grown to be a joke between them. Reynolds was always catching her eye during a yawn, and made her smile every time. He was certainly very quick, and was so gay and polite that he did not appear exactly impertinent. But Kathy did not like this secret understanding between them, and wished he had come across a girl who would have made things a little more difficult for him.

After tea they started back again, walking abreast along the

the road. Huddleston gave them mathematical puzzles, guessing numbers :

“Odd or even? How many sevens in it?”

Or else :

“Reverse the order of the pounds shillings and pence, subtract, add . . . .”

Climbing the cliff, the party divided as before. When the three reached the top, Huddleston stopped and said he would try the height of the cliff. He took out his watch and let a stone drop upon the beach below. He had done it before. Clara and Reynolds came up and stood by, Reynolds pretending interest in the operation, though Kathy felt that he thought it stupid. Huddleston, as usual, found some difficulty in his trick, because he could not tell when the stone reached the bottom, so he made Eva watch for it and call out “Now.” After he had worked out the sum, and Reynolds had said it was very clever, they walked on again all together. Clara and Reynolds had evidently been discussing pictures on their way up. Clara had no particular opinions of her own in this matter ; but Reynolds’ admiration for the ugly old lady’s portrait at Pourville had led her to the usual statement about ugly subjects. Reynolds, of course, had begun by arguing that because a face was, humanly speaking, ugly, that did not prevent its being a beautiful subject for a picture ; and he went on to the more general statement that the painter was not in the least concerned with the ordinary human meaning of his subject.

“A painter I know was making a sketch in the Brompton Road ; a man watched him for a moment, and then said : ‘Why, you’re drawing Tattersall’s !’ Without stopping work the painter answered in a vague, innocent voice : ‘Oh, am I?’ The man almost shrieked with amazement and indignation : ‘What ! You don’t even know what you’re drawing ?’”

Clara

Clara laughed, Kathy laughed too; she saw it was a good illustration; she looked at Huddleston's face—perhaps he had not quite followed.

“And if you enlarge upon the story, it comes out very well. The old critics are standing in front of a picture; ‘How disgusting! The man's painted a dung-heap!’ One of them adds: ‘Ah, but there's a flower on it; that redeems the picture.’ People think that's good. The young critics come up and say: ‘Of course a dung-heap, why not? A dung-heap is delightful, just as good as a bed of roses.’ Everybody cheers and repeats the discovery. At last the painter comes and looks at it, and says to himself, ‘Yes, I suppose it is a dung-heap; I never thought of that before. How clever people are!’”

But Kathy found a way out of the difficulty. What Reynolds had said was clever, of course. It would do well in an article. But it wasn't original; he had picked it up somewhere. That settled it. Huddleston was not amusing; but at any rate he was manly and not a humbug, pretending to know about all sorts of things of which he was ignorant. But was Huddleston's trick with the stone and the cliff original, she suddenly thought. He hadn't discovered that; some one must have taught him. Was the only difference then really that he was dull and Reynolds was amusing? She gave up the argument; but only felt the more indignant with Reynolds.

The morning after Huddleston had left, Mrs. Lee-Martin, Clara and Kathy were sitting on the terrace. Eva had stayed at home to write letters. Reynolds had a cold and was not going to bathe; he was standing between Clara and her mother talking. After some discussion Clara decided to bathe, and she walked off to get her ticket; she turned back and said to her cousin:

“Perhaps

“Perhaps I’d better leave you my watch and things. Do you mind taking them?”

Kathy laid her book on the parapet, and Clara pulled out her watch and gave it into her hands and then threw two gold bracelets and a ring into her lap and went off. Kathy laid the watch on her lap, took up the ring and slowly put it on her finger. Reynolds was looking at her. How was it he’d never noticed before that she was very pretty? He watched her face as she pushed the first bangle over her hand; her colour had risen, her eyes were sparkling with delight and her lips were parted in a smile. She did look lovely. Just because she had her hair down and wore a simple black dress, he had taken no notice of her, and how handsome her yellow hair looked all about her shoulders with one curl coming across her flushed cheek. It was pretty to see the girl’s delight, and Reynolds was smiling too out of pure pleasure. When Kathy was just slipping the second bracelet over the knuckles of her left hand, she became aware that Reynolds had been watching her; she stopped and looked up at him quickly and found sure enough that he was watching and smiling. She twisted the bracelet for a second upon her hand as if she were in no hurry, and then drew it off and then the other and the ring. She was furious, she could have thrown the things over the parapet; but she let them lie on her lap and took up her book. Reynolds, of all people in the world, that detestable fop, was smiling at the childishness of the poor girl who had no trinkets.

