

"I will! You have no right to keep me here."

"Be quiet, I say." He forced her toward the center of the room.

She burst into tears. "How dare you treat me like this?" she cried. "How dare you? Are you mad?"

"If I am, it is you who have made me so," he said, in a fury. "You talk about love, and repentance, and you come here and insult and humiliate me with every word you say — with everything about you. Whom do you have to thank for that dress, that coat, those diamonds, that jeweled purse, and the money in it? West! West! West!" He swept upon her a look that made her eyes fall. "I tell you I won't have it — do you understand? I won't have it!"

She stared at him in absolute amazement, and, with her wonder there came a feeling of admiration, almost, at his mastery of her. Never before, in all the eight years of their married life, had she seen him as he was now — never before had he dominated her. She felt a child in his grasp, and in some strange way her anger began to leave her, and a sense almost of gladness at this primitive method of