

tears rushed into her eyes, and she covered them with her hands.

"I'm not unkind. I'm afraid!"

"Afraid of what?"

"I told you," she said piteously, "I didn't want to marry—I didn't want to be bound!"

"And you haven't changed your mind at all?"

She didn't answer. There was silence a moment. Then she said abruptly:

"Do you want to hear secrets, Geoffrey?"

He pondered.

"I don't know. I expect I guess them."

"What do you guess?" She lifted a proud face.

He touched her hand tenderly.

"I guess that when you came here—you were unhappy?"

Her lip trembled.

"I was—very unhappy."

"And now?" he asked, caressing the hand he held.

"Well, now—I've walked myself back into—into common sense. There!—I had it out with myself. I may as well have it out with you! Two months ago I was a bit in love with Cousin Philip. Now, of course, I love him—I always shall love him—but I'm not *in* love with him!"

"Thank the Lord!" cried French—"since it has