

Deryk sorted out his recollections of the night.

"It wasn't such a bad guess," he commented. "I had a diminutive fire in my rooms, and it might easily have proved serious."

"Isn't that what people call telepathy?" she asked with timid devotion.

"It's what damned *fools* call telepathy," he answered roughly. "I burned a hole in the carpet, and *you* dreamed that I was dead. If you can trace any kind of connection—let alone the thousands of times you must have had similar dreams without even that amount of coincidence——"

"Never that one, Deryk! The tears were streaming down my face, when I woke up!"

As they approached the doorway of the house, Deryk turned to her with dispassionate, critical interest.

"If I *had* been burned to death——" he began.

"Oh, darling, don't! It would have killed me!"

Deryk shook his head with great assurance.

"No, it wouldn't," he told her. "It would have been a great shock and all that sort of thing, but it wouldn't have killed you; you wouldn't have gone to bed and quietly wilted away. After all, you've been through something that was worse, when you thought I'd got tired of you, that I'd ceased to care for you——"

"I couldn't go through *that* again," she whispered with tense tragedy of tone.

"I was better worth having in those days," Deryk went on, almost to himself. "Cleaner, healthier, more of a man, not so damned neurotic or self-absorbed. . . And, my God, I loved you then, Dina."

"Don't you love me now, Deryk?" she asked with a laugh of happy incredulity.

"I don't believe I could ever love anybody as I loved you then; I don't believe anyone has ever loved anyone else as I loved you. . ." He broke off with a thin-lipped laugh and looked up at the house with its great studded door now exposed to view for the first time and the shallow marble steps at last liberated from their sloping plank