Miss Ogilvy stood on the quay at Calais and surveyed the disbanding of her Unit, a Unit that together with the coming of war had completely altered the complexion of her life, at all events for three years. 

Miss Ogilvy's thin, pale lips were set sternly and her forehead was puckered in an effort of attention, in an effort to remember every small detail of every old war-wearied motor on whose side still appeared the merciful emblem that had set Miss Ogilvy free. 

Miss Ogilvy's mind was jerking a little, trying to regain its accustomed balance, trying to readjust itself quickly to this sudden and paralyzing change.

Her tall, awkward body, with its queer look of strength, its broad, flat bosom, and thick legs and ankles, as though in response to her jerking mind, moved uneasily, rocking back and forth. She had this trick of rocking on her feet in moments of controlled agitation. As usual, her hands were thrust deep into her pockets, they seldom seemed to come out of her pockets unless it were to light
a cigarette, and as though she were still standing firm under fire while the wounded were placed in her ambulances, she suddenly straddled her legs very slightly and lifted her head and listened. She was standing firm under fire at that moment, the fire of a desperate regret.

Some girls came towards her, young, tired-looking creatures whose eyes were too bright from long strain and excitement. They had all been members of that glorious Unit, and they still wore the queer little forage-caps and the short, clumsy tunics of the French Militaire. They still slouched in walking and smoked Caporals in emulation of the Poilus. Like their founder and leader these girls were all English, but like her they had chosen to serve England's ally, fearlessly thrusting right up to the trenches in search of the wounded and dying. They had seen some fine things in the course of three years, not the least fine of which was the cold, hard-faced woman who commanding, domineering, even hectoring at times, yet had been possessed of so dauntless a courage and of so insistent a vitality that it vitalised the whole Unit.

"It's rotten!" Miss Ogilvy heard someone saying. "It's rotten, this breaking up of our Unit!" And the high, rather childish voice of the speaker sounded perilously near to tears.

Miss Ogilvy looked at the girl almost gently, and it seemed, for a moment, as though some deep feeling were about to find expression in words. But Miss Ogilvy's feelings had been held in abeyance so long that they seldom dared become vocal, so she merely said "Oh!" on a rising inflection—her method of checking emotion.

They were swinging the ambulance cars in mid-air, those of them that were destined to go back to England, swinging them up like sacks of potatoes, then lowering them with much clanging of chains to the deck of the waiting steamer. The porters were shoving and shouting and quarrelling, pausing now and again to make meaningless gestures; while a pompous official was becoming quite angry as he pointed at Miss Ogilvy's own special car—it annoyed him, it was bulky and difficult to move.

"Bon Dieu! Mais dépêchez-vous donc!" he bawled, as though he were bullying the motor.

Then Miss Ogilvy's heart gave a sudden, thick thud to see this undignified, pitiful ending; and she turned and patted the gallant old car as though she were patting a well-beloved horse, as though she would say: "Yes, I know how it feels—never mind, we'll go down together."
had found as her life went on that in this world it is better to be one with the herd, that the world has no wish to understand those who cannot conform to its stereotyped pattern. True enough in her youth she had gloried in her strength, lifting weights, swinging clubs and developing muscles, but presently this had grown irksome to her; it had seemed to lead nowhere, she being a woman, and then as her mother had often protested: muscles looked so appalling in evening dress—a young girl ought not to have muscles.

Miss Ogilvy’s relation to the opposite sex was unusual and at that time added much to her worries, for no less than three men had wished to propose, to the genuine amazement of the world and her mother. Miss Ogilvy’s instinct made her like and trust men for whom she had a pronounced fellow-feeling; she would always have chosen them as her friends and companions in preference to girls or women; she would dearly have loved to share in their sports, their business, their ideals and their wide-flung interests. But men had not wanted her, except the three who had found in her strangeness a definite attraction, and those would-be suitors she had actually feared, regarding them with aversion. Towards young girls and women she was shy and respectful, apologetic and some-
times amusing. But their fashions and their foibles, none of which she could share, while amusing her very often in secret, set her outside the sphere of their intimate lives, so that in the end she must blaze a lone trail through the difficulties of their nature.

