

about me and drew me up close, and I knew that at last Lolly had forgiven me.

She could cry, but not I. I had reached that stage where tears are beyond us. They precede the rainbow in our lives, and my rainbow had been wiped away. I was out in the dark, blindly groping my way, and it seemed to me that though there were a thousand doors, they were all closed to me.

I was now sitting on a chair opposite Lolly. I had the feeling that I was crumpled up, crushed, and beaten. My mind was clear enough. I knew what had befallen me, but I could not see beyond the fog.

"I could have told you about him long ago," said Lolly, after a while.

I said mechanically:

"You spared me. I did not you."

"No, you did the right thing," Lolly replied. "If I had told you then what I knew — that Hamilton was a married man — I might have saved you this."

There was silence between us for a time, and then Lolly said:

"Did you know that Marshall Chambers is married? He married a rich society girl — a girl of his own class, Nora."

"Lolly, I don't know what to do. I think I am going to die," I said.

Lolly threw down her cigarette, and came and stood over me.

"Listen to me," she said. "I'll tell you what *you*