

She made no answer, and her eyes, full of bitter pain, were fixed steadily on the ground. Anger, reproach, remonstrance, she could have met, but this strange gravity upset her.

"I'm dished," he repeated quietly, "and I'm going out of England. I've been round to Aunt Julia's. She seems to be jolly bad. That woman who looks after her says there isn't any hope hardly. Have you seen her lately? I mean, have you had any talk with her?"

"I see her every day," said Anna, but, though she answered his question, her eyes betrayed that it was not of Aunt Julia she was thinking at the moment.

"Perhaps it's just as well she shouldn't know about this, Anna. I'll be much obliged to you if you won't mention it."

"Why should I? We don't talk about you," she said hardly. "As a matter of fact, she is able to talk very little now."

"Well, I'll go. Probably we shan't meet often, if at all, after Aunt Julia goes. She was the only link. If you go to live with Uncle Heinrich I hope you'll be happy. There are worse places than Holland, I believe. Life flows peacefully there, and people don't take so much out of it."

She followed him with her eyes as he went to the door. Something told her it was a last good-bye.

He paused just there and turned back.

"Anna, I'm sorry for all that has gone. I know now how you feel. Things might have been better if we'd taken the plunge ten years ago. We are the product of our age and time, and we can't help ourselves."

"Ted!" she cried desperately. "I'm sorry, too. I wish now I hadn't told her! I'll—I'll write, if you like, and tell her that only some of it was true."

"You forget that letter of mine. Nothing could wipe out that. I didn't mean the half of it, Anna. You