

picked me out of the street; he said I was just the model for his picture called "Yeading." Later, when it was finished some people came to the studio to see it, and among them was an English woman whom he called Miss Fairborough. Did you ever hear of her?"

Leslie shook her head.

"I know next to nothing of my husband's past," she said slowly.

"No matter, she was part of it, I know. Mr. Claymore, the artist, insisted on bringing me out that they might see me, and in moving past an easel to inspect me better (that was the air of the whole party) Miss Fairborough caught her chain, and it snapped. In stooping to pick it up, the locket which hung on the end flew open, and whose face looked out into mine—whose? Algy Tressidar's! I fainted, and when I came to myself, they had all gone. Then I told Mr. Claymore the whole story, and while he advised—begged me, to give up my search, he promised to help me when I showed how bent I was upon continuing it. Just how he found out so much I will never know, but I came over here at his expense—and nothing more," she added triumphantly, "and—I find you."

The whole scene had been dramatic, but Leslie was too disturbed to notice it. She felt alternately nervously alive and dumbly stupid—it must be a dream, one always felt dazed in a dream.

"You wonder what I want? I thought I wanted to ask you to give him back to me. I was not sure