

melted away, and left in their wake a clean mood of fresh rationality, Winnie asked:

"What have I been saying? A lot of absurd stuff, was it? If it was love talk and babble, don't you believe it, Hal. What's more, you shouldn't listen. It's wrong to listen—hateful and mean, so it is. You ought to be ashamed."

But he said with great gentleness and the look in his eyes which she longed to see:

"Maybe, Winnie—after all—it's nothing I shouldn't have heard. For it has reminded me of what I have wanted to tell you. Don't you remember that when I left I promised to tell you something? Well, it is this: that you have helped, more than you can ever know, in giving me courage to live, to face life, to win back my confidence in myself and in the work I am most fit to do."

The girl could not hearken to this, for her attention had wandered. She had begun to talk once more with the invisible someone.

"Don't have too much blame for me," she was imploring. "Don't be scornful. I've loved him; that's so. I've loved, and laughed, and sung, and lived for him; I've lied to get him from you. But—no good. He's too staunch, too loyal, too full of you!"

All at once defiance gleamed in her eyes, and she shook a finger at the phantom presence:

"You're proud; you put on airs. But just wait. You'll see. I have good looks, the same as you. I have a light heart and some nice ways, and he's going to love me as much—as much—yes, and *more* than he loves you. Don't think he will ever come