"I can't understand you," her mother had said, "you're a very odd creature—now when was your age?"

And her daughter, nodding feelingly, sympathised. There were two younger girls who also gave trouble, though in their case the trouble was even in those days. It was finally decided, at Miss Ogilvy's request, to allow her to leave the field clear for her sisters. She would remain in the country with her father when the others went up for the Season.

Followed long, unequal years spent in sport, while Sarah and Fanny rolled, sweated and gambled in the matrimonial market. Neither ever succeeded in netting a husband, and when the Squire died leaving very little money, Miss Ogilvy found to her great surprise that they looked upon her as a brother. They had so often jilted her in the past, but before very long it became all too real; she it
that the ailing and weak will not infrequently leave behind them.

At about this time an aunt also died, bequeathing her fortune to her niece Wilhelmina who, however, was too weary to gird up her loins and set forth in search of exciting adventure—all she did was to move her protesting sisters to a little estate she had purchased in Surrey. This experiment was only a partial success, for Miss Ogilvy failed to make friends of her neighbours; thus at fifty-five she had grown rather dour, as is often the way with shy, lonely people.

When the war came she had just begun settling down—people do settle down in their fifty-sixth year—she was feeling quite glad that her hair was grey, that the garden took up so much of her time, that, in fact, the beat of her blood was slowing. But all this was changed when war was declared; on that day Miss Ogilvy's pulses throbbed wildly.

"My God! If only I were a man!" she burst out, as she glared at Sarah and Fanny, "if only I had been born a man!" Something in her was feeling deeply defrauded.

Sarah and Fanny were soon knitting socks and mittens and mufflers and Jaeger trench-helmets. Other ladies were busily working at depots, making swabs at the Squire's, or splints at the Parson's; but Miss Ogilvy scowled and did none of these things—she was not at all like other ladies.

For nearly twelve months she worried officials with a view to getting a job out in France—not in their way but in hers, and that was the trouble. She wished to go up to the front-line trenches, she wished to be actually under fire, she informed the harassed officials.

To all her enquiries she received the same answer: "We regret that we cannot accept your offer." But once thoroughly roused she was hard to subdue, for her shyness had left her as though by magic.

Sarah and Fanny shrugged angular shoulders: "There's plenty of work here at home," they remarked, "though of course it's not quite so melodramatic!"

"Oh . . . ?" queried their sister on a rising note of impatience—and she promptly cut off her hair: "That'll jar them!" she thought with satisfaction.

Then she went up to London, formed her admirable unit and finally got it accepted by the French, despite renewed opposition.

In London she had found herself quite at her ease, for many another of her kind was in London doing excellent work for the nation. It was really
surprising how many cropped heads had suddenly appeared as it were out of space; how many Miss Ogilvy, losing their shyness, had come forward to attention, full of courage and hardship and high endeavour; and during those years Miss Ogilvy had played her best joke. Nature seemed to have forgotten the rank of a French lieutenant and she lived in a kind of blissful illusion; appealing reality on all sides and yet she managed to live in illusion. She was competent, fearless, devoted and uniting. What then?

Could any man hope to do better? She was nearly fifty-eight, yet she walked with a stride, and at times she even swaggered a little.

Poor Miss Ogilvy sitting so calmly in the train with her many trench-boots and her forage-cap! Poor all the Miss Ogilvies back from the war with their tunics, their trench-boots and their child"
"Wilhelmina!

"Do what?

"Why should I?"

"Let your hair grow; we all wish you would."

"Yes?"

"You will do it, won't you?"

"We've become vegetarians," Sarah said grandly.

"You've become two damn tiresome cranks!"

"Now it never had been Miss Ogilvy's way to indulge in acid recriminations, but somehow, these days, she forgot to say, "Oh, quite so often as

expediency demanded. It may have been Fanny's perpetual sneezing that had got on her nerves, or even the canary, though it really did matter a

very much what it was long as she found a convenient peg upon which to hang her growing irritation.

