

wrought nervous condition, almost bordering on hysteria, and the account she gave of the differences which had led up to the present rather desperate state of affairs was a trifle incoherent. So far as I could gather, the record was one of absolute trifles, some of them so infinitesimal that I wondered she could bear to mention them. I obtained a new insight that night into the feminine mind, and as I looked at the fair, calm face of my Euphan, I thanked God as I never had yet done, that my wife was a woman of common-sense and sound judgment. I am certain that women of Peggy Maxwell's type drive many men to destruction.

Now though Alec Rutherford was as fine a chap as ever breathed, he was a trifle dour, I knew, and, once estranged, would be hard to win again. Therefore as I listened, and thought of the humiliation and public shame his wife had brought on him, by running back to England during one of his temporary business absences, I felt distinctly dubious as to the result. She was very determined, so far as I could gather from that and subsequent talks I had with her.