

live, that you encouraged him unduly," said I. We sat curled in each others' arms, on Irene's bed. Our long hours of whispers and tears and laughter were melting into the first rose-gleam of dawn. "For yours were Cave-lady tactics, through and through. First, you knocked him down that Spanish precipice; then, you had him arrested by that Gibraltar sentry. Third, you tripped him up and ducked him in the Mediterranean. Next, you dragged him into my mournful blunder at adoption. Then you made him split his dress-coat, trundling you home in the wheelbarrow. To-day you shot him for a brigand—"

"Oh, Philura, don't, don't!" poor Irene cried. And she was so fair and strange and lovely, with her wan tear-stained face and star-lit eyes, that I could have knelt before her. "Oh, Philura, think of the days we have lost, the years that have slipped away! And all my fault, my own proud, foolish, wicked fault. If only I can make up for it—If only I can make him happy now! But,