"This won't do at all," Miss Ogilvy thought sternly, "life's not worth so much fuss, I must pull myself together."

But it seemed this was easier said than done; not a day passed without her losing her temper and that over some trifle: "No, this won't do at all—it just mustn't be," she thought sternly.

"Everyone pitied Sarah and Fanny. "Such a dreadful, violent old thing," said the neighbours.

But Sarah and Fanny had their revenge: "Foot-darling, it's hellish, you know," they murmured.

Thus Miss Ogilvy's prowess was whittled away until she herself was beginning to doubt it. Had

the way Miss Ogilvy put it.
“I’m growing very old,” she would sigh as she brushed her thick mop before the glass; and then she would peer at her wrinkles.

For now that it had happened she hated being old; it no longer appeared such an easy solution of those difficulties that always beset her. And this she resented most bitterly, so that she became the prey of self-pity, and of other undesirable states of which the body will bear no more, and the mind, in its turn, the body. Then Miss Ogilvy straightened her ageing back, in spite of the fact that of late it had ached with muscular rheumatism, and she faced herself squarely and came to a resolve.

“Tomorrow,” she announced abruptly one day, and that evening she packed her kit-bag.

Near the south coast of Devon there exists a small island that is still very little known to the world, but which, nevertheless, can boast an hotel, the only building upon it. Miss Ogilvy had chosen this place quite at random, it was marked on her map by scarcely more than a dot, but somehow she

[Continued on the next page]
had lifted the look of that dot and had set forth
alone to explore it. She found herself standing on the mainland
one morning, looking at a vague blur of green through the mist, a
vague blur of green that rose out of the Channel like a tidal wave.
Miss Ogilvy was filled with a sense of adventure; she had not felt like this since the ending
of the war.

I was right to come here, very right indeed, she
decided. A fisherman's boat was paddling in the mist, and
before it was properly beached, she bundled
into it. “I hope they're expecting me,” she said gaily.

“They do be expecting you,” the man answered.
The sea, which is generally rough off that coast, was
indulging itself in an oily ground-swell; the broad, glossy swells struck the side of the boat;
then broke and sprayed over Miss Ogilvy's
ankles. The fisherman grinned. “Feeling all right?” he
queried. “It do be a piece of work, most of these parts.” But the mast had suddenly shifted away and Miss Ogilvy was staring wide-eyed at the
island. She saw a long stretch of jagged black rocks, and...
MISS OGLIVY FINDS Herself

That night after supper she talked to her hostess who was only too glad, it seemed, to be questioned. She owned the whole island and was proud of the fact, as she very well might be, decided the boarder. Some curious things had been found on the island, according to custom. Mrs. Nanceskive

and once they had dug up a man's skull and thighbone—this had happened while they were looking at a well. Would Miss Oglivy care to have a look at the bones? They were kept in a cupboard in the scullery.

Miss Oglivy nodded. "Then I'll fetch him this moment," said Mrs. Nanceskive, briskly.

In less than two minutes she was back with the box. The poor remains of a man and Miss Oglivy, who had risen from her chair, was going down at those remains. As she did so, her mouth was strained, her face and her neck flushed darkly. "Look, miss, he was killed," she remarked rather proudly, "and they tell me that he killed
MISS O'GILVY FINDS HERSELF

him was bronze. He's thousands and thousands of years old, they tell me. Our local doctor knows a lot about such things and he wants me to send these bones to an expert; they ought to belong to the Nation, he says. But I know what would happen, they'd come digging up my island, and I won't have people digging up my island, I've got enough worry with the rabbits as it is." But Miss O'Gilvvy could no longer hear the words for the pounding of the blood in her temples.

She was filled with a sudden, inexplicable fury against the innocent Mrs. Nanceskivel: "You...you..." she began, then checked herself, fearful of what she might say to the woman.

