

"No, first, Mr. Ewart — always first — "

"I don't see it so."

"Not at present, but you will when I am Mrs. Ewart. I want to ask you a question."

"Yes, anything."

"Have you ever seen those papers that Doctor Rugvie has in his possession? "

"No, and I never want to. They are yours."

"But I don't want to see them either. You do not know their contents? "

"No; only that there is a marriage certificate among them and a paper or two for you." I noticed he avoided mentioning my mother's name.

"Gordon — " I called him so for the first time, and was rewarded with a kiss, after which intermezzo, I finished what I had to say:

" — You say let the past bury its dead; so long as those papers exist, it will, in a way, live. I would like to know that they do not exist."

"You are sure you do not care to know your parentage? "

"No. Why should I? What is that to me? It is enough that I am to be your wife — and what my mother said, or did not say, could not influence me now. She never could have anticipated *this*. Besides, there might be some mention by her of my parentage."

"You express my own thought, my own desire, Marcia. Shall we ask John to destroy them? "

"Yes, and the sooner the better."

He drew a long breath of relief.

"Then that chapter is closed — and I have you to myself, without knowledge of any other tie. I thank God that I have come into my own through you alone. Come, we must be going."