

THE STREET CALLED S "RAIG

She seemed to have some difficulty in getting her mind to follow his words. "I don't think I understand you."

There was a smile on his lips as he said: "Do you *infer* anything?"

"If I inferred anything, it would be that you think of going home—alone."

"Well, that's it."

She turned fully round. For a long minute they stood staring at each other. Time and experience seemed both to pass over them before she uttered the one word: "Why?"

"Isn't it pretty nearly—self-evident?"

She shook her head. "Not to me."

"I'm surprised at that. I thought you would have seen how well we'd played our game, and that it's—up."

"I don't see—not unless you're trying to tell me that you've—that your feelings have undergone a—"

He was still smiling rather mechanically, though he tugged nervously at the end of his horizon mustache. "Wouldn't it be possible—now that everything has turned out so—so beautifully—wouldn't it be possible to let the rest go without without superfluous explanations?"

"I'm ready to do everything you like; but I can't help being surprised."

"That must be because I've been more successful than I thought I was. I fancied that—when I saw how things were with you—you saw how things were with me—and that—"