For her sense of outrage was overwhelming as she stared at those bones that were kept in the scullery; moreover, she knew how such men had been buried, which made the outrage seem all the more shameful. They had buried such men in deep, well-dug pits surmounted by four stout stones at their corners—four stout stones there had been and a covering stone. And all this Miss O'Gilvvy knew as by instinct, having no concrete knowledge on which to draw. But she knew it right down in the depths of her soul, and she hated Mrs. Nanceskivel.

And now she was swept by another emotion that was even more strange and more devastating:

such a grief as she had not conceived could exist; a terrible unassuageable grief, without hope, without respite, without palliation, so that with something akin to despair she touched the long gash in the skull. Then her eyes, that had never wept since her childhood, filled slowly with large, hot, difficult tears. She must blink very hard, then close her eyelids, turn away from the lamp and say rather loudly:

"Thanks, Mrs. Nanceskivel. It's past eleven—I think I'll be going upstairs."

Miss O'Gilvvy closed the door of her bedroom, after which she stood quite still to consider: "Is it shell-shock?" she muttered incredulously. "I wonder, can it be shell-shock?"

She began to pace slowly about the room, smoking a Caporal. As usual her hands were deep in her pockets; she could feel small, familiar things in those pockets and she gripped them, glad of their presence. Then all of a sudden she was terribly tired, so tired that she flung herself down on the bed, unable to stand any longer.

She thought that she lay there struggling to
reason, that her eyes were closed in the painful effort, and that as she closed them she continued to puff the inevitable cigarette. At least that was what she thought at one moment—the next, she was out in a sunset evening, and a large red sun was sinking slowly to the rim of a distant sea.

Miss Ogilvy knew that she was herself, that is to say she was conscious of her being, and yet she was not Miss Ogilvy at all, nor had she a memory of her. All that she now saw was very familiar, all that she now did was what she should do, and all that she now was seemed perfectly natural. Indeed, she did not think of these things; there seemed no reason for thinking about them.

She was walking with bare feet on turf that felt springy and was greatly enjoying the sensation; she had always enjoyed it, ever since as an infant she had learned to crawl on this turf. On either hand stretched rolling green uplands, while at her back she knew that there were forests; but in front, far away, lay the gleam of the sea towards which the big sun was sinking. The air was cool and intensely still, with never so much as a ripple or bird-song. It was wonderfully pure—one might almost say young—but Miss Ogilvy thought of it merely as air. Having always breathed it she took it for granted, as she took the soft turf and the uplands.
that he spoke had a number of meanings. It meant: "Little spring of exceedingly pure water." It meant: "Hut of peace for a man after battle." It meant: "Ripe red berry sweet to the taste." It meant: "Happy small home of future generations." All these things he must try to express by a word, and because of their loving she understood him.

They paused, and lifting her up he kissed her. Then he rubbed his large shaggy head on her shoulder; and when he released her she knelt at his feet.

"My master; blood of my body," she whispered. For with her it was different, love had taught her love's speech, so that she might turn her heart into sounds that her primitive tongue could utter.

After she had pressed her lips to his hands, and her cheek to his hairy and powerful forearm, she stood up and they gazed at the setting sun, but with bowed heads, gazing under their lids, because this was very sacred.

A couple of mating bears padded towards them from a thicket, and the female rose to her haunches. But the man drew his celt and menaced the beast, so that she dropped down noiselessly and fled, and her mate also fled, for here was the power that few dared to withstand by day or by night, on the
touched his consciousness, making him feel sentimental.

"Smoke," he said.
And she answered: "Blue smoke."
He nodded: "Yes, blue smoke—home."
Then she said: "I have ground much corn since
the full moon. My stones are too smooth. You
make me new stones."

"All you have need of, I make," he told her.
She stole closer to him, taking his hand: "My
father is still a black cloud full of thunder. He
thinks that you wish to be head of our tribe in his
place, because he is now very old. He must not
hear of these meetings of ours, if he did I think he
would beat me."

So he asked her: "Are you unhappy, small
berry?"

But at this she smiled: "What is being unhappy?
I do not know what that means any more."

