

everything for me. And when he comes out of prison I shall be at the gate. And if he'll have me I shall marry him."

"Ah!" said Templar, the cur rampant. "And you'll be Lady Ferrier some day, won't you? That's always something!"

And at that last outrage she softened.

"Ah, don't!" she said: "you won't like to remember that you said that. Remember, we did love each other—for a little while."

But when he thinks of Salome's story, which is also his story, it is just that one last yelp of the cur in him that Edmund Templar cannot forget.

The Aunt, when she heard that after all there was to be no marriage between her nephew and the dancing woman, summed up the situation thus:—

"I never believed that Providence would allow such a thing. Never. It would have broken my heart. I knew it could never be permitted. And I was so terrified that it might happen! And poor, dear Edmund, how shamefully she deceived him! The girl must have been mad. To refuse Edmund! But there was something very queer and underhand about the whole business, even before the crimes began. And that wretched cripple, too. Ah, well, 'there's a Divinity doth shape our ends.' I've always been convinced of that."