

wonders of delicate coloring, and ravish the senses with their subtle fragrance. There were books, too, books full of life's little romances to inspire that joy of thought and sympathy, for others less blessed in a struggling world. Fruits, delicious fruits from the most extravagant and luxurious corners of the earth. A hundred and one things there were waiting upon Monica's invalid whim, and, if need be, there would be a hundred and one more. The wealth of one of the world's rich men was at her feet. She was his idol. Nothing should be denied. No desire of hers should remain unfulfilled, if only it might contribute to the restoration of that perfect health from which she had so long been separated.

Hendrie was with her now as she reclined upon the lounge. She was still a shadow of her former self, but her eyes were alight with a wonderful peace of mind, and the joy of living. She was propped up with soft cushions, facing her husband, who was leaning forward in his chair with his hands clasped loosely, his elbows resting upon his parted knees.

He had been talking for a long time. He was still talking in a voice that was unusually subdued and gentle. He was carrying out his deliberate purpose to its last detail. He was telling her the story of that past; that past so full of passionate wrong-doing; so full of disgraceful, but strong manhood. He had shirked none of it. By not one fraction did he deviate from the bald truth, however ugly it might appear, in whatever painful light it might discover him. By not one touch of the brush of falsehood did he seek to gloss over the harsh surface of his own ruthless acts. It was a time when only truth could serve, and he had steeled his heart to abide by the result.

Just as he had always been the unyielding man, driving straight to the goal of purpose, so he was equally unyielding to the temptation to screen himself, equally strong in his frank self-accusing. He knew no middle course. There was no middle course for him. Such did not exist.

He had brought his story down to the final details of the recent happenings at Deep Willows.

"Mon," he said, gazing straight into the unwavering eyes he loved, and speaking with gentle earnestness, "you must judge me as you will. I tell you, cost me what it may, your judgment goes. The things I have done, and been, may