

ing longing. Not yet awhile perhaps, but soon. Sooner than he had dared to hope the cords which bound him had been severed, and he was free.

No thought of the manner of Mio-San's death just then entered his mind. Even his regrets were those one may have for the loss of something intimately connected with one, but which one does not prize.

Jefferson on the other side of the table was thinking what a fortunate fellow Somerville was. He had never known the sweetness and innocence of the dead, or he might have judged his friend more harshly.

At last he said, "Nature has provided you a solution which perhaps the wit of man would have failed to do to the satisfaction of your somewhat Quixotic sense of honour, old man." Somerville winced at the last phrase. "Poor little soul, Heaven rest her!"

There was silence in the room for a moment or two, and then Jefferson, as the other said nothing, went on—

"What are you going to do?" he asked, glancing at Somerville, who was crumbling a piece of bread absently between his fingers.

"I shall cable to Yuioto to write me fully," he replied slowly, "and then I think I shall return to Paris for a month or two, but I am not sure."

"And what about the woman?" said Jefferson wonderingly, for he knew so little of the circumstances of Mio-San's and his friend's tragic