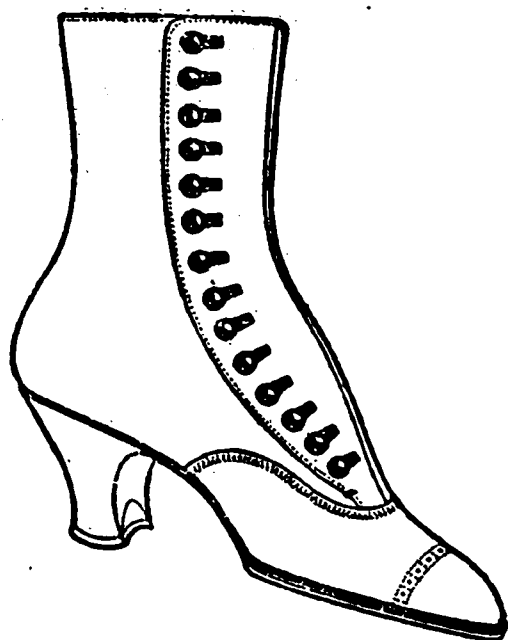


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...and giving my hand to another? Don't shake your head Paul; you know it matters what the world thinks. We live in it, and we can not afford to ignore its rules of conduct. Had we been lawless, you and I, we would have given in to our love long ago; but we fought hard against great odds, and we conquered—and this is our reward."

And so they were married, and they carried out their plans so well that not one of his fellow officers suspected. The thought of Agnes, whom she was robbing, intruded once or twice during the brief interval when Redding was obliged to leave her alone, but she told herself: "I am taking nothing from her but an empty glory. What he gives me was mine from the beginning."

He never mentioned Agnes after that first day. Then he told brief facts. She was an orphan and lived with some cousins. He admitted that she was pretty, a few years younger than himself, and capable, managing marvelously well on a small income. Loring pictured her short, dark, with firm skillful hands that were never idle, but always seeking some homely household task to perform—the type of girl which would appeal to a sick man's fancy, who would make him think her mission in life was to take care of him. Loring had never taken care of herself since her school days, and she was almost ashamed to think how dependent she was upon her maid. She wondered if he would have loved her more had she been less helpless. No, this Agness, with her managing ways, might have attracted the sick man, but Paul, in his strength, wanted a woman he could worship. Not one who would worship him.

In these days love was a perfect thing between them. There were depths of tenderness and breadths of passion in Loring which

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