Reynolds saw her blush; she was shy, perhaps he had been rude to stare so. He spoke a few words to Mrs. Lee-Martin and went down to the beach, thinking how pretty the niece was—prettier than anyone there. It showed how boyishly stupid he was; because she wasn’t grown up and still had her hair down, he’d never looked at her attentively. And now there was so little time left—  
they

they were going on the morrow. The days had passed so easily, spent in pleasant intercourse with pleasant people ; and now just at the end was he going to be tormented by the regret that he had neglected this beautiful girl, and by the sudden desire to talk to her, when he had had the opportunity a dozen times a day for the last weeks? That evening there was a ball ; it was his only chance, for he was engaged for a tennis-party all the available part of the afternoon. Instead of being light-hearted he would leave Dieppe with a sting in his mind.

Kathy had felt the necessity of taking up arms against Reynolds and vindicating her sex. A fop vain of his fashionable clothes, contented with his looks, always dangling about with ladies, evidently thinking of nothing else, he was all a man should not be. It was a duty to crush this odious type of man, and as others did not do it, the duty fell upon her. Sometimes she was oppressed because an opportunity did not come ; surely it would be her own fault if she did not find one. It was a duty ; but it would be sweet too, sweet and exciting to rise to the height of her scorn for him and show him that though she was only a girl of sixteen, and he had never asked her for a dance, had hardly even spoken to her, she was the one with a clear idea of what a man should be. This would pay for the eternal conversation her party had carried on about Reynolds. The consideration of possible occasions when she might crush him weighed on her mind ; she was always either making herself indignant against him or acting her part at some splendid opportunity. But that morning's incident had given her an acute personal feeling against Reynolds.

In the evening Reynolds got out of an engagement to dinner, and came early to the Casino. He knew the ball would not begin for half an hour, and that it was no use being there, and yet he could not have kept away any longer. He was troubled by the  
peculiar

peculiar restlessness attaching to the hope of meeting and talking to one particular person in an assembly. He had wandered in and out of the rooms and corridors, and he finally sat down on one of the leather sofas in the *petits-chevaux* room, whence he could see into the vestibule of the ball-room every time a person passed through the swing-doors. He had determined not to look again until twenty people had passed through. The twenty-first showed him the *Lee-Martins* walking into the ball-room. They evidently were not going to occupy their usual row of chairs in the vestibule ; it was no longer very hot and the dances were not crowded, so they were going inside. But he had not seen Kathy. He jumped up and pushed open the doors, and found her in the corner on his left hand talking across the counter of the cloak-room. She was explaining in charming French about an umbrella she had lost. She did not turn round, and Reynolds waited till the woman left the counter and dived into a remote corner of her little place. He had thought over his sudden liking for Kathy, the obvious question which would arise in her mind was, "Why didn't he ask me before?" and she might well be offended. He had tried to defend his neglect of her ; but it was plain that if he had wanted, he would have asked her long ago. He said humbly :

"Miss Shinner, could you give me a dance this evening?"

