

Old Glory came fluttering slowly down the flagpole. And there was something in the music and the sight of that great flag that brought a sudden pain to my heart and the quick tears to my eyes. I found Ruth's hand and held it. At my touch, she burst into weeping.

"Oh, Martie," she sobbed, "I can't—I can't stand it any longer! I must tell some one or my heart will break. I don't want to be disloyal to him—to George—but oh! I can't even talk to him about it. I——

"Do you remember—when we used to come here—there was only one thing in the world that I feared. And before I was married that was—stopped. Polygamy!

"I don't want to be disloyal to him, Martie. He's a good man and I love him as deeply as I ever did. It's the system that has wrecked him—and me—and the other woman too, I suppose, though I can't think of her; I'm too full of my own bitterness.