

CHAPTER XLII

ACROSS THE SEA

SOME weeks later Armour and his wife, with Judy and Mr. Delavigne, installed themselves in a suite of apartments in the principal hotel of a gray old English town. Outside Armour's room ran a narrow iron balcony, and on this balcony he stood one evening, his hands behind his back, his face upturned to the sky.

"What star are your thoughts on?" asked Vivienne softly, as she came to the open window.

"One called Vivienne; won't you come out?" he said. "It is very warm."

"It seems to me that you think a very great deal about that star," she said roguishly as she accepted the mute invitation of his arm to come and stand beside him.

He wrapped her white-furred dressing gown more closely about her and stowed her long hair in a hood at the back of it. "Now I can see your face. Why should I not think of you, Vivienne? You are a constant source of interest to me with your pretty feminine ways. I don't think women understand how odd it is for a man who has always lived