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massive figure of a tall and impressive lady who was slowly advancing over the pavement. Would she recognise her niece? The answer came all too soon, for when the reluctant runaways were still a goodly distance from her, they saw by the quick turn of the head that they could not hope to escape unobserved.

"I believe—oh, I believe, she is stopping," cried Miss Ingle, as with a stately lurch the impressive figure veered a little toward the kerbstone. "She wants to speak to us. What shall we do?"

"We simply can't do anything," replied Brooke grimly.

"And Aunt Susanna is so very particular and so very sensitive."

They were almost abreast of the lady, who now stood smiling amiably on the edge of the pavement. The automobile swept on, came up with the figure, and passed it. A changing succession of expressions, as her aggrieved niece clearly saw, played over the old lady's face as the situation developed; first, interested and cordial welcome; then, as the automobile did not diminish its speed, gloomy and perplexed surprise; finally, as it was clear that the vehicle was going to pass without stopping, increasing displeasure and growing anger.

"Oh, Aunty," Miss Ingle cried, wildly waving her hand as the edge of the window cut from her sight the furious countenance of a very irate old lady. The automobile sped on.

"To meet her in the street," moaned Miss Ingle, "and not to stop to speak to her. She will never—never forgive me. Oh, I feel like one of those people in the Inferno whirled and whirled about without being able to stop."

"By Jove!" he said vigorously. "It is a—an Inferno—and I said nothing ever happened nowadays."

"Well, it's something," she commented, "that couldn't have happened at any other time."

Suddenly he laughed.

"Do you know there is a funny side to it?"

"I am very glad you see it," she replied severely.

"Why, don't you think that it's rather amusing for two people, who have just said good-bye for ever, to be ignominiously drawn about together in full sight of the multitude, everyone believing that what they are doing is of their own free will and pleasure?"

"I could cry," said Miss Ingle despondingly.

"It really is a bit diverting, you know."

"It is awful!" said Miss Ingle. "Think how everyone will talk! Oh, there is Tom Kennedy. That's the fourth time I have seen him; and see, he is stopping—he is so astonished to find us going on and on. I don't wonder."

"It's a bad job, certainly," admitted Brooke. "But is there any reason why we should not make the best of it?"

"There isn't any best," she said positively. "It's all worst."

"At least," he continued, "we are now companions in misfortune, talking very pleasantly to each other, which we were not doing an hour or two ago."

"Of course it would be ridiculous of me to refuse to speak to you."

"You see we are getting on," and he smiled. "Do you know, I've read that in Switzerland, a long time ago, they had a custom of shutting two people up together for a week when they wanted to be divorced. At the end of the time it usually happened that they were reconciled."

"I don't see the application," said Miss Ingle stiffly.

"Well, you see, if we are kept in here, who knows—"

"If you mean for a week," she interrupted, "why, it seems a year already, Oh!"

The automobile, in turning a corner, had jarred up against an apple-cart propelled by an old woman who was slowly plodding on her way. The shock was not sufficient to overturn the cart, but, lifting it slightly on one side, sent the few apples it contained rolling in the gutter.

"The poor old thing," exclaimed Miss Ingle. "We can't leave her that way. Please," she said, opening the trap in the top. "I must speak to the woman."

"There ain't no way," replied the man, "but to go round the block, Miss, and if you have anything to say, why, say it in passing."

The automobile circled the block, and coming round the first corner, bore down on a little group that was helping the peddler to recover her apples.

"We must give her something."

"I should think so," replied Brooke, as he took from his pocket a bill marked with a generous figure. "Now then,"

The woman, raising her head, recognised the original cause of her misfortune, and, straightening herself up, prepared to denounce the machine and its occupants in no measured terms.

"Here!" cried Brooke, flinging the bill from the carriage as they dashed past, and dropping it at the right moment before the astonished vendor.

"It's enough to buy not only all her apples, but her apple-cart. She ought to be satisfied," said Brooke, settling back against the cushion.

He had hardly taken a more comfortable position when his attention was attracted by a sharp call near at hand.

"Hi! Pull up!" said the voice of one evidently speaking with authority.

Glancing out, the two saw that a policeman was hotly pursuing them on a bicycle.

"Hold on, there—"

"Don't I wish I could!" said the driver. "Do you think I'm just takin' the air?"

"I say," said the policeman, who was now a little in advance of the machine, "tell your man there to stop, or I'll arrest the lot of you."

"But we can't," answered Brooke helplessly. "The thing is running away with us."

"Don't you try to give me that," answered the policeman gruffly. "I tell you that won't do with me. Hold on, now!"

"But, really, Mr. Officer," said Miss Ingle, "we can't do anything, and we only wish we could."

The policeman gazed at Miss Ingle's pretty face, and her aspect or her accent evidently carried conviction.

"Well," said the man in his astonishment, dropping for a moment out of sight.

"Oh, isn't it awful!" said the girl, clasping her hands, and in her distress appealing directly to Brooke for sympathy.

He glanced at her reassuringly.

"I'll have to keep an eye on you anyway," said the policeman, appearing for a moment round the corner of the automobile, and again disappearing.

"See," said Miss Ingle, "how they stare! The people are stopping to look. Oh, some of them are calling. They think he is chasing us. Have we got to go on like this? It is fearful, and I could cry."

"I've lost my train," she said.

"Never mind," he answered. "There's one later, and you can get that one when we stop."

"If we ever do stop!" she suggested.

"Yes," he said despondingly, "if we ever do stop."

"And I am getting hungry," she continued. "I am starving."

"Really, who ever heard of such a thing!" he replied. "To be so near friends and food, and not be able to reach either."

Suddenly she laughed for the first time.

"Oh, do you know of what this makes me think, with all the people staring at us, and you and me solemnly riding on!"

"No," he said.

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