

He got up. Somehow he did not look so alarming in his dressing-gown. He had brushed his hair straight back from his brows and that gave him a boyish expression.

"You'll go to bed too, won't you?" he said.

She nodded her head.

"Oh! yes, at once."

He paused a little awkwardly.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry I woke you up, you must have been sleeping very heavily, but I—I felt I had to come and have this bandage looked to."

She said nothing, but her hands trembled a little as she put aside the tea-things; then just for an instant she looked at him and she said:

"It was good of you to come."

"It wasn't only my hand. I had to come."

She answered him very quietly: "Don't upset yourself any more to-night. You have gone through so much."

But he lingered.

"Look here," he asked abruptly, "is what Sir Thomas told me true? Are you going to marry this man just because you won't take anything from me? Isabel's father said you'd told him you'd rather die than be dependent on me, and I want to know if that's the truth?"

She passed all at once from the composed, strangely strong little person, into the likeness of the woman he knew so well; she trembled, and her eyes had some fear in them.

"Oh! please, *please* don't let us talk any more just now! Only believe, darling, that whatever I do . . . I

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