

MOON-MADNESS

occupied that he hadn't even thought of asking Dawson for the key to the desk which was missing from its accustomed place in his shaving case.

"Alan dear," she began, breaking the ice gently, "just to be alive to-night is good fortune enough after El Hejaz."

"Yes, Connie."

"I don't know how I ever passed through that night and morning. I tremble yet when I think of what you did."

"And you," he said, "it was madness for you to go."

"I had to go, Alan. It was the only proof that I could give that I *could* think of some one beside myself, that I wasn't a falterer and a quitter."

"But suppose that you had been killed like Amneh."

"Would you have cared?"

Alan glanced at her and then looked quickly away.

"Cared? Well, rather," he said quietly.

Constance studied him with level gaze, but her sensitive ear had caught the slight break in his voice meant to be so indifferent. Her lips were placid, but she was permeated with invisible smiles. She knew.

"And you, Alan dear. When I heard those shots, and the roar of the angry crowds, I thought that something terrible had happened to you."

"It was rather touch and go for a while," he muttered. "If it hadn't been for Dawson——" he stopped, and then, affectionately, "Good old Dawson!" he finished.

"Good old Dawson," she echoed. "I really think I love Dawson, Alan. Though that night I could have killed him."

"Why?"

"For making me do what he wanted me to do."

Alan chuckled. "Oh, he did? That's the first time anybody ever did that."