

"Never in this world," she said. "Go!"

Then the cur that lies curled up asleep in all of us awoke in him, and growled.

"Oh—I see!" he said. "I'm sorry I was so dense. You were quickly consoled."

"Consoled?" she said, in what was almost a cry.

The cur showed its teeth.

"Oh—I see!" said Mr Edmund Templar again: "of course there's some other man."

It was then that she stood up and looked at him.

"Yes," she said, "there *is* another man. Thank God there is another man, a different sort of man—a man who gave up his liberty for *me*—and for *you*. He thought *you* were the murderer—I never thought it, but he did. He thought you had had the misfortune to kill that man and the courage to shoot yourself—for me. He didn't know you as I do—did he? And to give me a few hours with you, and to make your dying hours peaceful—but *you* weren't dying, not you, you were trying to get away from being mixed up in my troubles, weren't you?—he went to prison for us—for me and you."

"Oh!—*that's* the man, is it?" said Templar. "Well—two years is pretty light for a forger, and"

"There's no sentence for cowards," she said.

"Sandra, I love you!" he cried, in a last appeal. He knew it to be vain, but the situation demanded it.

"And I," she said, "love the man who sacrificed