

"This was the shadow over you," she ventured. "This was your presentiment of trouble—this accident."

"Yes, this was the shadow."

Some sharp thought seemed to move her, for her eyes grew suddenly hard, and she stooped and whispered: "Was *she* there—when—it happened, Galt?"

He shrank from the question, but he said immediately: "No, she was not there."

"I am glad," she added, "that it was only an accident."

Her eyes grew clear of their momentary hardness. There is nothing in life like the anger of one woman against another concerning a man.

Justine Caron came to the house, pale and anxious, to inquire. Mrs. Falchion, she said, was not going away until she knew how Mr. Roscoe's illness would turn.

"Miss Caron," I said to her, "do you not think it better that she should go?"

"Yes, for him; but she grieves now."

"For him?"

"Not alone for him," was the reply. There was a pause, and then she continued: "Madame told me to say to you that she did not wish Mr. Roscoe to know that she was still here."

I assured her that I understood, and then she added mournfully: "I cannot help you now, monsieur, as I did on board the *Fulvia*. But he will be better cared for in Miss Devlin's hands, the poor lady! . . . Do you think that he will live?"

"I hope so. I am not sure."

Her eyes went to tears; and then I tried to speak more encouragingly.