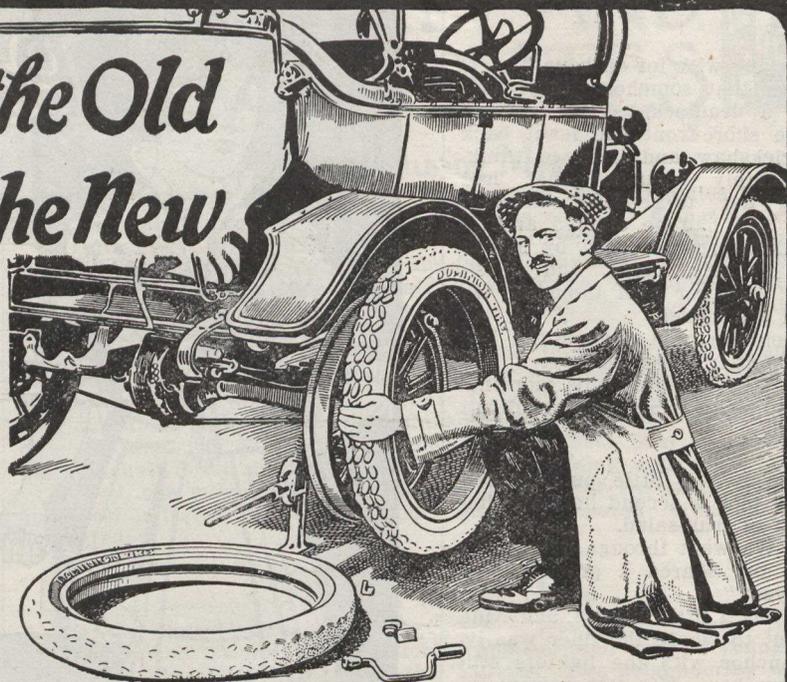


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"He seems to think it will."  
"I know better," he replied. "This is the season that dengue comes to us and all manner of fevers. If you care for him you'll get him away at once."  
"I don't believe you're well yourself."

"I—oh, I'm all right. There isn't any softness left in me now."

And he drove off hastily through the narrow, crooked streets where the Bluff cut into the purple of the sky. When the climb began he dismissed the rickshaw and walked on with lips shut tight.

"If she is capable of loving anyone, she loves Mac," he thought bitterly. "Why in Heaven's name should she try to stir up this in me again? Perhaps she would like to flatter her self-love by making me show myself as weak."

The bitterness showed itself more emphatically every time he met her, and often he turned down side-streets so that he might avoid her eyes. Then one evening when he lay in his hammock on the balcony his Chinese boy brought him a note. He went down to the hotel slowly, and in the wide hall he met her.

"Why did you send for me?" he said abruptly.

She looked at him, and the lace at her breast stirred.

"Dad has taken ill—a slight touch of fever, I think. You were the only doctor he knew of here."

"I wish you would forget I was a doctor once," he said impatiently.

"It was he who remembered," she replied.

He passed in, and she went up to the balcony to wait. The moonlight left a path of silver on the water below her, the sky was pricked with faint stars.

"Well?" she said dully when he came out.

"It's only a slight touch," he said. "He ought to have taken quinine when he first felt it coming on. Why on earth didn't Mac attend to him?"

She looked up at him. "Mac's gone. He left by the San Francisco mail two days ago."

"Why?"  
"There was no reason to make him stay."

"You told him you did not love him."  
"That would be nothing new, I have told him so nearly every week for the last five years."

"Then why did he go?"  
"He told me one thing," she said, "it was not you who made that mistake five years ago."

His face twitched.  
"There was no need for him to tell that."

"No, it never really mattered, except for the effect it had on your life. But why did you pretend it was your mistake?"

"My career didn't matter. It would have ruined—the other fellow."

"Mac?"

"One acts from romantic motives when one is young," he said brusquely. "You told me you loved him, didn't you?"

"That was five years ago."

"Yes—one's feelings change so quickly."

Her eyes were smarting painfully, and she wondered if it had ever been in her power to hurt him as she was being hurt now.

"It wasn't true even then," she said thickly.

"It had all the appearance of the truth."

She looked at him, and her lips were unsteady, but she saw by the glow of his eyes in the dusk that something stirred:

"Was it that made you so cynical?"  
"Perhaps. One gathers as much cynicism as one has need for. You made me need a lot then, Nina."

"I was just a girl."  
"And I was twenty-five. It seems a very long time ago."

"It is a long time, ago, but—tell me, Phil,—have I grown so very old?"

"Nina," he said playfully, "you are very like a girl I used to know before—the world stopped moving for awhile."