

had rejoined her, and the two of them went out on the balcony again, in the same nook Linda had shared with the Englishman.

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

"Linda," he said, "we've done nothing but quarrel since I came. Let's cry quits!"

"It hasn't been my fault," she said, all ready for another.

"Never mind whose fault," he said. "Let's cut it out!"

"What's come over you?" she asked curiously.

"Look here," he said, "up North I promised that I'd come and claim you as soon as I cleared myself. Well, I came, and I've been here long enough to show us both that it's no go. We're not suited to each other. We only get on each other's nerves. Give me my word back again, Linda. Let's shake hands on it, and say good-bye!"

Linda started, and looked at him with big eyes. "Jack!" she murmured. "You'd desert me? You can't mean it? What would I do?"

She got no further. The great eyes, the plaintive tremulo, the threatened tears, all the old tricks after what he had just seen, struck Jack as too funny! His laughter broke its bonds. He threw back his head, and gave it way. There was nothing mocking or bitter in it; it was pure laughter from the relief of his heart. He laughed and laughed. He had had no laughter in weeks. He was obliged to lean against