

"Imagine coming home and finding your wife a nun," he thought. He asked Violet if she could take that thing off her head in the motor? He asked the question a little anxiously. He felt that if he were Dick it would be Violet's hair he would want to see. It was one of her greatest beauties. But that she did not in any way owe her beauty to it was evident, since it was entirely hidden now, and he had never seen her look so lovely. It was curious how large the hood arrangement made her eyes look. If a cowl didn't make a monk, a dress went a long way towards making a nun.

She was ready. She got into the motor. Captain Stuart followed and sat opposite her. The door was closed and they were off. London their destination, beyond that and above all—Dick. Violet longed to ask why Dick had not come. Was he already playing the part of the hero in her imaginary novel?

They sat in silence. Violet wondered what Captain Stuart would think if he knew her heart was beating with terror at the thought of meeting Dick? She stole a glance at his face. There was a tenderness about his mouth and in his eyes that frightened her. He was no doubt thinking how happy she was. There was a reverence in his manner. He was thinking beautiful thoughts about her happiness, and Dick's. With just that look in his face would he go to meet the woman he loved. She wondered if any woman could be frightened at it. Would Frances? No; Violet could see how Frances would look. She could see her eyes, so true and splendidly honest, under the pencilled eyebrows. The thought of that look disturbed her. Why hadn't it been given to her to love Dick as Frances, she knew, could love Captain Stuart?