

repayment, from you to me, would make no difference."

I shook my head, not too firmly. "But—that would be to repeat the same old blunder over again—to put myself under an obligation to you, as I have already put myself to John Stodmarsh."

"No, no, Dru, darling; quite, quite different—because—you love me!"

I jumped at him with a kiss. "Dudu," I cried, "that is *real* logic! John knows his Stuart Mill and his Jevons by heart, I believe; but he never strikes out a profoundly logical idea like that one. While you—" I let him hold me.

It was not till a few years later that I wrote *The Snake-Charmer*—that strange play of the land east of the sun and west of the moon, which made our fortune.

"So, after all," you say, "he *was* the man you were going to marry! And all this time you have been trying to deceive us!"

Not to deceive you, exactly, but to conceal things from you till the proper moment. Perhaps by now it may begin to dawn upon you that that *is* my Method.

THE END.