

### CHAPTER III

"YOU wouldn't expect me to congratulate you, old chap," Lechmere called from his room, where he was filling his pipe.

"Why so?" Vassall asked, absently.

He was seated sidewise on the balustrade of the balcony that connected his room at the inn with Lechmere's. Puffing softly at his cigarette, he was looking up at the great golden moon rising behind Mount Majestic. High above his point of view and across a wooded valley, now lying dark in the night shadow, he saw the lights of Faneuil Hill twinkle like a little group of stars.

At dinner Lechmere had talked much of Petrina. He had praised her and appraised her; he had criticised her style and analyzed her character; he had compared her with other women; and admitted his inability to put her into any of the classes in which he had tabulated them.

"She is a pagan Puritan," he had said, pursuing his favorite theme. "She has the Puritan zeal and the pagan lack of principle. She is the cosmopolitan New-Englander, at once strait-laced and unconventional. She has in her all the coldness of Boston, all the correctness of London, and all the impetuosity of Paris. She is frank, she is possibly loyal, and yet I doubt if she is a woman to be trusted."

"Go to the devil with your analysis," Vassall had exclaimed impatiently, as Lechmere kept the subject