

tale of it, Marvell ; and this young woman previously told me another of it ; and a certain hussy, misnamed lady, likewise told me somewhat of it ; I will tell first what I heard from the last."

And he told it, not suffering himself to be interrupted. And great was the relief of Marvell when he heard how Dulcina had lied and really knew nothing of the lost wife at all ; but Virtue never looked up."

"Now," said Tobiah, "I will go on to what you, Richard Marvell, confessed." But there was little of that to tell, seeing that what Marvell feared was already dispersed by the first telling.

"As to what was told by the young woman Virtue May,"—said Tobiah.

"Virtue !" cried Marvell, "Virtue."

"Yes," said Tobiah, "that is her name ; at least so she declared to me on the night I first saw her, that was two years gone and more—a night in May—the date—let me consider——"

But Marvell did not heed, his eyes and his thoughts were all for Virtue's face. And she did not heed, for she never once looked up, though somehow she knew all about Dick's ardent looks.

"Ha !" cried Tobiah, "I bethink me ! I had promised not to tell that tale ! Well, Master Marvell, you cannot hear it from me, but maybe you will hear it from your wife."

And maybe he did, for they drove home together in the moonlight ; but the horse who took them only heard him say, "Can ever you forgive me that I sorrowed for such a thing as she when fate gave me you ?"

And she answered, "Forgive ? Why I loved you, and I love you now !"

But that is explaining enough after all ; for love