

and when at last she was still, Sandy carried her to the car, explaining to the chauffeur that she had fainted, but was now better, saw the car disappear, and went back into the house.

Mary's right eye was badly swollen, and her face was cut in several places. She was pale, but she smiled when Sandy entered.

"Oh, Sandy!"

"Mary—I am so ashamed——"

"No. I am only thankful that we found out in time; she'd have fooled you."

"Of course she would."

He stood in silence for a moment. Then he said: "Mary, don't go to Cape Town."

She sat down, holding a wet compress to her eye.

"Nonsense—of course I must go. Did you think it your duty because of what she said, to ask me again to marry you?"

"No."

"Oh, yes, you did. Well, it isn't. She—lied."

Then suddenly she lowered the handkerchief, and forgetting her cuts and bruises, looked up at him.

"No, she didn't, Sandy, not in that—and I won't either. I do love you, my dear, I always have. But I won't marry you, and I am going to the Cape."

"Mary—dear Mary—there is no one in the whole world of whom I am so fond as I am of you."

"I am sure of that. But I won't marry you. I couldn't try that experiment again. It—it hurt too much. But we'll always be friends. Now you must go, for I must try to patch up my wounds. Good-bye. I'll see you before I leave, I suppose."

They shook hands, and he left her.

He walked to the house, entered by the moat garden door and went straight to his own rooms. He did not come down again that night. And Mary Wymondham sailed for Cape Town on the sixteenth.