

Her Lord and Master

Thurston, wearily. "Last night's performance can never be repeated under my roof—never shall be. You can tell your own story. Paint me the brutal husband—the tyrant. I shall not contradict you. I am resolved upon one thing—to leave England." He stared hopelessly into the fire again, leaning his forehead on the mantel.

"I suppose it's no use—asking you—to—forgive me," she said, watching him sharply. He turned quickly, and she dropped her eyes. "If—if there won't be a repetition," she continued, her lips quivering like those of a child on the verge of tears.

"You cannot change your nature," he replied, coldly, not allowing himself to believe in the sincerity of this contrition.

"No, and that's why you're very wrong in being so hard with me. I was good, wasn't I? For three months