

"You *believed* that I had betrayed you with Chloe Fairmile?" He raised himself again, fixing his strange deep-set gaze upon her.

"I never said——"

"No! To that length you didn't quite go. I admit it. You were able to get your way without it." He sank back in his chair again. "No, my remark had nothing to do with Chloe. I have never set eyes on her since I left you at Heston. But—there was a girl, a shop-girl, a poor little thing, rather pretty. I came across her about six months ago—it doesn't matter how. She loves me, she was awfully good to me, a regular little brick. Some day I shall tell Herbert all about her—not yet—though, of course, he suspects. She'd serve your purpose, if you thought it worth while. But you won't——"

"You're—living with her—now?"

"No. I broke with her a fortnight ago, after I'd seen those doctors. She made me see them, poor little soul. Then I went to say good-bye to her, and she," his voice shook a little, "she took it hard. But it's all right. I'm not going to risk her life, or saddle her with a dying man. She's with her sister. She'll get over it."

He turned his head towards the window, his eyes pursued the white sails on the darkening blue outside.

"It's been a bad business, but it wasn't