

"I was tricked into marrying you, but you are my wife now, and—a man likes his revenge."

She laughed sottly. "You married me because I loved you, my Lord Wildmore. Does a woman show love by fearing her husband?"

He caught her hands in his. "Bravely spoken!" he cried. "But if you do not fear me, what of the future, Biddy? The rocks, the shoals, the quicksands that beset married life? It's a plaguey difficult course to steer, child. Do you see no cause for fear there?"

She looked into his eyes and smiled.

"Do you set the course, Peter," she said; "I will follow, whatsoever rocks may lie in our path. So, if we sink or swim, it will be together."

"Why, here's a wife!" cried Peter exultantly. "What man taught you this?"

Biddy laughed softly. "Who but yourself, my lord? For sure, if a man show himself worthy to be followed, a woman can do no better than follow him all the days of her life."

The Benedict took his wife in his arms and kissed her heartily.

They turned and went up into the house together, and shut out the night.

THE END.