

In passing Nevil, her eyes said: "Come. I have something to say"; and he nodded a smiling assurance. himself had much to say of Martino; and decided to join her when he had finished his cigar. A stroll in the moonlight, if she were not too tired, would suit his mood.

Audrey went out with her, smiling to think how likely Nevil guessed at collusion; and at Lilamani's door they stopped.

"Am I to come in?" Audrey asked. Her voice had a gentler note than of old.

"Not to-night, please, dear Audrey. I have reason."

She lifted her face to be kissed with so childlike a gesture, that Audrey, guessing the "reason," felt a queer contraction of heart.

"You will never get back lost sleep or lost health, dear," she said, kissing the flushed cheek, "if you bury your troubles and brood over them. There's been one in your eyes all this week."

"Not trouble."

"Well, then—something else. Can't you tell Audrey? You said once I stood in place of Mātaji——"

For a second or two Lilamani confronted those questioning eyes. Then a hot blush submerged her even to the temples.

"I believe you know quite well, without any telling," said she, studying the tip of her gold-embroidered shoe.

"I believe I do," Audrey answered gravely. "And—that all?"

"That is all—for now." And Audrey kissed her again.

"He doesn't know. She is afraid to tell him," was the older woman's thought as she went slowly down to the central hall. "And he——? I wonder——!"

His wife was wondering also, as she stood alone on the threshold of her open French window, watching a tawny