

"Poor old Krillet," he muttered; "he judged Deborah too harshly. She only loved me in those days in a dreamy, fantastic fashion of her own. I had brought poetry, romance and new knowledge into her life, and she would have been true to him—to her husband—only he condemned her out of her own mouth, not understanding that she hardly knew what she was saying, and that where another woman would have lied, Deborah spoke the truth and owned that she loved me; but her love was fine—fine—pure as flame itself."

He cast another long backward look over his shoulder. He was a tall, strong man with crisp brown hair and a well-cut face, but he looked as if he knew what trouble meant. And indeed he did, for his pretty little doll of a wife had died some three years back, the girl he had loved after a fashion, for all that he had fallen under the subtle spell of a woman whom he had likened in his own mind to the Shulamite herself—the Shulamite, fragrant as spice and fresh as the morning—and Waring had mourned for his wife sincerely, and for the small bundle she held in her arms.

But he had come back to South Africa all the same, and to Deborah Krillet—drawn as by cords, and now Deborah had sent him away—so for ever and for ever the salt had lost its savour; for she was all that he wanted in this world and the next—the Shulamite, who had cried out a few hours ago that she had become as a dead woman, a withered leaf, now that her beauty had worn away and tears had fretted her cheeks.

But she was wrong there—wrong, for never had Deborah been more curiously attractive. He loved her pallor and her reed-like grace, the deadly pale face framed by pale hair—hair that was as the hue of gold in the sunshine, and her eyes that were as the chambers