

ENOCH CRANE

She stretched out her bare arms to him.

"Come," she said quietly. "Come and sit here beside me. Ah, my poor old Jack! What a baby you are!

"There! That's better," she said, as he seated himself beside her on the divan.

He bent and kissed her, smoothing back her dark hair.

"Rose, I love you!" he exclaimed. "You're the best—how can I ever——"

She sealed his lips with her hand.

"Come, let's talk sensibly," she resumed, stretching back against the pillows. "You've got a lot to be thankful for as far as I can see—your wife, I mean. Almost any other woman would have sued you for divorce."

"I know," he confessed. "Nell's all right."

"Jack, will you do as I say?"

"I'll try," he returned. "That depends."

"Trying is not promising—and I want you to promise me."

"Well, what?"

"Promise me that you will not communicate with this woman, or give her a cent; that if you meet her, that if she follows you, you will not open your lips to her."

"She threatens to bring the matter to court. I got a letter from her yesterday, saying she had put the matter in her lawyer's hands," he explained nervously.

"Threats! Her *lawyer*! They've always got law-