

raise," said he presently. "But I'll risk what's behind. Don't think me curious if I ask whether you've formed any plans for the future?"

"Oh, I *had* plans some weeks ago—when I went to Uxbridge. I've written a few stories from time to time, and I wanted to write more. I had a novel in my mind, but—things unexpected came about, and I was not able to settle down. And now—well, I begin to despair. Plans are useless. I feel sometimes that it's hopeless to fight against fate."

"Fate in your case appears to mean that you regard yourself powerless, and that all you can do is to resign yourself to whatever may happen. That isn't my way of looking at things."

"Nor is it mine?" she retorted quickly. "Shall I give you a proof? I didn't tell Mr. Perry *one* reason among the many why nothing on earth can make me accept any of Mr. Haggar's money. If this man—I hate the word husband when I think of him—knew I was possessed of a fortune he would make my existence, miserable as it is now, a living torture. In some way he discovered before the will was found, that Mr. Haggar had made one. He hopes to frighten me into accepting the enormous fortune that Mr. Perry speaks of, so that he may lay his hands upon it. I would die rather than that he, of all men in the world, should benefit."

"And when he knows it's useless for him to hope for anything of the kind, perhaps he'll cease to persecute you," Graydon cried eagerly.

"I don't know. Out of spite and disappointment he may do anything."

Her face became very troubled. How could she tell what part jealousy might not play?