

knew, and it was terrible, could you still be happy? ”

“ I could not be unhappy—with you.”

“ You shall learn everything, to-night,” he said.

“ Here we are.”

They climbed the steep steps together, and he turned the key in the lock. Then he took her hand and led her, in the darkness, to the parlour. He left her standing while he went to the chandelier, and, as quickly as his trembling fingers would allow, lighted all the gas. He threw the burned match into the fireplace, and then, leaning on the mantelpiece to support himself, turned to look at her.

She stood in the centre of the room, looking from side to side. Her eyes were shining, terrified. He watched her as, mechanically, she put up her hands and unpinned her hat. She let it fall to the floor. Neither spoke. As she looked at him he moved, nervously, and his arm touched the green vase.

“ Be careful! ” she cried sharply.

The sudden breaking of the silence startled him, and he moved again, convulsively. The vase toppled, and, before he could catch it, crashed to the floor.

Helen screamed. “ Henry! What have you done? What will Uncle John say? ” She sank