

"Who am I?" he asked the Leslie woman.

She lifted her glance to Edith's, and, indicating him with a weary gesture of her hands, said in a low tone:

"I lied about him—but I knew him—in Shanghai."

The hand Edith had on her shoulder shook like a leaf before the wind.

"What do you mean? Tell me! What is it?"

"I knew him," Mary said dully, "but I wasn't his wife. He didn't run away from me."

She paused and shook her head slowly from side to side. Bitterness twisted her lips.

"There wasn't ever anything between him and me. Oh, great God, he was too good for me!"

She ended that with a wail.

Edith implored her:

"Just what do you mean?"

Mary, with the weariness that seemed to envelop her and be a part of her, waved her left arm toward Simpson.

"Ask him. He knows."

She dropped her head on her arms and groaned.

Smith turned toward Simpson.

"Speak out!" he said imperiously. "Do you hear what she says? She says you know." He stepped closer to the man. "She says you know who I am."