

catch-me air. She did not for a moment doubt that she could outwit any lawyer. She would show him !

"Oh, I only wanted to use it to plague Mark with. You see I'm determined to have my way with him."

But the girl was not at all sure that Colonel Bonamy's way was her way. She put the keepsakes back in her pocket, and then gave the pocket a little pat with her hand, as though she said : "Let him get them, if he can." This little dumb show did not escape Bonamy's quick observation, and he saw the hopelessness of trying to replevin the trinkets, only saying,

"You know what you're about, don't you ?"

But he began cautiously to tighten the line. He questioned Nancy now in a harder tone, putting her conduct in a light not so favourable to herself. Seizing on points here and there, he grouped them so that they seemed ugly. Nancy became irritated and denied what she had said before. Then the lawyer, with a good-natured smile, that had just a tinge of something not so pleasant as a smile, pointed out the contradiction. It was vain that Nancy went into a passion—the lawyer was quiet, and even friendly. He wished to help her out of some vague legal difficulty and shameful disgrace that he pretended to see in store for her. For the first time in her life afraid to give vent to her wrath, contending as she never had before, with a man who cared no more for her blandishments than he feared her temper, and who was as superior to her in craft as in knowledge, with pride and vanity wounded, and without power to avenge the injury, or certainty even that there was any injury to avenge, she found herself badgered and hemmed in on every side. The lawyer made her words seem something else than she meant. She was not very scrupulous about telling the truth, but Colonel Bonamy, without saying anything discourteous, made her appear a monstrous liar, by giving back her words in senses different from what she had intended. At last, in sheer despair and defeat, she rose to go, red with suppressed irritation, and biting her lips.

"Don't hurry," said the colonel. "Sit down. Mark will surely be here soon, and if he thinks as much of you as you seem to think he does, he'll be sorry to have you go while he is away. You say he is fond of you, and I suppose it is so, but you must not say one thing now and another after awhile. Sit down."

Cowed by the steady, penetrating gaze of the old man's hard grey eyes, she sank back into the chair, to undergo again a process of mental and moral dissection, even more severe than that she had before experienced. Defeat is a thousand fold worse to an overbearing person accustomed to triumph, than to another, and Nancy was by this time in