

nothing separate us. Are we going back on our word — our sacred promise?"

"One night won't matter so much."

"One night! We may be here for weeks. It all depends on your father."

They gazed down the appalling gulf.

"But we needn't stay at the Grafton after my sale ends," she said, brightening. "We'll go to another hotel."

"There isn't another."

"There must be."

"A decent one, I mean. Not within miles of the sanitarium. I know this whole shore."

His reply prompted a startling thought.

"Wouldn't it be dreadful if they couldn't give you a room of any sort to-night!" she exclaimed. "This place is always jammed over Sunday. Last week they turned people away."

"They won't turn me away."

"But what can you do if there isn't a room to be had?"

Tom straightened.

"Do!" he said. "Tell them you're my wife and be done with it. I'm past caring what anybody thinks."

Their relations were not destined to puzzle the Grafton. As they returned from the sanitarium on the morrow, Tom was handed a telegram from his mother. Roger Ballantine was ill. The message said no more than this, but the papers they snatched as they boarded their train gave brief details. Late yesterday he had had an apoplectic seizure at his office and been taken to his city home.