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out of his life, but nothing could dislodge her from his ivory tower, although in time to come she might gather dust for years on end. For months after she married Val-dobia she seemed to have taken his memory to Rome with her; but she brought it back in time.

In those rare moments when he peered through the windows of that inner temple, he, too, sometimes asked, "Why?" What had it all meant? It had been perfect love—yet so lamentably imperfect; not only because they were torn apart, but because they would not have found permanent happiness together. Between some subtle essence of their beings there was an indissoluble bond, but their minds were not in accord, and neither would have been adaptable save during that fluid period when even strong egos lose their bearings and float on that inevitable sea of many tides called Love; knowing that when it casts them on the shore whence they came, once more will they be as malleable as rock crystal. But what had it all meant?

And his wife made him very happy. He found her increasingly desirable as a life companion. She adapted herself to every angle of his character while losing none of her own picturesque individuality; made no impossible exactions either on his soul or his time; was always beautiful to look at; and the most level-headed of his friends.

Even men of less complicated egos have been able to love two women at once and survive.

And Ida? She at least had what she wanted, she was a philosopher, and therefore as happy as may be. By constant manœuvring she saw more of her busy husband than falls to the lot of most American wives married to too successful men. She had made herself so necessary to him that he returned from his many absences almost as eager to see her as his mine. On these hurried trips she never accompanied him, not only because it was wise to let him miss her, and to think of her always in the home setting, but because they gave her the opportunity to retain her hold on Butte; to enjoy her beautiful house there and her many friends.

Suddenly Gregory raised his head. Then he lifted the ear flap of his fur cap. High above there was a loud humming, as of the wind along telegraph wires, or the droning of many bees, or the strumming of an aerial harp. The month was March and the weather forty degrees below