

thought of them—look eagerly—and see that he loved her.

Life had gone on like that for a long, long time. The days raced past. She kept the house and looked after Ling the Chinaman and taught him English, and read with him sometimes; and she grew to be a skilful cook, almost an artist. And when he had some men friends in, then she would show her artistry . . . and Ling would come and wait. And after they were gone he would smile at her and tell her she ought to be the *chef* at the club. And she would say to him: "But did you *really* like it? *Really?* Did you?"

She was absolutely happy so. She asked no more of life. She lived in him. It was complete.

She lay there. And the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. And now and again a great unexpected sob shook her from head to foot. And then she impatiently felt for her handkerchief . . . tried to stop. And she heard a voice she didn't know saying sometimes: "Oh, I can't bear it . . . I can't bear it. . . ."

These were good years—unclouded. She knew no jealousy because he was so evidently fond of her. And she knew no loneliness because she had so wrapped herself in him. She lived cloistered and yet busy. Going her little daily round of shopping for his needs . . . chatting with the people in the shops . . . getting the house pretty for him . . . arranging . . . waiting for his return . . . lost in love for him. She had only one idea: how she could minister to his comfort, what more she could do to show her love.