

and voting away all the happiness of his life, and of Kate's, just because of Leviticus, or some dry-as-dust old fool of a council. I don't admire it. It's inhuman and monstrous. Whichever way you look at it, the thing is a tragedy! It's worse than a tragedy—it's sheer downright lunacy!

'But—his convictions——'

'Bother his convictions! He ought to have voted the right way, and lived happily for ever after.'

Lady Sarah pulled on her cloak: she had had enough of it, and was going home.

'Lived happily for ever after!' she repeated. 'If he had done that he wouldn't have been——' Looking up, she caught Lady Brereton's eye in a flash of mutual understanding. That lady finished the phrase:

'—He wouldn't have been—Gervase!'

'Exactly,' said Lady Sarah.

THE END