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*New Nonsense Novels*

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I looked into Edith's face. It was as pale as mine.

"What does it mean?" she whispered.

"Miss Croyden," I answered, "Edith—It means this. I have never found the courage to tell you. I am a married man. The woman seated there is my wife. And I love you."

Edith put out her arms with a low cry and clasped me about the neck. "Harold," she murmured, "my Harold."

"Have I done wrong?" I whispered.

"Only what I have done too," she answered. "I too am married, Harold, and the man sitting there below, John Croyden, is my husband."

With a wild cry such as a cave man might have uttered, I had leapt to my feet.

"Your husband!" I shouted. "Then by the living God, he or I shall never leave this place alive."

He saw me coming as I bounded down the rocks. In an instant he had sprung to his feet. He gave no cry. He asked no question. He