

San Francisco. And please to say as little as possible about it.

That was all, absolutely all there was between the two young women, except a rather singular conversation that took place while Anne was lying on the edge of Ellis's bed, waiting for midnight, not having been able to persuade the girl to go off to sleep and forget her.

"I suppose," she said, "you'll marry some time, Ellis."

"I suppose so," rather faintly.

"And have children."

"I hope so."

"I'd like," said Anne, "if you did n't think it unfortunate, to have one of your children named after me."

And if Ellis did n't understand much more than was said, or than anybody else would have imagined, it was strange that she should lay Anne's cheek to her hand and she did and cover it with a warm rush of tears.

Speaking of it afterward to Ellis — and it was very little she *could* speak of even to her, — Anne said that the first definite assurance she had that she actually would get through with what she had come to do, was in the old unaffected delight in her company which streamed up to her in Frank's voice. Knowing the place so well and being known, she had come in without any announcement and stood at the corner of his desk. She had one clear bracing moment of warm recognition in his "Hello, Anne!" before realizations of the later phases of their intercourse pulled him back to a formal "Is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing," she said, "that I can speak to you about."