Kathy had glanced to the side when the door swung open, and had seen Reynolds. She took no notice of him and went on explaining her business, pleased that her French was so superior. She was surprised when she felt that he stopped beside her ; she thought of course he would go on into the ball room. When she heard her name she felt a great leap in her throat, she turned to him——

"Thanks, no——" and looked him down, from top to bottom. He was wearing his fine long coat and white evening gloves, his  
right

right hand rested on a silver-headed stick and held his soft black hat. The poor boy bowed his head, murmured "Thank you" and went back through the swing doors into the *petits-chevaux* room. When Kathy was sitting in her seat next to her aunt she recognised how excited she had been; her hands were trembling and her knees felt weak; the excitement continued for a long time. The music began and she wondered how Reynolds would look when he came in—he always danced the first dance with Miss Claire. He had told her that he liked to begin the evening well, for then he came on to the less satisfactory partners in good spirits, and ever since that compliment Clara had never been late. Kathy became uneasy as the waltz drew to a close and Reynolds did not appear. They were all talking as if nothing were the matter; but Kathy knew how disappointed Clara must be at the unexpected breach of one of those little arrangements which are so precious and give such an intimate excitement to life. Two more dances passed and still Reynolds was not there. Eva said:

"Mr. Reynolds' cold must be worse."

"He was playing tennis with the Sandeman party this afternoon," Clara added; "perhaps that made it worse."

Kathy was relieved; she had not known whether the Lee-Martins had seen Reynolds with her or not.

"It isn't like Mr. Reynolds to stay away from a dance for a cold," Clara went on, "and I know he specially wanted to come to-night. He said yesterday evening that the last ball wasn't such a melancholy occasion when all the party were leaving on the same day; and he's going to Paris to-morrow."

Kathy's astonishment had changed to an uncomfortable guilty feeling, and finally to indignation. The fop was offended because she would not dance with him, and so his lordship in a huff would

not dance with her sweet cousin, though he must know that she depended on him for the enjoyment of her last evening. He simply had no right to behave so ; it was scandalous. No doubt he did it on purpose, knowing that she would be vexed and feel guilty if he did not come and dance with Clara. That would be like Reynolds—always catching on to girls' weaknesses, no doubt flattering himself upon his insight.

The Lee-Martins left at the entr'acte. Only two of their partners were still dancing, and they were chiefly engaged with another party ; besides, they were of no account in Clara's eyes. Kathy felt deeply for Clara's disappointment as the little party walked silently back to the hotel ; she knew better than any one how much such a thing as a last ball meant to her.

When he left Kathy, Reynolds had dropped into his sofa again, with a pain across his chest. He did not remember ever to have been so hurt as he was by her refusal ; he had asked so humbly. She had a perfect right to be offended with him for having put off asking her until the very last day. What could he do to make amends ? How pretty she had looked. The music began, but he could not make up his mind to go into the ball-room. It was Miss Claire's dance ; she would be disappointed. It was shameful not to go in and dance with her ; and yet, if he could bring himself to do so, Kathy would think he was callous and did not mind. He was tormented with doubt. He went outside and looked through a window into the ball-room and saw the girls sitting. He wondered whether they had seen him talking to Kathy ; at any rate, Kathy would probably say that she had spoken to him. What right had he to disappoint Miss Claire because he was sulky ? He would go and dance the second dance. He went and looked round the door and came back. It was not sulkiness ; he was so hurt at Kathy's refusal. The second dance finished.

Now

Now it would really be awkward for him to go in, and yet he knew he ought. The third dance passed. How dreary it was wandering about! Each time a dance began he made up his mind to get the better of his mood; but they all passed, and he was too weak to overcome his discomfiture. And it was the last day.

He saw them leave after the first part, and he knew he had behaved abominably to his gracious companion of the last weeks. He wandered about inconsolably until the end of the ball, and then went miserably to bed.

The next morning he hardly knew how he could face the Lee-Martins; yet he must go to the Casino and see them. They were leaving at one o'clock, and he at four.

It was a wonderfully still day, sunny and misty. The lazy flag near the bathing-place drooped motionless at the masthead. That flag, the first point to which his eye was always directed on entering the Casino, was the symbol of numberless happy mornings; but never had he enjoyed Dieppe so much as this year. The morning air was sweet with the scent from the thickly packed flower-beds. He leant in at one of the open windows of the hall, and listened to M. Anschütz playing. The piano rang out with bell tones in the empty room. The music and the sight of the artist wrapped up in his work, playing alone in the cool, dimly lighted hall (for the blinds were drawn all along the sunny side), brought tears to his eyes; and he wished his stay in Dieppe could have ended well, and sighed as he took his arms off the window-sill. He walked round the building, and stood for some time looking at the terrace. Only a thin line of people were sitting in the shade of the long awning. Everything was still. A little fleet of fishing-boats lay motionless outside the harbour; they might have been floating in the sky, for there was no horizon. He had

had never seen the sea so calm. It was early yet, and the Lee-Martins would be still packing. He hoped they would come; and yet why should he be tormented in his mind, prevented from enjoying the melancholy sweetness of his last morning?

