

nificant how things had changed between them, that she wondered just what he had come for.

"Why, of course. But I thought you might be feeling badly to-day——"

"About what?"

"Oh, I don't know—that is, I heard—I understood——"

"For pity's sake, Chan, say it! I haven't heard nor understood anything."

"I heard you might be engaged," he said, though it was the last thing in the world he had meant to say. He had always thought it detestable, almost caddish, to force a confidence.

"To whom?"

"To Jack Addison." He was in so far; he could not draw back.

"Well, I'm not. Who told you that? Why did you think so?" Her directness was only the expression of a vast confusion.

"Then I beg your pardon."

"But you've got to tell me why you thought so."

"The devil was in Chan's tongue; he could not stop. I had this idiotic, maddening conversation with him. He knew that look in Lesley's eye; she would not be diverted now. Still he tried his poor best. "Oh, it was nothing; some one saw you both up in the gallery, last night. I shouldn't have mentioned it, but I wanted to ask you about him——"

"Why shouldn't we have been in the gallery? What do you mean they saw?"

She *would* have it; he had been through her cross-examinations once or twice before. It was desperation as much as some other unnamed motive, a motive that had knocked for recognition at the threshold of consciousness for days, that answered her for him.

"Saw him kiss you. Now I beg your pardon again."