

Their eyes met, his quite calm, hers sparkling with resentment and pain.

"Of course I can't argue with you," she said passionately. "But I should have thought——"

"Besides," he interrupted her, "you know it is the only way. You are quite mistaken. It is not the only way. As far as freedom goes, you could divorce me to-morrow—if you liked. I have been unfaithful to you. A strange way of putting it—at the present moment—between you and me! But how it would appear in the English courts—and as to the 'cruelty'—that wouldn't give you any trouble!"

Daphne had flushed deeply. It was only by a great effort that she maintained her composure. Her eyes avoided him.

"Mrs. Fairmile?" she said in a low voice.

He threw back his head with a scornful smile.

"Mrs. Fairmile! You don't mean to tell me, Daphne, to my face, that you ever believed any of the lies—forgive the expression—told you, and your witnesses, and your lawyers in the States—that you bribed the precious newspapers to tell?"

"Of course I believed it!" she said fiercely. "And as for lies, it was you who told them."