

misery—and I hid my face in my hands and wept for her.

But with her cry of "What can I do, Martie?" she turned to me, reaching out blindly, and I drew her to me, and she clung to me like a child, shaken with sobs that I could do nothing to console.

What could I say? What could I do? Tragedy of death itself could not be more irrevocable. It was her happiness that had been killed—her hope in love—the heart of her life. It was shameful, horrible, unendurable. But even if she could leave him—even if she could take her children from their father and break all those ties of the past that bound her to him in the memory of old joys and common sorrows borne together—even if she could escape from the claims of friends and relatives that held her inescapably—what would she have to take with her but the ruin of her life that she now wept over?

I knew that in spite of everything she