

in his eyes, the grave indifference of his manner. She believed that if he was now suffering thus keenly, the entire cause must be sought in the visit to Thurdles which she had suggested, and the thought was a great humiliation to her. Certainly she was not prepared for the suddenness with which he turned to her at last.

"You are partial," he said, "about that picture."

"Ask whom you like," she answered heartily. "It is a masterpiece. You must send it to the Symbolists' next month."

He drove on so fast that, in spite of her traditional courage, she could not resist convulsively clasping the side of the seat.