

deed the calm, self-restrained Philip Hastings. Twice during this impassioned speech she had in vain tried to interrupt him. At last she succeeded in getting him to listen to her.

"Stop, for God's sake, stop! Was not my burden of sorrow heavy enough before? I never dreamt of this. I see that my husband—I can't stop calling him that—had some reason to be jealous. Did he know your feeling for me?"

"Yes, he was kind enough to call one night before you were married to warn me that I was trespassing. God knows I wish that we had met before you had ever seen his handsome face. I might, then, have won you for my own, and you would have been saved all this misery. But why do you look so despairing? Have you no encouragement to offer me?"

"None," was the firm reply.

"Why, do you not trust me?"

"Yes, I believe that you would make a good husband, but I should not make you a good wife."

"Allow me to be the best judge of that," was the eager response.

"It is useless talking. Even if I loved you I could not feel that I was doing right to marry you. I promised at God's altar to love, honor, and obey Guy until death parted us. We are parted, not by death, but by United States law. In God's sight, I feel that I am still a wife. And, strange as it may appear to you, I still love Guy Pierce, the father of my children. I have always looked upon you as a friend, never, for even a moment, as a lover."

"Pierce little knows what a noble wife he has discarded for a woman who—according to report—is