

down in her wrapper at the open window. She was summing up her chances. If she went away, as she knew she must, she could keep Fairthorne in a good humor for a while by letters. But would they let him see her letters? She was a woman who found it impossible to guess what others would do except by asking herself what, under like circumstances, she would do herself. She decided that Mary Fairthorne would not hesitate to read and burn any letters she might write. She would certainly take care that they did not reach Mr. Fairthorne. As surely Mrs. Swanwick would stand implacably in her way, and no letter from the uncle would ever be mailed. She misjudged both women.

Archer had said that he did not think any one would try to test the validity of the codicil. That might or might not be the case. It was Mr. Fairthorne she feared. On condition that she remained with him and gave up the school appointment he had promised to leave her money. He had kept his word. Now, she was to be driven out and forced to leave him without reasonable excuse. What would he do? She was very sure what he would do. He would be furious. All the chances were hostile.

But he had a weak heart, and, Archer had said, was in constant peril. Dr. Soper was not of that opinion; it was latent gout. She smiled. What a poultice of a man! She had at last seen enough to believe that Archer was right; Mr. Fairthorne might die suddenly, but when? If he lived even a few weeks he would surely revenge her unexplained desertion by changing his will. If he lived? She