

She drew a long breath and there was the light of triumph in her eyes. Laying her slim hand on his arm, she said: "I am content, James. I am sure of you now. You will find me here when you choose to come back, be it one year or twenty. Now go, my man! They are waiting for you. Be kind to them, poor souls, and tell to them all that you have just told me. It will make them happy. They love me, you see."

"Yes, they *do* love you," said he, putting his hands upon her shoulders. They smiled into each other's eyes. "Good-bye, Therese. *"I will return."*

"Good-bye, James. No, do not kiss me. It would be mockery. Good luck and — God speed you home again." Their hands met in a warm, firm clasp. "I will go with you as far as the door of my prison."

From the open door she smiled out upon the young people in the motor and waved her handkerchief in gay farewell. Then she closed the door and walked slowly down the hallway to the big library. She was alone in the house save for the servants. The old men had preceded the voyagers to the pier. Standing in the centre of the room, she surveyed this particular cell in her prison with a sort of calm disdain.

"He has taken the only way to conquer himself," she mused, half aloud. "He is a wise man — a very wise man. I might have expected this of him."

She pulled the bell-cord and Jones, who had just re-entered the house, came at once to the room.

"Yes, madam."

"When Mr. Dawes and Mr. Riggs return from the