

he will—win out," she said slowly and he left her wondering greatly as to what manner of woman this was who could so assure him.

After he left, Virginia sat in deep thought for a long time. When she lifted her face it was very sad and her eyes were misty. Then in a little while she stole softly downstairs, and through the side hall till she came to the dining-room door. She leaned against the wall and closed her eyes, while her hands clasped and unclasped nervously.

She could hear Paul speaking, and the pain in his voice made her heart ache. "Why delay, you fool," he addressed himself, as he stood by the table with his left hand thrust deep into his pocket. "Why fight on now—you are beaten—it's all up—you came out here to forget her—and you can't. Your heart cries for her—oh God!" he moaned, "I can't crush it—I cannot win out—I long for her in the night—and I see her everywhere—on the green—in the chair beside me. Her false beautiful face follows me everywhere—and I want—her." His voice was so low she could barely hear. He sank into a chair by the table, and almost roughly drew the bottle to him—then he slowly poured it into a glass until the glass was full. "Fill it up," he muttered brokenly, "fill it up to the brim—you fool—ugh—I am putty." He roused himself in disgust. I'm as weak as water—I am beaten—after all my fighting—my heart's as soft as a chicken's—chicken-hearted—ha, ha," he laughed and it rang as a broken, hollow