

estrangement that any very protracted regret for her death did not enter into his calculations.

Somerville's pale face flushed. After a slight pause he said hesitatingly, "I must have time to think. At least till Yumoto's letter arrives I can decide nothing."

But all the time there was a note of joy in his heart which no memory of the past days in the Orient could silence.

When he had retired to his own studio, a room which he had rented on the floor above Jefferson's flat, whose other rooms he had arranged to share, he sat down to think.

His sense of common propriety revolted from the idea of approaching Violet Desborough with a view of again asking her to marry him until a decent interval should separate such a proceeding from Mio-San's death. But at the same time he recognised that his departure without a word for Paris, where he would remain until the autumn at work, and endeavouring to find a tenant for his old studio, would possibly vex her and even be misunderstood.

He had met her several times since his return, and he knew that she loved him as she had done even when refusing him upon the *Orient Queen*. The voice of his desire urged that he should delay no longer—should assure his own happiness now that it once more seemed within reach. But as this voice spoke the vision of the little woman who in her own way had loved him so well, and between whom and him racial differences had placed a gulf