

secret till the time was ripe, and he was to be the judge of that. He was waiting for the night before the election. Then he was going to strike you and win!"

"She told you that—Luzanne told you that?"

"And much else. Besides, she told me you had saved her life from the street-cars; that you had played fair at the start."

"First and last I played fair," he said indignantly.

Her eyes were shining. "Not from first to last, Carnac. You ought not to have painted her, or made much of her and then thrown her over. She knew—of course she knew, after a time, that you did not mean to propose to her, and all the evil in her came out. Then she willed to have you in spite of yourself, believing, if you were married, her affection would win you in the end. There it was—and you were to blame."

"But why should you defend her, Junia?"

Her tongue became bitter now. "Just as you would, if it was some one else and not yourself."

His head was sunk on his breast, his eyes were burning. "It was a horrible thing for Barouche to plan."

"Why so horrible? If you were hiding a marriage for whatever reason, it should be known to all whose votes you wanted."

"Barouche was the last man on earth to challenge me, for he had a most terrible secret."

"What was it?" Her voice had alarm, for she had never seen Carnac so disturbed.

*"He was fighting his own son—and he knew it!"*

The words came in broken accents.

"He was fighting his own son, and he knew it! You mean to say that!" Horror was in her voice.

"I mean that the summer before I was born—"