

But it would be a piquant situation, would n't it, Sandy and I should discover that we were falling love with each other, he with a perfectly good wife the insane asylum and I with an outraged fiancé Washington? I don't know but what the wisest thing for me to do is to resign at once and take myself home where I can placidly settle down to a few months embroidering "S McB" on table-cloths, like any other respectable engaged girl.

I repeat very firmly that this letter is n't for Jervis consumption. Tear it into little pieces and scatter them in the Caribbean.

S.