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"I—I've asked the Johnsons to supper," he stammered, as he took up his hat.

"Take them to your west-end, then!" Ellen cried, scornfully. "Take them riding in your motor-car. Why don't you tell the man to drive up and down the avenue, that every one may see how fine you are! Would you like to know just what I think of you?"

Burton looked into her face and felt a singular reluctance to listen to the torrent of words which he felt was ready to break upon his head. He tried to hold himself a little more upright.

"You will be sorry for this, Ellen," he said, with some attempt at dignity.

She laughed scornfully.

"One isn't sorry at getting rid of such as you," she answered, and slammed the door behind him.

Burton walked with hesitating footsteps down the footpath. This was not in the least the triumphal return he had intended to make! He stood for a moment upon the pavement, considering. It was curious, but his motor-car no longer seemed to him a glorious vehicle. He was distinctly dissatisfied with the cut of his clothes, the glossiness of his silk hat, his general appearance. The thought of his bank balance failed to bring him any satisfaction whatever. He seemed suddenly, as clearly as though he were looking into a mirror, to see himself with Ellen's eyes. He recognized even the blatant stu-