

The Temple of Bacchus

mewed up with a man who doesn't care a rap for me!"

"I should make him care."

"That shows all *you* care!" she retorted, passionately.

And then I felt that he was standing over her; there was something in the altered pose of the head near mine, something that took my eyes from the moonlit hands, and again gave me as vivid a picture as though the wall were down.

"It's no use going back on all that," said Uvo, and it was harder to hear him now. "I don't want to say rotten things. You know well enough what I feel. If I felt a bit less, it would be different. It's just because we've been the kind of pals we have been . . . my dear . . . my dear! . . . that we mustn't go and spoil it now."

The low voice trembled, but now hers was lower still, and I at least lost most of her answer . . . "if you really cared for me . . . to take me away from a man who never did!" That much I heard, and this: "But you're no better! You don't know what it is to—care!"

That brought an outburst, but not from the man beside me. He might have been turned into part of the Ionic pillar. It was Uvo who talked,