

A nurse passed out and stiffened when she saw a nun on the threshold.

"It's Mrs. Egerton," whispered Captain Stuart, which more than ever puzzled the nurse. Both he and Violet had forgotten the dress. Violet stood at the door and gazed into the darkness of the room. She saw nothing—she heard nothing. He looked at her and saw her eyes wide with fear—he was sorry for her. He took her hand. This time the tight grip was hers. He gripped back. "It's your chance," he whispered. "Say something."

"No, you!" she said, as a child might have said it.

"Dick—old chap!" he said. If anything feminine had become part of him, it was the tenderness in his voice.

"Has—she—come?" said another voice. It was so weak that something tightened round Violet's throat. She saw again the garden, and the shadows creeping over the lawn, as on that summer's day when he had gone away and she had loved him.

"She's here," said Captain Stuart. He motioned to Violet to go in. He closed the door behind her, and found himself out on the landing—laughing. Was he laughing?

In the semi-darkness Violet could just distinguish something on the bed, "Put on the—light," it whispered.

"Can you bear it?" she whispered.

"I've lived for this—if I could see you—once——"

When Violet turned on the light she saw that the darkness had been more for her sake than for his.

The light revealed to her a man who could demand nothing. It was her chance! The light revealed to him—a nun!

He just breathed the word. The dismay in his