

## THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

She looked down at the plan without answering, reading in the left-hand corner the architect's conventional inscription: "Swimming-tank and gymnasium designed for Mrs. John Amherst."

Amherst looked up, perhaps struck by her silence.

"But perhaps you *have* seen it—at Lynbrook? It must have been done while you were there."

The quickened throb of her blood rushed to her brain like a signal. "Speak—speak now!" the signal commanded.

Justine continued to look fixedly at the plan. "Yes, I have seen it," she said at length.

"At Lynbrook?"

"At Lynbrook."

"*She* showed it to you, I suppose—while I was away?"

Justine hesitated again. "Yes, while you were away."

"And did she tell you anything about it, go into details about her wishes, her intentions?"

Now was the moment—now! As her lips parted she looked up at her husband. The illumination still lingered on his face—and it was the face she loved. He was waiting eagerly for her next word.

"No, I heard no details. I merely saw the plan lying there."

She saw his look of disappointment. "She never told you about it?"