

We were silent for a moment, and then went back to the question of the pictures.

With Edith's permission I told Max Cohen the whole story, for he, we knew, could ensure the publication of the truth in the least unpleasant way to everyone concerned—and this he did, with a delicacy, and kindness, and pains-taking, not to be expressed. Edith's name or Mag's was not mentioned. Edith was happier than I had seen her for years, and when I came away to go back to my dear charges, she took from her arm the little gold bracelet with the green enamel medallion that she had worn ever since I could remember.

"Give this," she said, "to Mag. Do you remember our picnic in Fontainebleau, Victor?"

I did.

"Well, it came open that day, as she played with it on my arm, and she saw what was in it, and that is one of the things that confirmed our poor child's belief about her mother."

I opened the little locket, and the face of the young Bettany, so amazingly like the old Bettany as he lay dead, looked out at me.

"Poor Mag!" I said.

Edith laid her hand on my arm.

"Happy Mag, dear, to have a mother like hers."

I looked at her longingly and wondered whether I should be able to get through this autumn without causing her to go through her usual autumnal bad hour. She smiled.

"Now, don't," she said gently, "you mustn't, for I never, never could." And then she kissed me good-bye and sent me back to Pineland.

