

intelligence did not presently fail to warn and remind her, it hadn't happened yet. The moment had, by no means, yet struck. Sensation was still dual, still equal. Her body, however languid, had her mind on string and was still strong enough to pull it back into an accustomed relation of wedlock, successfully claiming restitution of conjugal rights. The body must sensibly relax its hold on her consciousness and she must, until then, call on patience to aid her. For that coveted decree of divorce should grow out of the natural course of events—so at least she apprehended—if it were to be justified, to be ethically legitimate and right.

In face of which considerations, her thought turned back to that question of the sale and wreckage of the tall villa—so warmly approved by Lady Lucia, upon her just now broaching it.

Moncy, at the existing juncture, mattered conspicuously little; nor, under any circumstances, would the bribe of a high price have carried the day over sentiment with Frances Copley. It could not affect her decision one way or the other. But, with this not impossible discarding by mind of body glimmering up at her over the horizon, decision became