

to be near you even if to do it I must break my heart by marrying you to another man. I loved you. I love you now—"

A terrific crash interrupted. Dolefully the chauffeur descended from the car to make an examination. Dolefully he announced the result.

"Busted right off," he remarked. "Say, I'm sorry. I'll have to walk back to the garage at Sunbeam and—and I'm afraid you'll have to jest sit here until I come back."

He went slowly down the road, and the two sat in that ancient car in the midst of sandy desolation.

"Cynthia," Minot cried. "I worship you. Won't you—"

The girl gave a strange little cry.

"I wanted to be cross with you a little longer," she said almost tearfully. "But I can't. I wonder why I can't. I cried all night at the thought of never seeing you again. I wonder why I cried. I guess—it's because—for the first time—I'm really—in love."

"Cynthia!"