

"Mr. Burton," she said, "you must please not come near me."

"But I want a kiss," he protested. "You'd have given me one the other night. You'd have given me as many as I'd liked. You almost clung to me—that night under the cedar tree."

Her eyes for a moment were half closed.

"It was a different world then," she whispered softly. "It was a different Mr. Burton. You see, since then a curtain has come down. We are starting a fresh act and I don't think I know you quite so well as I did."

"Sounds like tommyrot," he grumbled.

The taxicab came to a standstill. The man got down and opened the door. Burton half sulkily stepped out on to the pavement.

"Well, here you are," he announced. "Can't say that I think much of you this evening."

She held out her hand. They were standing on the pavement now, in the light of a gas-lamp, and with the chauffeur close at hand. She was not in the least afraid but there was a lump in her throat. He looked so very common, so far away from those little memories with which she must grapple!

"Mr. Burton," she said, "good-night! I want to thank you for this evening and I want to ask you to promise that if ever you are sorry because I per-