It was a quarter to twelve before they appeared, and Reynolds had been growing anxious. The three girls were alone; Mrs. Lee-Martin had evidently not thought it worth while to come down for a quarter of an hour.

"How are you this morning, Mr. Reynolds?" Clara asked as he came towards them, "I was so sorry you didn't come to the dance last night."

"Oh thanks, I think I'm all right again. I didn't feel at all fit for dancing yesterday evening."

Then they stood against the parapet looking at the sea. Reynolds felt very humble and penitent and so kindly disposed towards the three girls, he would have liked to do something to show them his warm feelings; but they talked of the calm passage to Newhaven, and when he would come back from Paris, and of such matters. Eva and Clara had to fetch their things from the bathing-woman, so Reynolds followed the two girls down the steps, and stood about at some distance from the woman's cabin. Then he wondered whether he could go up again and just have a word with Kathy; he was longing to speak to her. He moved back slowly, then ran up the steps and came towards her. She stood still, taking no notice of his approach; she simply detested him, and his behaviour the night before had completed her scorn for him. He said very humbly:

"Miss Shinner, I'm so sorry if I've offended you. I wish you'd tell me what I've done."

"You owe me no apologies. You weren't in a position to offend me," she began hotly; then she stopped, she was trembling

so violently with excitement and her head began to whirl ; but she distinctly felt vexed that her cousins came up just at that moment and put an end to the scene. The boy felt a great lump in his throat ; he couldn't think of anything to say in the short time left for him, only in a thick voice—"You judge very hardly ; I suppose you have the right to. . ."

He turned to Clara and Eva and told them he was waiting to see some one, so he would say good-bye there. Kathy had hardly noticed his answer, she was so indignant and excited ; but she could scarcely believe her senses when she saw that his eyes looked dim.

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A week afterwards, on the morning of September 22nd, Kathy was standing in the dormitory near the chest of drawers at her bed-side. She had never been away to a boarding-school before. She had arrived the previous afternoon, leaving the Lee-Martins happily settled in their home in London, engrossed in shopping and other interesting occupations, and she did envy them their happiness. Every one else had such exciting lives. Here she was, at school in Eastbourne, among all these strange girls who knew the place so well and had laughed and chatted contentedly. And her coming to this school forced her to look forward—to no comforting prospect ; she would have to work very hard and fit herself for earning her livelihood. What a drop from the free careless life she had led with her cousins ! And all the regret for the exciting holiday with its golden glamour centred in Reynolds. A week ago she had been in a position to crush a universal favourite ; now she was one of forty school girls with nothing but dreariness before her. It had seemed quite natural then to be on such a pinnacle ; now she was here and of no account in any one's eyes. How was that possible ? The more she thought over her  
behaviour

behaviour the more incredible it seemed. How could she have dared to sit in judgment and feel fully entitled to tell him she disapproved of him? "You judge very hardly. I suppose you have the right to." She had not noticed his answer at the time; but since that day it had always been in her mind.

And in her present lowliness she felt ashamed of her impertinent righteousness—yes, and pride and excitement at feeling herself at last in power. Her cheeks burned to think of it. But happily he had not seen it so. She really had possessed the power and had humbled him and made his voice come thick and brought the tears to his eyes, and he had thought she had a right to do so. And she pictured Reynolds in Paris, in brilliant society, enjoying himself, driving in carriages, going to balls and the opera—and she leant over the open drawer, and a sudden great fit of crying seized her, just as the desolate sound of the unhomely bell came to her ears, ringing the girls to breakfast.