

dealing with the problem which confronted them swept over her.

"Donald," she called softly to him. "Donald!" but he did not hear her.

"You are my wife — mine, do you hear?" he cried, then tore from her arm the jeweled purse, and flung it violently from him. "Take off those things — take them off! The sight of them insults me!" He grasped the lace coat she held over her arm, and threw it aside. "He gave you this necklace — damn him!" he cried, tearing it from her neck, and throwing it upon the floor.

She looked up at him, amazed. "Donald — listen to me — please!" she cried.

He paid no attention to her. "Do as I tell you," he commanded. "Take off that stuff — take it off!"

She tremblingly removed from her fingers a diamond and ruby ring, and another of pearls, which her mother had persuaded her to buy.

"Give them to me." He took the rings, and hurled them across the room.

"Donald, how can you treat me like this?" she protested weakly.