

Her eyes flashed ominously. She started to say something but refrained, closing her lips tightly.

"You used the word prisoner," Brood resumed levelly. "Of course, you understand that it is voluntary on your part."

"For a year — or a year and a half, that's what it will come to," she mused. "I am to stay in this house all that time?"

"Within these four walls," said he, and his face was very white.

"Is that your sentence?"

"Call it that if you like, Therese."

"Do you mean that I am not to put foot outside of these premises?" she asked, wide-eyed. He nodded his head. "My keepers? Who are they to be? The old men of the sea —"

"Your keeper will be the thing you call Love," said he.

"Do you expect me to submit to this —"

He held up his hand. "I expect you to remain here until I return, Therese. I did not intend to impose this condition upon you by word of mouth. I was going away without a word, but you would have received from Mr. Dawes a sealed envelope as soon as the ship sailed. It contains this verdict in writing. He will hand it to you, of course, but now that you know the contents it will not be necessary to —"

"And when you *do* come back am I to hope for something more than your pardon and a release?" she cried, with fine irony in her voice.

"I will not promise anything," said he slowly.