"I do not either," he answered.

Then as though some invisible force had drawn
him, his body swung round and he stared at
the forests where they lay and darkened, fold upon fold;
and his eyes dilated with wonder and terror, and he
moved his head quickly from side to side as a wild
thing will do that is held between bars and whose
mind is pitifully bewildered.
"Water!" he cried hoarsely, "great water—look, look! Over there. This land is surrounded by water!"

"What water?" she questioned.

"The sea," he answered. "The sea. And he covered his face with his hands.

"Not so," she concurred. "Big forests, good hunting. Big forests in which you hunt bear and aurochs. No sea over there, only the trees."

"You are right," he said. "Only trees." He looked up at the stars. "The Roundhead-ones, they are devils, he said. "And new has grown, heavy and breeding and hirsute."

"My father laughed at him. "The Roundhead-ones, they are devils," he said. "And when they last were white, they became a little sub-human."

"No matter," she protested, "he saw that the expression which came to him was only of love."

"No matter," he replied, "we are not friends with the Roundhead-ones. We are not friends with the Roundhead-ones."

"Our forefathers were very old, very weak," he went on. "Our forefathers have terrible weapons. Their weapons are not made of good stone like ours, but of some dark, devilish substance."
MISS OGILVY FINDS HERSELF

He turned his sorrowful eyes upon her, the eyes that were sad even when he was merry, and although his mind was often obtuse, yet he clearly perceived how it was with her then. And his blood caught fire from the flame in her blood, so that he strained her against his body.

“You... mine...” he stammered.

“Love,” she said, trembling, “this is love.”

And he answered: “Love.”

Then their faces grew melancholy for a moment, because dimly, very dimly in their dawning souls, they were conscious of a longing for something more vast than this earthly passion could compass.

Presently, he lifted her like a child and carried her quickly southward and westward till they came to a place where a gentle descent led down to a marshy valley. Far away, at the line where the marshes ended, they discerned the misty line of the sea; but the sea and the marshes were become as one substance, merging, blending, folding together; and since they were lovers they also would be one, even as the sea and the marshes.

And now they had reached the mouth of a cave that was set in the quiet hillside. There was bright green verdure beside the cave, and a number of small, pink, thick-stemmed flowers that when they were crushed smelt of spices. And within the cave there was bracken newly gathered and heaped together for a bed; while beyond, from some rocks, came a low liquid sound as a spring dripped out through a crevice. Abruptly, he set the girl on her feet, and she knew that the days of her innocence were over. And she thought of the anxious virgin soil that was rent and sown to bring forth fruit in season, and she gave a quick little gasp of fear:

“No... no...” she gasped. For, divining his need, she was weak with the longing to be possessed, yet the terror of love lay heavy upon her. “No... no...” she gasped.

But he caught her wrist and she felt the great strength of his rough, gnarled fingers, the great strength of the urge that leapt in his loins, and again she must give that quick gasp of fear, the while she clung close to him lest he should spare her.

The twilight was engulfed and possessed by darkness, which in turn was transfigured by the moonrise, which in turn was fulfilled and consumed by dawn. A mighty eagle soared up from his eyrie, cleaving the air with his masterful wings, and beneath him from the rushes that harboured their nests, rose other great birds, crying loudly. Then the heavy-horned
pockets.

was dead. With her hands thrust deep into her

she was sitting at the mouth of the cave. She

the88stream saw her and climbed to the ledge.

They found Miss O'By the next morning.

Happy small home of gentle generation:

Like red berry sweet to the taste.

This meant

exceedingly pure water. This meant

the spring of

many meanings. This meant Lane's spring of

the water that had so
cold, as he murmured the word that had so

tenderness, thinking no longer of death, but

for slaying. And he lay there desperately with

visions and visions wrote by his weapon and his instinc-

behind the88loose stone.

foresaw the force with which he struck. He was

buckled heads to the solid, while beyond in the

cle appeared on the uplands, binding their

MISS QALITV FINDS HERSELF