

God, oh, my God, what a letter! And it was not many months after that his child was born!"

"Oh!" Leslie tried to draw her hand from the convulsive clasp of the girl who held it. She could see the whole thing so vividly, it almost made her feel as though she had been Sue-Leigh Harmon, and had suffered this supreme anguish.

"And then?" she whispered.

"Then I left the child in India and tried to follow him. Not for revenge," she cried, interpreting the look of astonishment on Leslie's white face, "no, no, for love of him, blind, unchanging love of him. Just to be near him, to hear his voice—God, Mrs. Tressidar!" her voice rose wild and shrill, "I suppose you wonder why I didn't kill myself!" In a moment she grew more calm. "I followed him from place to place, sometimes being in the same town and not knowing it until too late. Always there were women and whisky, always there was a woman. Some of the time I was starving. I begged and sang in the streets after leaving that hideous country, I lived by other ways—anything would do to give me money that I might reach him. In Paris I almost died, there seemed no clue. By writing to England I found that he was not at home, as far as my information went, he had been disinherited and had gone to America. Very well, I said, I will go to America, also. But where?"

She stopped speaking, and seemed to look back upon a horror-laden past.

"Then one day a queer thing happened. An artist