

"And as He Wove He Heard Singing"

out into the hall. "Don't worry," she whispered, as Jennings held the door open for her to pass to the carriage. "It will be all right, I'll manage him." When she returned to the library, Thurston was staring into the fire. She approached quietly, and he raised his eyes, to see her standing meekly before him, her hands clasped in a childish fashion.

"You have played your part well," he said, bitterly.

Indiana raised her eyes supplicatingly, then dropped them again. "I wasn't acting," she said, innocently.

"It's well that you can be so light-hearted, when I am suffering tortures," he continued, with an involuntary burst of grief and bitterness.

"No, no, I was acting—but I felt the part. I do love everybody, and I want to be good again and make up."

"Cease playing the spoilt child," said