

neither spoke to, nor looked at her, but frowned always at the road in front.

And so, the fear grew and grew within her, — fear of the man whom she knew, — and knew not at all. She clasped her hands nervously together, watching him with dilating eyes as the car slowed down, — for the road made a sudden turn, hereabouts.

And still he neither looked at, nor spoke to her; and therefore, because she could bear the silence no longer, she spoke — in a voice that sounded strangely faint, and far-away, and that shook and trembled in spite of her.

“Where are you — taking me?”

“To be married!” he answered, never looking at her.

“You — wouldn’t — dare!”

“Wait and see!” he nodded.

“Oh! — but what do — you mean?” The fear in her voice was more manifest than ever.

“I mean that you are mine, — you always were, you always must and shall be. So, I’m going to marry you — in about half-an-hour, by special license.”

Still he did not even glance towards her, and she looked away over the country side all lonely and desolate under the moon.