

8 WHERE THE PATH BREAKS

he came back from India I should be disappointed in him."

Queer that the groping soul should hold an echo of these chance words about India, though there was none for the name of the cousin, nor even of the girl herself. This made the awakening man wonder again if the girl had existed, or whether she lived only in his dreams. It was a vaguely sweet, vaguely sad dream, which seemed to have ended before it was fairly begun, with a very sorrowful ending which he could n't quite recall yet. He wished to go on dreaming, and to change the end if he could.

The girl and her mother were visiting the ugly man at the old black and white house. He—whoever he was—had to go away. He was begging the girl to stop until he came back. "If I do come back," he added. "Your mother is willing to stay if you are. It would make me happy to think of you in my house, and if anything happens to me . . ."

"Oh, don't speak of such things!" she broke in. "It's terrible t'at you must go."