

for reflection. "I am going to be married. Do you find that very surprising?"

Then, in the ensuing silence, he realized, half incredulously, that she really did believe his heart to be elsewhere; that he was giving her the same pain that she had inflicted upon him in the hotel garden at Rome. It was hard to keep back his words, but he must hear what she would say.

"If I find it surprising, it is because I am so self-absorbed. I have thought only of myself and my trivial worries. I hope you will be—very—happy."

"I'll promise you one thing," he flung out recklessly, on the spur of the moment, "when I am married, I will never tell my wife what you once did to me!"

He saw the flame of indignation rise—saw her struggle with it—realize that she must take the blows he chose to inflict—make an effort to speak calmly; yet she did not succeed—there was a passion of resentment in her voice and eyes as she cried—

"Then there will be a secret between you, after all!"

"Oh, no there won't," he assured her, a very madness of triumph dawning upon his thought, "I will have no secrets between my wife and me."

"Then you have already told her?" she demanded faintly, in her eyes an *Et tu, Brute*, look which made him all the more certain of something he had not dared to foresee.

"You're right, she knows already," he laughed. "But the things she doesn't know are much, much more astonishing than the things she does! Why even poor old Evans can see more clearly than she can!"

"Evans!" she echoed faintly: and as she spoke, she made a movement as though she would escape. It was enough to precipitate the event. He imprisoned her in his arms, with a queer cry.